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No. 4

Hearts Are Flowers

Hearts are flowers, sweetly breathing
Perfumed mysteries on the air;
Hearts are flowers, free bequeathing
Tender gladness everywhere.

Fairy creatures of the light,
Innocent of blast and blight,
Hear ye are flowers, sweetly breathing
Promises of rare delight.

Hearts are flowers, rudely broken
By the heavy hand of doom;
Withered fragments speak in token
Of their early, hopeful bloom.

Spare them gently! Oh, beware
Of a havoc past repair!
Hearts, like flowers, rudely broken,
Strew life's garden everywhere.

—Mabel Burkholder.

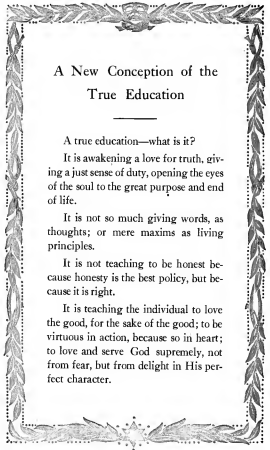
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A New Conception of the True Education

A true education—what is it?

It is awakening a love for truth, giving a just sense of duty, opening the eyes of the soul to the great purpose and end of life.

It is not so much giving words, as thoughts; or mere maxims as living principles.

It is not teaching to be honest because honesty is the best policy, but because it is right.

It is teaching the individual to love the good, for the sake of the good; to be virtuous in action, because so in heart; to love and serve God supremely, not from fear, but from delight in His perfect character.

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The College as a National Asset

WHAT IS ITS VALUE IN DEVELOPING THE WEALTH OF THE
NATION, IN PROVIDING LEADERSHIP, AND IN ELEVATING
THE STANDARDS OF LIFE?

By Rev. Dr. J. W. Graham

The leading article in this issue on "The College as a National Asset" has been written for Maclean's Magazine by Rev. Dr. J. W. Graham, secretary of the Educational Department of the Methodist Church in Canada and generally recognized as one of the most powerful and scholarly preachers in the Dominion. In characteristic trenchant sentences Dr. Graham sets forth the value of the College in developing the wealth of the country, in providing leadership in all branches of industry, and in elevating the standards of the life of the nation. Never was the demand for trained men more persistent, more pressing, more general, than to-day; it is well, therefore, that the situation should be faced in its true proportions and widest application. It is a national problem. Cast against the background of national requirements, how does the College stand forth in contrast as a national asset pledged to meet the obligations of the nation? This article is our answer.

IT has been said that the Twentieth Century is Canada's Century, and certainly we are just beginning to realize as Canadians what a goodly heritage we possess.

Our broad Dominion presents a panorama of surpassing scenic beauty paralleled only by the opulence of our natural resources.

Yet the true wealth of this great land does not consist so much in her minerals as in her miners; not so much in our great manufacturing plants as in the army of mechanics who, at the witching hour of five o'clock issue from the swinging doors of factory and ware-

house; not so much in our dairy products and enormous wheat acreage as in those honest yeomen who till the soil and reap the golden harvest; not so much in our splendid colleges as in the regiments of students who crowd these halls of learning with bright, eager faces and will go forth with trained faculties to build up a great nation's greater life.

When the mother of the Gracchi pointed to her group of strapping sons with the proud words, "These are my jewels!" it was more than a pretty bit of sentiment; it was the enunciation of a great truth; for the most valu-

able asset of any country is its manhood, and no nation can hope to enjoy continued prosperity unless it gives itself with intelligence and zeal to the task of the training and development of its youth.

Education is at the very basis of the wealth of a nation; for what are the natural resources of a country, however splendid, without the developing faculties of the children of men.

Wealth properly conceived, is the product of the energy and intelligence of the sons of toil; what we accomplish depends upon what we are, depends upon the quality of mind and character which largely constitutes the economic efficiency of the workman who is the industrial unit of the social organism.

Edwin Markham some years ago wrote a poem describing "the man with the hoe," vivid, almost ghastly in the lines of its portraiture; but he who constitutes the problem and even the menace of the Twentieth Century is the man without the hoe, the man who holds not in his right hand that which is at once the symbol and implement of the work he can do well, that he has been trained to do; and the problem can best be solved if society will bring some form of adequate training within reach of every youth, so that he may be prepared to adjust himself to modern conditions and find a productive place in the industrial world.

The schoolhouse is the door to success; the Twentieth Century belongs to the trained man as no preceding era in the history of the race.

No matter what arena of commercial or industrial life a young man enters to-day he will ere long find himself brought into active competition with other young men who, in addition to the possession of the same faculties and powers he possesses, have those powers trained to a nicety; and in the stress of modern competition it is the trained man who almost invariably breaths the tape a winner.

Go to the Bethlehem Steel Works and you will see men in their early thirties

occupying positions of trust and large emolument; men who not only know that pig-iron can be converted into Bessemer steel but also understand the principles and methods involved in the process; they are scientists as well as mechanics; many of them are graduates of the Massachusetts School of Technology and if there were ten such schools in Boston their graduates would be picked up as fast as they were produced.

A professor on the staff of one of our Canadian universities once told me that the year before there were graduated sixty men in the Department of Electrical Science and five hundred positions fairly clamored for these trained men.

The more involved the social organism becomes, the more highly organized commerce grows, the more scientific principles and methods are applied to industrial processes, the more imperative it becomes that the captains of industry should be men of wide knowledge and highly specialized training to master the problems and guide the operations of our modern complex mechanism. And we believe the emphasis placed upon applied science and technical instruction in our modern system of education and the rapid increase of multiform types of Colleges testify eloquently to the general recognition of the fundamental value of a college training as an equipment for life work and also of the desirability that there should be some adaptation of the College course to life processes.

Dr. Harris, the Commissioner of Education for the United States, after a careful investigation of statistics leads us to the conservative estimate that in the history of the United States the ratio of College Graduates to the entire population is about 1 to 750.

A further study of the available data seems to show that this group of graduates, less than one-seventh of one per cent of the population, has furnished nearly 40 per cent of the men of outstanding wealth, over 80 per cent of those called to the eminent financial position of Secretary of the Treasury,

32 per cent of all Congressmen, 46 per cent of the Senators, 50 per cent of the Vice-Presidents, 65 per cent of the Presidents, 73 per cent of the Judges of the Supreme Court, 83 per cent of the Chief Justices, 35 per cent of the fifteen thousand names in the Cyclopaedia of American Biography and 75 per cent of the one hundred and fifty names that have been placed on the scroll of the immortals of American history.

While we would grant that such statistics may not be absolutely accurate and perhaps a closer study of the influences and forces behind the figures might reveal that the College training was only an important factor in the success of these prominent men nevertheless we feel justified in making the modest deduction that it pays, both in efficiency and power, in emolument and honour, to send a boy to College.

That which brings increased wealth and added power to the individual means potency and permanence to the nation composed of the individual units; hence a College is a valuable asset in contributing to the commercial significance and political prestige of the nation.

After Napoleon had broken the power of Prussia at Jena and Austerlitz she set herself to rebuild the walls of her national greatness by the better training of her young men—there followed a period of almost feverish educational activity that many years after bore its fruitage in the Franco-Prussian war when the verdict of Austerlitz was reversed and the fair hills of France trampled in the dust.

When the campaign was ended, General Von Moltke, the commander-in-chief of the German forces, made this terse comment, "The schoolmaster has won our battles."

There is no doubt that the secret of the swift emerging of Japan from the mists of obscurity to a place in the rank of world powers is found in her favorable attitude toward Western education and in the emphasis she has

placed upon her school system and the training of her youth.

George Kennan, who knows Japan and Russia equally well, tells us there is one book store in St. Petersburg to ten in Tokio; that twenty-five per cent. of the children of school age are in actual attendance at the schools of Russia and ninety-two per cent. in Japan; two years ago there were probably as many young men taking a university course in Tokio as in any other city of this huddling earth.

No wonder Japan overwhelmed her unwieldy antagonist and the Mikado might well have echoed Von Moltke, "The schoolmaster has won our battles."

Great Britain cannot hope to hold her place in the van of world powers simply by laying down two super dreadnoughts to Germany's one; it can only be if the young men of Britain are given a broader culture and a finer technical training than Germany gives her sons, for the personal equation is all important; it is the man behind the gun, behind the loom, the forge who is the very centre of the problem and they who frame the curricula of the schools shape the destiny of the nation.

But we hasten to state that the development of the material resources of a country does not constitute the most important work of higher education.

A college training is not intended to sharpen the wits of a young man so that he may more effectually outwit his fellow men in the stress of modern competition; it does increase his earning power and greatly enhance his chances of attaining fame, and yet the highest function of education is not to enable him to make a living but to give him a larger life, to widen his horizon and lift his skyline; to help him to preserve a due sense of proportion; to emphasize the higher values; to deepen his appreciation of the true, the beautiful and the good and to aid him in achieving a character of noble aspirations and lofty ideals.

In this busy and commercial age some are inclined to judge everything

from the standpoint of a cross materialism and superficially appraise everything by its present cash value; but we venture to suggest that the most valuable assets of a nation cannot be earmarked and their place easily indicated in the profit and loss account.

What is the worth of culture to a nation? What is the value of the Bard who has made Stratford-on-Avon a world's shrine?

We speak of the England of William Shakespeare for he has so opened the golden stores of the day that the stream of influence of our English mother tongue is a river that cannot be passed over, waters to swim in, a mighty gulf stream that pours its flood through the Seven Seas and touches every continent of earth.

An intense spirit of patriotism inciting to self denial and righteousness of life means everything to a nation.

Our pride in our Anglo Saxon birth, our devotion to land and empire are our very life blood whose throbbings sound the drum beats of a great destiny.

And we will never be able to estimate how much we owe, as an empire, to our master artists, our singers and teachers, our preacher prophets and poet laureates, the Bards who have hung the nation's harp where the free winds of Heaven have breathed upon and thrilled the chords with the music pregnant with celestial fire; our statesmen who have "moulded a mighty State's decrees and shaped the whisper of the throne."

Though the unthinking man on the street may say of such men "They toil not, neither do they spin" yet are they weaving the destiny of the race and are empire builders in the deepest and truest sense of the term.

They have kindled the Divine fire on the altars of the nation and they who fare forth to the fight burn their music on the march to death.

And it is in emphasizing the higher values, in lifting up those lofty ideals of truth and righteousness, without a vision of which the people perish, that

the paramount function of higher education consists.

Ocell Rhodes, who crept back from the shadow of a consumptive's grave to give a larger life to the race, dreamed of a time when the spell of the angel's song of peace and good will would hold the hearts of all in thrall and men would brothers be the wide world o'er.

But he was more than a sentimental dreamer—he was a prophet statesman who planned to make his dream come true.

He realized that the leading part in ushering in this millennial dawn must be played by the Anglo Saxon race and after earnest thought he said: "This will I do: I will gather together the very flower of our Anglo Saxon youth at old Oxford, hallowed by its many sacred memories, the atmosphere breathing of the historic greatness of our race; so that, after they have lived and studied together in such an environment, they may go forth as apostles of the Brotherhood of Man to usher in the reign of universal peace."

One cannot think of a more striking illustration of the far reaching influence of a University than the establishment of the Rhodes' scholarships by this seer of modern times who thought in continents and campaigned for the centuries unborn.

When we are considering our Colleges we are touching the sources of national destiny.

If democracy means the government of the people, by the people, for the people, then it is obvious that the primal problem of modern democracy is a properly conceived and universally applied system of education, for we must train and prepare our rulers to fulfill their great responsibility.

Therefore, it is imperative that our Colleges should be thoroughly democratic in spirit; exclusive cliques that engender snobbery should be discouraged by the Faculty and sternly repressed by the students so that the graduates will be men broad in sympathy, altruistic in spirit, inspired and prepared to

become engineers of the Social Conscience and Captains of the Common Good.

There should be no man so eager to serve his country as he who has enjoyed the thorough training of that composite product of the social life of the nation—the University.

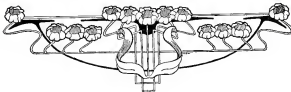
Sift a university down to its foundation and it represents to a large extent the sweat of the farmer and the toil and grind of the mechanic.

Whether the creation of these stately college buildings and the accretions of adequate endowments represent the munificent gifts of merchant princes or generous grants from the Provincial Treasury, in their last analysis they are built upon either the developed wealth of the Province, developed through the properly directed labor of the workman or upon the undeveloped natural resource, the property of the commonwealth held in trust for the people and appropriated by the representatives of the people for the purposes of higher education.

And the college bred man who has enjoyed the privilege of the training and culture of the University is dishonest and unpatriotic if he does not consecrate his trained powers to the service of the country which has provided these facilities at no small measure of sacrifice.

A young mechanic wrote to his student friend at Harvard University: "I hope you know that your education has cost more than you or your father will ever repay; return in glorious light for all the oil that is being poured into the lamp of your life."

From our knowledge of the atmosphere of our Canadian institutions we have no fear that their graduates will maintain an attitude of aloofness toward the problems of the nation for there are no young men who more deeply appreciate the social law of service or are doing more to realize those lofty ideals without which a nation can have neither coherence nor permanence.



The Aim of Education

It should be the aim of education to make men first, and discoveries afterwards; to regard mere learning as subordinate to the development of a well-rounded, solid, moral and intellectual character; as the first and greatest thing to supply vigorous, intelligent, God-fearing citizens for the welfare of the land.

—H. J. Von Dyke.

The Old Youngsters

By Archie P. McKishnie

OLD Horace Hodskins leaned over the picket fence of old Maurice Williams' garden and watched his friend delve into the black spiky garden-earth with a rusty trowel.

"Leeks?" he questioned.

"Hoss-redish," answered Maurice.

He threw a root from the earth and tossed it on a patch of sunning to dry.

"Feels wa'm and hazy like," he remarked, "a big rain about due, I'm thinkin'. What you killin' yourself at these days, Horse?"

"Why nothin' much 'cept chorin' round a bit," grinned Hodskins. "The boys they went over to the other hundred acres yest'day and ma she went along to do the cookin' for 'em. You busy I see?"

"Well I be, an' agin I be n't," said Maurice, rising painfully and smoothing his cramped legs with his earthy hands. My boys they have gone up country too, to look after fencin' the Dobbins pasture. Only ma an' me here; seems lonesome."

"Gosh, it must that!"

"Yes!" Maurice limped over to the fence, his old felt hat under his arm, and took the bag of home-cured "chevin" from his crony's extended hand. His bald head glistened in the sunlight and the fringe of white whiskers beneath his chin shivered like an aspen thicket in a wind, as his jaws worked on the generous wad of fine-cut.

"Many white grubs or wire-worms?" asked Horace, screwing up his seemed face and peering down at the delved earth. "Beats all how thick them pests air gettin' nowadays, Maurice."

"Some, but not a great many," answered his neighbor, scrapping his earthy hands on a sharp-edged pocket, "but it

do beat all how many fish-worms I've dug up here this mornin'."

"You don't say so! Big 'uns?"

"Some on 'em big and some on 'em not so big, but all live an' mighty active an' squirmy. Come inside an' I'll show you some on 'em."

"Guess I will. I've seen the time when I could leap a fence like this 'un mighty easy, but I guess I'd better try th' gate. Rheumatix sorter keeps my ole legs from gettin' peankey every time my fancy wants t' play a trick on 'em an' says jump."

"Some here," nodded Maurice, "gosh what a pair of old fools you and me be, Horse. Gee flicker but there's no tellin' what pranks us two 'ud be up to if we didn't have somethin' like stiff joints to hol' us back."

"Them—an' people," agreed Horace, "mostly people though, Marso. You know an' I know, that there be lots o' things we'd do if it wasn't fer our boys' thinkin' us silly. Dang it all, some-times when I'm nosein' about th' stables I just long to unbitch that young brindle steer o' ours and run him round th' straw stack, rope in one hand and corn-stalk in fother."

"Ain't it queer, though?" chuckled Maurice. "I'm exactly that way myself. We've got a hay filly that I just naturally long to break in bare-kick. Every time I see that colt I want t' jump on its back an' go helwhoopin'."

"I need to break 'em, you know, Horse?" I reckon they don't make riders like you nowadays," affirmed the other old man, "no they don't make 'em."

"Some day I'm goin' to ride that filly," said Maurice. "I may have some little trouble gettin' astride, but once I'm thar, it'll find me some hard to

shake off. I'll find out if it's got some jumps in it, tegosh."

He took the rusty trowel and shoved it into the black earth. "Bet I get four fish-worms first shovel-full," he grinned.

"Bet you don't," returned his crony, getting down on his knees beside him. "Hold on, now, no cheatin'" as Maurice attempted to make a double dig with the sharp trowel. "Let's see, one—two—three, by gum, you're beat! There be only two worms in that shovel-full."

"You ain't smashed that lump in your hand yet," said Maurice meaningly. "Crunch it up."

"There ain't nothin' in it," declared Horace, "it's too hard. There you be, what did I tell you?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Maurice, "there BE somethin' in it too,—there be three little worms in it. Look here an' here. See 'em, Horse?"

"Gosh sakes, you ain't goin' to call them little red bits o' thread worms, be ye?" shouted Horace.

"Well, they ain't grass-boppers an' they ain't beetles an' they ain't bees-fles. What would you call 'em if not worms, you o' cheat you."

"All right call 'em worms then. Try agin. Bet you don't get five this time." The morning sunlight strained down through the leafy fruit trees and painted the two old men with dappled glowing warmth. It touched their glad, wrinkled faces and licked their brown knotted hands. Just above them a rainbow-hued humming bird balanced his wee body on whizzing wings to sip the nectar from a late blossom.

Maurice arose stiffly, glanced craftily sideways at his neighbor busily extracting a worm of remarkable proportions from a lump of earth, then bending above a bed of fluffy garden-fern picked up a battered salmon-can.

"Gosh," he grinned, "don't it beat all now? Here we be diggin' worms jest like two kids trying to steal off fishin', an' I jest codd an eye round an' spy an empty can to put 'em in."

"Well now, I was jest wishin' we had a can for these worms," said Horace. "Seems too bad t' waste good fish-worms,

don't it now? Maybe," he chuckled, "if you look close about you you'll find a couple o' fish-poles, too, Marso."

"No," said Maurice, "I'm pretty sure I won't find any poles. Howsmeever, I'll take a squint er two. Well, by gum! look e'here!"

Horace, busy dropping the wriggling worms in the battered can, glanced up to see his pal peering two weather-battered birch-poles from beneath a pile of straw.

"Jest look a leetle closer an' maybe you'll discover a ball o' twine an' some hooks somewhere among them bushes," he said drily.

"You be n't insinuin' that I deliberately bid these poles here, or that there can, be you, Horse?"

"I be simply readin' th' signs," grinned Horace. "Everythin' seems t' pint t' one thing an' that's fishin'."

"Now that would be funny," laughed Maurice. "By gosh but wouldn't it be funny. Think of us two old codgers, so clobber up full o' rheumatix and joint-twinges that we can't even do chores proper, talkin' about fishin'. Ain't you ashamed o' yourself, Horse?"

"This summer sunshine sorter goes t' yer yard," sighed Horace. "I ain't sayin' us we're goin' fishin, be I? I'm jest sayin' that anybody seein' you with them poles an' me scoopin' up worms like a ten year old, might THINK we was, that's all."

He arose with some difficulty and placed the can-full of worms on the ledge of the picket fence.

"Reckon I'd best cut a tuft er two o' that long grass to put over these fellers," he said. "Het a dollar I've left my jack-knife on th' table where I cut th' shavins fer this mornin's fire."

He felt in his pockets, his wrinkled face screwed up, his tongue protruding uncertainly. He drew forth a blackened clay pipe, a plug of Canada's twist, and several other articles, but search as he would he could not find the knife.

"Feel in yer coat pocket," advised Maurice, who was watching proceedings with interest. "I see somethin' bulgin'

in it, Horse. Looks like an apple b'-gosh."

"Where?" asked Horace, "where do you see somethin' looks like an apple?"

"Why right here in your coat pocket," Maurice reached down an earth-stained hand and drew forth a —ball of fish-twine.

"Ho, ho," he nodded, "don't suppose you knowed this twine was there now, did you Horse?"

"Why now, I'd forgot all about that twine," said Horace, sheepishly. "I was usin' it last night to tie up th' grape-vines over home."

"And these here fish-hooks stickin' in it, now, I s'pose you was usin' them last night t' tie up th' vines too—you ol' fibbergaster you!"

Horse grinned and shuffled his feet uneasily. Then he looked up and the two old cronies burst out laughing. After while Maurice, wiping his streaming eyes on his sleeve, said:

"My boys won't be back till to-morrow, an' their ma she sorter pines to drive over th' village this mornin'. Maybe he'd better go an' hitch up ol' mool an' let her get started."

"I reckon we'd best," answered Horace, picking up the can of worms and putting it in his coat pocket.

"We'll jest take a round-about course to th' stable," said Maurice, picking up the poles. "If ma sees us two o' codgers carryin' these fish-rods there's no tellin' what she'll think."

Half an hour later the old men stood at the gate and watched a portly woman with white hair and kindly face drive the old bay mare down the lane.

"I won't be back till sundown, Morris," she called over her shoulder. "You an' Horace 'll find pies and meat

in th' pantry. Don't you let th' chickens get into th' kitchen."

"We won't, ma, an' don't you be in no hurry home," answered Maurice.

When the bay mare and phaeton had vanished in a cloud of dust far down the road, the cronies turned and laughed.

"You orter be ashamed o' yourself," said Horace. "Think of a old cripple like you wantin' to go fishin' jest because th' worms are plenty an' th' summer breeze is callin'."

"An' how about you?" snorted Maurice. "Haven't you been hidin' fishin' tackle away in your pockets ever since spring set in, you ol' reprobate? Come on," he grinned, "let's go inside an' do up our lunch. I reckon," he said, turning to look into the dancing eyes of his neighbor, "I reckon we'd better hike back to th' ol' spot among th' red willows, eh?"

"The place we used to catch th' big 'uns? Sure. There's lots o' deep water there an' heaps an' heaps o' sunshine. Sunshine's good for rheumatiz," he added with a chuckle.

His old pal laid a hand on his arm. "Look 'e 'ere, Horse," he said solemnly, "there ain't no sech thing as rheumatiz, ner stiff joints ner twinges ner anythin' o' that sort wrong with you er me to-day, see? If you don't feel equal to jumpin' back twenty year or so along life's rutty path an' leavin' old age behind for a spell, you ain't comin' fishin' with me, that's all."

"Morse," said his friend just as solemnly, "no words in the English language kin describe my feelin's o' skittishness and devil-may-careness this day of our Lord. Do up th' lunch young man an' I'll bet a twist o' tobacco I kin beat you runnin' t' th' meddar bars."

The Labrador Fisherman

THE MAINSTAY OF NEWFOUNDLAND—WHERE SALMON IS SALMON
AND FISH IS COD—INTERESTING INDUSTRY AND
FASCINATING PEOPLE

By W. Lacey Amy

There is perhaps no other country in the world so directly dependent upon one industry as Labrador. Whatever else the Labradorian may do between times to help his resources, trapping the fur-bearing animals or cutting wood, he must fish to exist. And fishing in Labrador means the catching of cod. A few hundred pounds of salmon may provide a few extra luxuries, but salmon is salmon and fish is cod. Hence the fishermen and fishing industry of Labrador offer abundant features for an interesting sketch.

EVERY one on the coast of Labrador—and there are none elsewhere in Labrador, save Indians and a very few liveyeres—might be called a fisherman, as the name is usually understood. But again, there is a distinction peculiar to the local phraseology. A fisherman in Labrador is the man who comes down from Harbor Grace, or Trinity or Carbonear, or another of the hundreds of outposts in Newfoundland, to catch the cod during the summer months, and then to clear away home until next year. The liveyere is as good and as steady a fishing man, but he lives there all the time, and is not a fisherman. And the very fact that he does not remain in that far north region during the cruel months of winter makes the latter a different species, in looks and dress and instincts. He is of the same blood, works the same industry, and five months of the year lives in the same place and way, but there is a difference that is visible even to the tourist.

In appearance the fisherman is naturally less dark and swarthy than is the man who braves the fierce wind

and cold of the other seven months of the year. The fact that he is less dependent upon his own resources shows in the less striking strength of his face, and the letting up of the struggle in the winter deprives him of something of the alertness and independence of the liveyere. The fisherman is the pet and protégé of the Newfoundland Government; the liveyere hustles more for himself. And it shows.

Before the ice has broken from the shores the fisherman puts out in his schooner from his home in Newfoundland, bound for the coast of Labrador. In May he starts, but it is probably June before he can make much headway through the drifting ice and other dangers of the Northern Atlantic. But he realises the value of an early start since the first to arrive has the first choice of fishing grounds in the laying of his nets. Packed to the small boats on deck the schooner creeps carefully north. Indeed, not only with the supplies for the coming season, but with those fishermen and their families who do



not possess schooners, but trust to hook and line fishing from small boats.

Thus early the trials of the fisherman commence, and for the remainder of his visit to Labrador he will rarely be envied even by the fishermen of other places. Living on salt pork and cod and hard bread, exposed to the storms of that wild coast, and to the diseases that can scarcely be coped with, even by the Government and Grenfell's missions, he spends his summer without a luxury, without one relieving feature so far as an outsider can see. For much of his suffering he is directly responsible, to be sure, but the Government can neither afford to allow him to starve or to suffer from preventable causes, nor does it wish to do so. Unfortunately, the fisherman knows his place in politics and he makes full use of it. The Government is going to look after him, and it is one of the uninviting qualities of the Labrador fisherman that he openly discusses and demands it.

To the fare obtainable and to the general conditions of life the fisherman has naturally become accustomed and hardened, but from disease and injury there is no immunity. And the carelessness of the fishermen in sanitation and ordinary prevention makes his lot the harder. A Grenfell doctor during his trip along the coast tried to instill into the minds of the fishermen the dangers of expectoration. The prevalence of tuberculosis, combined with the fisherman's favorite exercise, would point out a moral to anyone else. The doctor urged the use of cuspidors; it was the only possible solution of the problem since expectoration is a lifetime habit. A clergyman who passed along the coast a little later found the cuspidor the most prominent thing in the houses that expected him, but invisible where he was not looked for. The steamer on which I traveled brought back three patients in its hospital in advanced stages of consumption, and at almost every port patients consulted the doctor on the steamer for coughs and colds.

It seems impossible to educate the fisherman on the prevention and home treatment of disease. In every house a patent medicine bottle is most conspicuous; and the government doctor is considered to have neglected his duty if he does not send the patient away with such a bottle. The universal local remedy for every ailment, from broken arm to tuberculosis, is an application of a poultice of molasses or bread and water. Patients come on board the steamer bled up at various parts with such concoctions.

A number of men and women had come as one port for treatment for the over-prevailing sea-blisters, caused by the hands and arms being constantly wet with sea water. A big, ungainly, stiffened young fellow, dressed in the usual oiled trousers, dark sweater, peaked cap and heavy boots, lounged up the stairway from the water, and after looking around a moment to see if there was anything worth noticing among the passengers, leaned back against the railing and expectorated with the deliberation of performing a duty. The conversation of the passengers had naturally turned to sea-blisters, and to secure more enlightenment I approached this husky fellow, who seemed immune from everything.

"Pooh!" he said, after his favorite occupation of leaving his mark on the deck. "Ye don't need to get blisters. I don't." He pulled up his sweater sleeve and showed a big brass bracelet encircling his wrist; on the other arm was another. The arm was fairly clean, and the sight seemed to demand explanation.

"I just washed me arms yesterday, but they're usually black from the bracelets. Ye see, they rub up and down and cover me arms with black, and the water won't tech 'em." He had the usual Irish brogue of the Newfoundlanders.

It is little wonder the fisherman appears to lack the ordinary knowledge that would mean protection and added comforts. His life is the hardest fish-

ing life known. From morning to night there is nothing but fish. He can think and talk of nothing else. Only ten trips a year can the one steamer of the coast make, and those form the only break in his five months on Labrador. If he is in from the fishing grounds nothing could keep him from climbing on board—to talk only of the catch here and elsewhere. On

way without a door. The sides of the interior are made up wholly of bunks, on which the quilts lie all day as they are thrown off in the morning.

The best class of house is that of the schooner owner. It is probably presided over by a woman or two, although the number of women down the coast is now reduced to a mere fraction of what it once was. Time was when a girl



Fishing schooners caught in the "growlers."

shore he is cramped up in a house, half mud, half boards, sometimes without women to look after his needs, and always without luxuries and even ordinary comforts. A typical bunking place of a schooner's crew backs into the bare rock that forms the whole coast of Labrador. Most of the two sides and all the roof is built up of mud and sod, and the front is roughly boarded with a door in the centre, frequently a door-

could be engaged for the entire season for thirty dollars and her keep; but Newfoundland has changed in cost and ambition as elsewhere. Where the women are there are the only comforts of the coast. One of the most pleasant shacks in Labrador was the post office at one of the ports of call. Over the doorway was built a rude vestibule that kept off the winds of the early and late season. The doorway was but five and



A Labrador residence.

a half feet high, and the floor was freshly covered with broken sea shells. An old stove in the corner sent out a cheery heat, for the day was chilly, and over the table in another corner was a row of clean shelves with rows of plain plates and cups. There were two chairs and a couple of blocks of wood, evidently the ends of beams that had been brought down from Newfoundland. It was a pleasant sight after what I had grown accustomed to look on at the many stops, and I would have taken a picture of it; but upon expressing a desire to do so the young woman who was preparing the mail bag shyly said she would rather I didn't. Perhaps it would not have been fair to prevailing conditions.

At many of the stops there were but two or three huts, and the two weeks' mail could have been carried in the coat pocket. But there was just as much ceremony about the postal requirements as if it had been St. John's itself. The bag would be dumped on the floor or the table, the postmaster would reach up to a shelf and take down a letter or two, and after they had been carefully deposited in the big leather bag the lock would be snapped—no communication with the outside would be pos-

sible for another two weeks. At Frenchman's Island there was one house, in which lived two men and one woman. The latter had gone on board to see the doctor about a hand that had been badly lacerated by a fish-hook. The man who attended to the mail was partly incapacitated by the bandages around his head; the other man might have been in bed in the other room, for all I knew. At another port a fisherman came on board and begged from me some paper and envelopes so that he could write to his family back in Newfoundland. There was not much in the life to commend it to a stranger.

The fishing industry is carried on much as it was from the beginning, except for the improved conditions that have been possible in some cases from the introduction of the Grenfell co-operative stores. There are four stages in fishing enterprise. The poorest is the man who ships in the crew or takes shares with another fisherman who owns his own schooner. Of late years the lot of this man has improved with the lack of help to be obtained. Above him is the owner of a small boat, from which he and his son fish with hook and line. It used to be that cod fishing was almost as satisfactory with a jigger as in any

other way. Then there is the schooner owner, who ships his own crew on wages or shares. His catch is drawn up in huge nets, and one schooner may have out a dozen, if it can attend to them. This year it was so difficult to secure a crew that scores of nets were not brought from Newfoundland for lack of men to handle them. A good season will mean a couple of hundred dollars clear for each member of the crew, but the young Newfoundlanders have yielded to the lure of Canada and the United States, and have seriously interfered with the fishing down the Labrador.

The big sunn of the industry is the merchant in St. John's or Harbor Grace, who sends out his schooners, maybe a score of them, and carries on the work with methods open only to capital. Sometimes these men fit out the other schooner owners, looking for their reward at the end of the season. If the fisherman is honest and the season is good the supply merchant finds it a profitable investment. But sometimes the fisherman sells his fish elsewhere and has nothing to pay for his supplies. I was informed that the misfortune of the

merchant is that local law prevents the collection of such a debt after that year.

There was a striking example of the honesty of the fisherman at one port of call. When the steamer arrived the fishermen had been idle for a week, although it was the best time of the season, for the reason that they had run out of salt, and the fish could not be treated without it. At no port near had they been able to restock, and although a storehouse full of salt was under their eyes they were forced to wait until more arrived from outside. The owner of the storehouse lived in St. John's, and the salt was not needed for his many schooners down the coast, but without his permission the fishermen would not touch it. The captain of the Solway, who is forced to act on his own initiative where the law has no representatives, told the idle men to use the salt as they required it, keeping account of what they took; he would make it right with the owner.

The fish-houses and stagings along the water reveal the all-importance of the cod. Clennings and heads a feet deep in some places mark the spot



A Labrador Fishing Village.



Hatter Harbor.

where men have been at work in the house above. It is not a pleasant sight, but the odor is negligible in that climate. Inside the fish-house the men are busy after the catch preparing the fish for the salt that keeps them until the sun can be used to finish the process. The "thorater" seizes the fish as it is pitchforked up to the floor from the loaded boats below. He simply cuts up the throat and passes it on to the "bender," who breaks off the head and cleans out the entrails with one motion. The "splitter" is the important one of the three. On his left hand he wears a heavy wooden mitt, and with this he seizes the fish while with one stroke of his keen knife he slashes the fish to the tail and takes out the bone. The fish is then ready for the salt, and is trundled back to the piles of yesterday's fish, where it is placed neatly in a row and partly covered with salt, the amount being one of the technicalities of the business.

Sometimes the cleaning is done on the schooners themselves, and the fish are salted below ready for shipment. A passing schooner is always anxiously watched by those of the passengers interested in the "crop," for by its depth in the water is judged the success of its catch. Beside the schooner lie the small, but heavy boats that are used for taking the fish from the nets. They may

be full to within a few inches of the top, the sculler standing boot-deep in the slippery mass, and the rowers sitting on scarcely visible seats. The men rise from their oars and with two-pronged pitchforks toss the fish on deck for the thorater. Sometimes the catch in a net is more than the boat can hold, and in one case on my trip a net at Horton was so full that a fisherman actually walked over it as it was being drawn up.

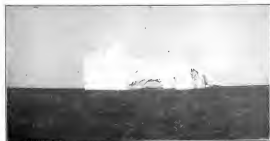
The aversion of the young post-mistress to being photographed is not shared by the fishermen in general. When the steamer arrives the women are always dressed in their best; it is the only time of the year when they see anyone but their own families and immediate neighbors. And the sight of a camera is a signal for a subdued giggling and shuffling to keep within range of it. Being "sketched" is their term for it, and the cry of something being "sketched" brings the populace. Only on Sundays does the fishermen make an attempt to "tidy up." On that day he never works, one of his most commendable features; he has been known frequently to lose nets in a Sunday storm or ice flow rather than pull out to save them. On the two Sundays I spent on the coast I saw no sign of work of any kind beyond the rowing necessary to get out to the steamer. Most

of the fishermen showed that they had done something to themselves in recognition of the day, and in one or two cases black clothes of forgotten origin adorned them. As there was nothing to do on shore they remained on deck until the steamer had to be started to make them clamber down the stairway into their boats. One of the duties of the occasion neglected the binding qualities of his black suit and landed in the water instead of his boat; and Labrador water is no luxury. His companions fished him out seriously while the passengers alone laughed. The fishermen cannot swim, and they know the temperature of water that has ice in it all the year through.

There are few fishermen on the coast who earnestly seem to belong to the type. At Shool Bay, the only stopping place of the steamer where the mail is brought out and carried back by a resident, the postmaster came on board with his little daughter. It was the treat of her summer life to play with the passengers while her father went below to attend to the mail, and her initial shyness quickly wore off as she told how she lived at Hatter Grace, but liked Labrador better she knew little of the hardships that must be endured there. And she trotted away without reluctance when her

father came up and led the way to the stairway. Her white dress and blue ribbons glanced back with an odd misfit from the dirty fishing boat as she clung to the sides and smiled up at her father standing in the stern and sculling slowly away.

At Hatter Harbor we saw the fishermen at his best. It was a clear, bright evening, with a strong wind off shore. Out from invisible passages among the many islands and in from the open ocean came dozens of small fishing boats under full sail. Past us and across our bow and stern in perilous proximity they went, leaning down to look up at our deck from under the sail as their boats leaned towards us, or turning their eyes upward over their shoulders when the sails bent over the water from us. Under the breeze they scudded along towards their fish-houses to empty their catch for the day, and in every sail was the fascination of movement, the glimmer of the sea at its best, and the joy of a good catch of shining fish. Masters of their craft they sailed close up to us to shout a word to the captain or crew and to wave a hand to the passengers, the sun gleaming from the fish at their feet or the wet side of the boats. That is the picture I like to keep of the Labrador fisherman.



Typical icebergs which are encountered on Labrador trip.

A Belated Rosebud

By Emily Newell Blair

WHEN I asked Lucy Frey to spend the summer with me in Colorado, I made two conditions. "First," I began impulsively, "you must agree to put your self, your wardrobe, and your mind unreservedly in my hands. Second, you are to forget absolutely that you ever saw a school-room, much less taught in one, and must become to all intents and purposes my twenty-year-old daughter, who never went to college or had a serious thought in her head. Mind," I continued sternly, "if you ever mention your work, your life, or display that intellect of yours, I'll bring you right straight home."

"I might learn to conceal my scorned profession, dear Fairy Godmother, but how do you propose to metamorphose a thirty-year-old woman into a twenty-year-old debutante? Unfortunately, years and physique are not so malleable as conversation."

I held up my finger warningly. "There you go! No more of that old-maid philosophy, Lucy."

"But, Cousin Lydia, I *am* thirty. I *am* an old maid. How can even you mistudge those calamities?"

"Put yourself fearlessly into my hands, Lucy, and be thankful you are not a pale blonde. That might be hopeless. Now, you, with your indiscriminate fawn-colored hair, could go back ten years at a jump if you just changed the searching look of your big gray eyes into a dreamy one, and dropped that consented-to-a-mighty-purpose expression about your mouth."

"And how am I to effect such a change?"

"By obeying instructions. Agree to do as I advise, and I'll promise you the most exciting, happy summer of your

life. Do it for my sake, Lucy," I urged. "You know I love you, and I have longed for a grown-up daughter all my life—just such a daughter as you would make under my guiding finger. Besides, it is your last opportunity to pose as a girl, if you get the Normal position in the fall that you have applied for."

Finally I won her over, the dear child consenting wholly for my sake, though the smile of anticipation she let slip convinced me that my philanthropy was well planned.

I've known Lucy Frey all her life. Her mother was a sort of cousin of mine, and that mother took Lucy's youth in her two selfish hands and squeezed it dry. She was an invalid, and Lucy cared for her with an intense devotion that showed me then her capacity for love and life. This lasted until Lucy was twenty-five. Then her mother mercifully died, but self-effacement and service had by that time made Lucy a drab little body garbed in gray and tan skirts and limp shirtwaists and wearing her hair in a tight, ugly wisp. No wonder her pupils called her "Old Dobbins."

I am not a stupid woman, and I had studied Lucy's possibilities carefully, so when I had arranged her soft hair in little puffs and tantalizing curls and put her into a bright blue, short-skirted suit with touches of white on jacket and hat to bring out the clearness of her skin, adding low brown shoes for a further suggestion of girlishness, her rejuvenation was well begun. But it was only a beginning. She rebelled so often and so strenuously that I saw I must change her mental state, too. I decided to call her Lucia. I told her that Lucy was no longer stylish, but my real reason was

to convey to her subconscious mind a new suggestion under the altered nomenclature. I didn't want to use the same handle her mother had mopped her around with. Lucia, as I pronounced it—the soft, Italian accent—suggested subtlety, lightness, and grace, while Lucy was final and harsh.

Then I surrounded her with an attitude. I simply enveloped her, in conversation, in look and manner, with my attitude of fond mother admiring her gay, foolish, interesting young daughter. It is attitudes that count. A wind-storm or a cloudburst makes lots of racket, but it is the insistent sprinkle of the garden hose and the steady rays of sunlight that produce flowers out of tiny seeds.

I had picked out a fair-sized summer hotel in the mountains. Somehow, I think the mountains make one feel younger than the sea-shore. Whether the dry air kindles one's spirits, giving the fire of youth, or the great heights above the horizon suggest youth's ideals, or the everlastingness of their hoary age makes one feel correspondingly young and foolish by contrast, I can't say. But years of experience have taught me that people are younger and stiffer in the mountains than at the shore.

The usual crowd was there: young married women devoted to bridge and dress, older women equally devoted to health and genealogy, and young things reminding one of the over-oxygenated rabbits in physiology experiments.

Lucia improved at once. I am sure it was the clothes. Never before had the child realized them, and actually their touch was as stimulating as an elixir. Always before she had dressed down to her various square mouth. Now, according to my scheme, her lovely eyes, which always gave me the sense of something being unspoken, became the challenging, focussing point of one's attention, and when one finally noticed her mouth he had an uncertain wonder as to which controlled her, and by that very uncertainty was attracted and held. Blue and pink shades and dainty, frilly, fairy designs accentuated the dreamy

quality of her eyes. Even her tailored suits and waists conveyed in touches of embroidery the same subtle note. And most important of all, her frocks expressed youth, innocent, unformed, indefinite youth.

The entertainment the resort offered consisted of walks in the direction of the mountains, horseback riding in the direction of the plains, and hope at the various hotels. I would not permit Lucia to play bridge. I kept her on the move. And oh, I was most particular about where she went, and how. I've a knack with young people. They like me as much almost as I like them, and in a few days I was the most popular chaperon in the place.

There were several college boys and a few men. One of the boys "took up," as the phrase goes, with Lucia. He couldn't have been a day over twenty-two. He wore baggy trousers, striped clothes, neckties and socks to match, and was called Tom. I certainly had a time starting them off together. Lucia would persist in treating him as a pupil.

"Don't you think you ought to—"

she began one evening.

"Oh, Lucia," I interrupted her, "please go get me a cape."

Then I changed my mind and decided that I wanted a jacket and went up myself, leaving Tom on the steps waiting.

When I joined Lucia I sat right down in our room and told her a few things.

"But I can't act as if I loved him!" she cried, horrified.

"Of course not, you ninny, but you can act as if you wanted him to like you."

"You mean, like the Craycroft girl?"

"Exactly. You couldn't find a better model."

It was awfully hard at first. Lucia would begin a sentence, look at me, flush, and end it entirely differently from her first intention.

Overhearing her: "I do not approve of—" I appeared by her side in time to inspire: "—of crooked neckties. By their ties ye shall know them, is my motto."

Again, beginning her conversation: "I wonder if they have three kinds of certificates in Colorado—" she completed with the startling words: "Marriage certificates, I mean—engagement, wedding, and divorce."

This soon gave her a reputation for being funny. They thought she did it on purpose, and, under the inspiration of their laughter and appreciation, she began to do it on purpose. Pretty soon it had become her style.

In the beginning she insisted on my going with her. She was afraid to go alone with Tom. She didn't know what to talk about. And no wonder! Whenever I overheard her, she was talking about his ideals and his future. In that way, of course, she was young. She had never gotten past that stage of dealing in futures.

Then suddenly she stopped asking me to go along. It was about the same time she asked to borrow my bracelets. I could have jumped for joy. That was her first desire to hedge herself. Presently she asked if I thought a ribbon tied around her curls *Madame Le Brun* style would become her. I was almost as surprised as at the first blush a speech of Tom's had brought to her face.

One night she and Tom had a quarrel, and he took the Croycroft girl up to the Sunnyside to a boy. Lucia had been out riding, and she told me she was too tired to go. A new arrival, a Professor of History at the State University, was talking to me on the veranda, when Lucia snatched up. I introduced them, and the Professor continued his conversation with me as if he hardly noticed her at all. He was deep in his theory when Lucia broke in eagerly:

"Oh, but don't you think—" I sneezed violently—"that dancing is more fun than history?" she finished.

The poor man was horrified, and I was embarrassed. Lucia in her old state would have enjoyed him, but now she laughed freely and led the conversation clear away from history. He couldn't help himself, and Lucia seemed to have concluded that if she could not talk about history, neither should he.

We—the Professor and I—had been speaking early in the evening of a common friend of ours, whose career had been ruined by his marriage to a gay young wife. The Professor had spoken with strong feeling of his dislike for young girls, flattering me, of course, by contrast. But Lucia, utterly oblivious, rattled on until, slightly provoked, I excused myself and left them sitting there.

The next morning she told me that she had taken him up to the Sunnyside to the dance "just to pay Tom back." I looked at her in perfect amazement. If you'll believe me, the dent in the corner of her mouth had dissolved into a dimple, her gray eyes flashed, and the warfare between them and her mouth was absolutely fascinating. I was almost unstrung by what I had brought to pass. It is most unusual to see a rose go back to budhood again, or a blasted bud burst into perfect bloom, and one of these things had happened.

I saw that the time had come for me to hold hands off, so I sat back and said nothing. I was awfully thankful for that dear Professor. He quite became my stand-by, and it was queer, too, for Lucia nearly worried him to death. It was distressing to me when I knew how he felt about "silly young things," as he called them. I hinted as much to Lucia, but she only retorted that I must take my own medicine, and proceeded as before to take the patient man to dances, to drag him off mountain climbing, and to tease him about his riding. Plainly, she only used him to torment Tom, and, just as plainly, the dear Professor squirmed.

It went on so for several weeks. Tom being more devoted, the Professor more squirmy, and Lucia more pleased with herself. I had never dreamed of such a change as this. She not only looked young, she felt young. She wasn't pretending to a good time, she was having it—a glorious, inconsequential good time. I was frightfully worried. I've always known that folk have to climb Foot Hill at some period or other of their lives, and if it does not come when they are young, as nature intended it,

they are likely to stumble mighty hard on their way down again. I had to acknowledge that Lucia appeared to be a distractingly sweet young girl. Evidently Tom found her so, and was becoming seriously involved. I couldn't have Lucia marrying him, and yet she acted as if she might be considering it. I thought of asking the Professor's advice, and then, remembering what he thought of silly girls, decided to speak first to Lucia, though I feared that this intoxicating cup of admiration had so gone to her head that she would not listen. It was really quite a terrible mix-up. If she loved Tom or if he loved her, it was equally unfortunate.

The night I came to this decision she was at a dance at one of the other hotels, and I waited up to speak to her, lest my courage ooze out before morning. It was one o'clock before she returned. She wore a long, cream-colored cloak, and a motor-veil wrapped around her head. The first glimpse I caught of her face showed me that something had happened. Her cheeks were red and an amazed happiness glinted in her eyes.

She seated herself carefully in the low chair, and then for awhile she seemed to forget that I was there. One moment she seemed remote and colorless, and the next she glowed with life and emotion.

"Lucia"—I spoke sharply because of the fear that my warning would be too late—"tell me what it is."

"He loves me, Cousin Lydia," she said simply. "He loves me—and he told me so."

"But do you love him?" I asked in panic. "The question is, do you love him?"

She looked at me proudly. "Do I love him!" she repeated, and my question was fully, fatally answered.

After a long silence, during which I prayed for the power to help her put away this madness, she got up and composedly the old Lucy spoke: "Of course he doesn't know my age. I thought best for you to tell him that. In a way, you owe us that."

"Me tell him? Didn't you? Doesn't he know?" Lucy Frey, for pity's sake, tell me what you did say?" I shuddered as I pictured myself talking common-sense to that infuriated, love-sick youth.

"He says that he hopes to win you. You are such friends. He meant to ask your permission, but he couldn't wait. He says you don't approve of such a difference in ages, but then neither did he, before he met me. He told me how he had fallen in love with me against his will, but now he knows it was my youth that attracted him. He is only thirty-five, and love—"

"Thirty-five! Lucy Frey, whom are you talking about? Who is in love with you?"

"Why, the Professor, of course. Who else would propose to me?" she demanded indignantly.

Well, I certainly had been a fool! "Now, sit down again and tell me exactly about it, and what I am to say, and why?"

It was not a pleasant task to which I rose the next morning, but I am no coward, and, after fortifying myself with a hen-of-the-tablet, I went to meet the Professor. I had promised Lucia to tell him the whole truth about her age, her masquerade, and her foolishness. Men don't like to be fooled, and I was very doubtful as to how he would take it, in spite of Lucia's faith. I was not in love, and she was.

The Professor was waiting for me. His manner conveyed the impression that he had been waiting since the beginning of time for just this opportunity.

I suggested that we walk down to the spring, as we would have no privacy on the veranda. He put his case fervently, but with dignity, and apologized for not having spoken to me before. "But," he finished, "I lost my head, you know—she is so fascinating."

Then I told my whole story, just as I have told it here, sparing neither one of us. He tried to stop me, but I went ahead as steadily, as voluminously, as

the cataract of Lodore, piling fact on fact, and ending with: "You are in the unusual position, Professor, of falling in love with one lady and finding her another."

With a happy smile the Professor handed me a letter, saying:

"Read that. I received it this morning before you came downstairs."

In something of a daze, I read a letter asking him to report on the availability of one, Miss Lucy Frey, for the chair of

History in the State Normal, and enclosing her application and photograph. The letter stated that she was summing-
at the Springs.

"Your words this morning have kindly explained this," he said. "It is true that I fell desperately in love with Lucia, but I confess that I'm awfully pleased that there is a Lucy, too. I hope I may marry both."

Without another word, I went to call Lucy.



My Queen

To-day the skies took on a tender glow,
The trees were suddenly such melting green,
The flowers never were so shy I know—
To-day I saw my Queen.

No wonder that all bloomings seemed so pale,
That laughing leaves poured out their souls in song,
For she, the fairest flower in the vale,
Gazed on their world, full long.

A hint of purple twilight in her eyes,
A darkening, half of sorrow, half desire;
A something that proclaimed them worldly-wise,
And hushed for me my lyre.

Yet still for me the night is full of stars;
Her dear eyes dreaming make me brave to keep
Silence, alas, for words she quite debars,
And bids my love still sleep!

—Amy E. Campbell.

The Jews in Canada

IN WHICH THEIR SUCCESS IN BUSINESS IS DETAILED AND SOME
OBSERVATIONS MADE ON THE CHARACTER OF THEIR CITIZENSHIP

By J. V. McAree

This is the second of two articles on "The Jews in Canada," by Mr. J. V. McAree, the first having appeared in MacLean's Magazine for June. In the previous article the conditions under which the Jews live in Canada were presented; in this, other phases of their life are considered, notably, their success in business. As originally written, the article was intended for publication in one issue, but it was found necessary to run it in two installments. To convert it into two distinct stories we were obliged to transpose certain paragraphs, but the general content has been fairly well preserved.

AMONG the many phases of Jewish life in Canada which present themselves for consideration on the part of people who would become more familiar with it is that side which touches the Jews in their business relationships. Already we have shown the humble way in which the Jews start life in this country, and the determined manner in which they apply themselves to their work. Nor is that all; many of them have risen to places of prominence and distinction in the Canadian business and professional field, and have achieved a measure of success which reflects the greatest credit on them, both as regards their integrity and ability.

Instances of this outstanding success are not far to seek, as will be seen from cases which are cited in this article. Apart from these, however, passing mention should be made of families of Jewish origin who have abandoned the faith and have since become prominent in various walks of life. Representatives of this class are to be found in plenty occupying numerous positions in medicine, in finance, and in all branches of business. Thus have they invaded the realm of high finance.

FIRST JEW FORTUNE IN CANADA.

The Jews, as has been remarked, are not pioneers. There may have been a few of them in Canada before 1850, but they were usually peddlers, who left no mark on our commercial history. It was in 1854 that J. J. Joseph went to Toronto, built up the first big Jewish business, died, and left the first fortune made in Canada by a Jew. Mr. Joseph was an English Jew, and did not come empty-handed to this country. He was in the jewelry business, but most of his money was made in real estate. Contemporaneous with him was the De Sola family in Montreal. They were Portuguese Jews and were related by marriage to the Josephs. The De Solas got the bulk of the Joseph fortune. Another prominent Canadian Jew was Mark Solomon, who built up a great wholesale clothing business. When he died his sons went to Rochester, where the Jewish garment maker puts forth his finest flower.

Sam Davis came from England, and went into the tobacco business. He died a millionaire. Another very wealthy Montreal Jew was Moses Vineberg, who

was in the fur business. Julius Hirsch, also of Montreal, was a leader in the liquor and tobacco trade. In the public eye of Montreal these men would rank as the Samuels do in Toronto. These two brothers were English Jews, and went into the hardware business as M. & L. Samuel & Co., on Yonge Street, below the Globe office. When Marks died, the Benjamin partnership was formed, and no wholesale firm stands in higher regard to-day than that of Samuel, Benjamin & Co. Sam Frankel, the wholesale jeweler, was an Austrian Jew, and unlike most Jews he lived and died a bachelor, the fine business he established going to strangers on his death. He is not to be confounded with his namesake, Leo Frankel, who was a German Jew, and reached Toronto by way of Pittsburg, to establish a wholesale metal business. Edmund Scheuer, one of the most respected of Toronto Jews, went to that city from Hamilton, where he had been in the jewelry business. Goldstein, the tobacconist, is from Montreal. His father was a Russian refugee. Sam Solman, the father of "Iol," the popular Toronto sporting and business man, was an English Jew. Another English Jew who has made money is Charles King, who owns a tannery at Whitty.

THE CASE OF JACOB SINGER.

Jacob Singer, who was the wealthiest Jew in Toronto, was an Austrian. He went there about thirty-five years ago almost penniless. He was a watchmaker by trade, and a good one. He occupied a very small shop, but, as his business grew, and he was able to save a little money, he opened a loan office next door. He ran both businesses until his death, but they were trifling compared with his real estate interests. He bought the corner of York and Queen Streets for \$18,000; it is worth \$200,000 now they say. He very seldom sold any real estate, but preferred to rent, and put the money in more houses. He rents bought him a new piece of property every month. His experience in selling had not been altogether happy. For in-

stance, he bought a piece of property on Queen Street for \$3,500, and a year or so after was tempted to give an option on it for \$7,000. At this price the property was sold, but to a purchaser who could have afforded to pay much more for it. Jacob would rather buy than sell, in which respects he differed from the ordinary Jew, who buys with nothing but selling in view. Usually a Jew will sell a house for \$4,300 the day after he has bought it for \$4,200, and he will be satisfied with such a quick profit.

THE "LUST FOR BUILDINGS."

It is well known that the Jews are at the present time the most persistent buyers of downtown property in Toronto. The district south of College, bounded by McCaul and Yonge Streets, is gradually falling into their hands. They are getting hold of Richmond and Adelaide Streets west; as they already have Queen Street. Presently their ownership of the "Ward" will be absolute. It is not that they realize better than Christians the value of downtown property in Toronto, nor that they have more money to invest, but it is because they can do better with property in the Ward. To a Jew, for example, it is no objection that his next door neighbors are Jews. A Christian may look at a large, crumbling house on Adelaide Street, ascertain the price, and come to the conclusion that it is a "good buy." He will calculate, however, that to get a proper return on his money he must tear down the old structure and erect a first class dwelling. The Jew will make no such calculations. He knows that however dilapidated the dwelling, there are plenty of poor Jews who will be willing to rent rooms from him. So he buys the place, moves in, and presently where one family of Christians dwelt formerly, there are twenty Jews living, each paying a small rent, but the total amounting to considerably more than any single family in the neighborhood could afford to pay. The landlord lives right among them, and can watch his property night and

day, whereas, a Gentile with sufficient money to buy the property, would not live much nearer than Jamieson Ave. or South Drive.

This is one reason why the title to the Ward is being slowly relinquished to the Hebrews. It is an economic one. But it does not tell all the story, having the infirmity common to theoretical economics generally. Even if the Jews could not make money out of their purchases, I think they would still be large buyers of property. To own a house is about the only badge of prosperity recognized by the lower class Jew. Then too it is only natural to assume that a passion that has been thwarted for so many generations should assert itself fiercely when the time comes. The Jew may not have the Anglo-Saxon lust for land, but he has a lust for buildings and that lust he is gratifying in Toronto. The panders to this passion are the real estate agents, and their deputies in the Ward. Moses Epstein, for example, is suspected of having put by a couple of hundred dollars as the result of his industry with a push cart. As Moses sits out on the sidewalk smoking his cigarette after the day's work, to him comes Sol Brodinski. Sol is a real estate copper agent, and he remarks casually that Isaac Levinter has bought him a nice house on Chestnut Street. Probably Moses came to Canada a month or so before Isaac, and has rather been putting it over Isaac ever since, in consequence of his start. He realizes now, however, that if Isaac is to have the kudos that is entailed in property ownership, the days of Moses' superiority have ended. He may know too that Isaac has no more money than he has, but the neighbors will not know it when they hear about the nice little rookery Isaac has bought on Chestnut Street. To his cautious enquiries, the agent intimates that even with only \$200 to lay down on a \$2,500 property, some business can be done. So next week Moses also owns a house, and still keeps that month's start of Isaac.

SECRET OF JEWISH SUCCESS.

Now one doesn't need to be a financial expert to know that the man who pays no more than ten or five per cent. cash does not lay to the best advantage. Bear in mind, though, that the vendor may be in the position of having to find a Jewish purchaser. He must then choose between the Jew who can pay all cash and the Jew who wants to spread the payments over twenty years. Two thousand cash down, or twenty-five hundred spread over fifteen years, may be his alternative. Thus Moses starts his career as a property owner with a tax of \$500 on his poverty, besides the mortgage of \$2,300 on his property. Many a Gentile in similar circumstances would be crushed into insolvency by the burden. It is here that the stamina of the Jews comes into action, and more than any other quality it explains why Jews get rich. It is the very heart of the mystery of Jewish wealth. The Jew has been used to a sort of poverty that you or I or the poorest of us who have lived all our lives in Canada know nothing about. Would we live for six months on bread and tea, for the sake of paying interest on a mortgage? The Jew will do it. Would we wear clothes that were made for someone else, and thrown away by him, in order that we may save the price of a suit to pay our taxes? Jews do. We refuse to put our very heart's blood into our business to buy our independence and eventually our affluence by the sweat and torture of stern self denial. To use it would be self denial of the bitterest kind. To the Jew it is something better, after all, than what he was accustomed to for many generations. The Italian wonders at the Jew's acquiescence; and the Jew wonders at the Italian's ability to dig trenches all day in the broiling sun. Neither of them supposes that there is anything remarkable in what he is doing.

Like other men, the Jews are ready to make sacrifices to help their sons to prosper in life. The significance of education they have not learned. Worldly success is what they respect

more than any sort of distinction. So it was their practice, until the advent of the great department stores, for the thriving Jew to train his sons as retail traders. Thus have some great businesses in both Toronto and Montreal been handed down from father to son. Of late years, however, the professions have seemed to them most profitable, and the tendency with well-to-do Jews is to make doctors or lawyers out of their sons. In Toronto there are now three Jewish doctors and four lawyers. At the Toronto University there are not fewer than twenty-four in training for one or other of these callings. In McGill there are fifty Jewish students, and probably a score who have taken their degrees and are practising. As a rule professional Jews work exclusively among their own people; but, unfortunately for them, the converse is not true. The flourishing Jews do not confine themselves to one of their own race when they require either medical or legal advice. If they did, the Jewish doctors and lawyers in both Toronto and Montreal would be the wealthiest in their professions. A Jew who speaks English sees no advantage in employing a doctor of his own tribe, and any Gentile who wishes to get his share of the patronage in "the Ward" can do so at the price of learning Yiddish.

SOME EXCLUSIVE JEWISH TRADES.

Garment making is the trade of the Jews, almost as exclusively as pawn-broking. Ninety per cent. of the operatives in Toronto are Jews, and probably 75 per cent. of the Canadian Jews who have a trade are garment makers, furriers or cap makers. They are garment workers in the first place because their fathers were garment makers. Certain branches of this business can be done by a man at home better than in a factory, for he can impress the other members of the family into the work. A Jewish child four years old can be made to earn its board by helping the father if he is a garment worker. It is play for the child, of course, but gradually it becomes work, and so, insensibly the baby has become a skilled

workman or workwoman. Most of the Jew tailors, therefore, have not deliberately chosen their vocation. It has been forced upon them by the circumstances that when they were children, their father required their help, in order that he might make a living at a trade, which, in certain parts of Europe, is not highly remunerated.

Having been trained to the work since babyhood, the Jew who comes to a Canadian city is well equipped to make money when business in the cloak and suit trade is brisk, and to take the job away from the Canadian operative when things are dull. At a machine, two Jews are worth, at the lowest calculation, three Gentiles. One manufacturer told me the other day that one Jew is worth four Gentiles. Of course, it would be easy to mention many trades where the balance was as greatly in favor of the Gentile; but the Jews do not cultivate those trades. Like everyone else, they like best to do what they do well—and from which they can make good money. Some of them make \$70 a week by operating sewing machines in Toronto. Hundreds make \$40 a week. Another, who is the head of the garment factory in a big department store gets about \$6,000 a year in wages and annual bonus. He started at \$15 a week. He is, of course, an exceptionally gifted man, and I don't suppose that the fact that he is a Jew has had much to do with his success.

As a rule, a Jew in the garment business will not work for a salary. He wants to go on piece work, and most of the factories are run on this principle. The confinement, and the stooping posture are not as severe on the typical Jewish physique as on Gentiles. Jews are smaller men, and perhaps this is one reason why we never see them attempting to compete with the Italians. "Let me make the suits of the country," says the Jew, "and I care not who builds its millroads and joins its Black Hand societies." As designers they frequently display their Oriental genius, although in this respect they are not so proficient.

THE JEWS IN POLITICS.

Although at the last provincial election in Manitoba a Jew was elected, it can hardly be said that the Hebrew vote cuts much figure in Canadian politics, except in a riding or two in Montreal and one in Toronto. In Centre Toronto the Jew can elect whichever candidate he will unitesly vote for. The point is that the Jews are not much more united in their politics than are the Christians. Most of them are Liberals, but there are enough Conservatives to esse what would otherwise be a dead weight on the Liberal side of the scales. One of the leading Conservative Jews in Toronto told me the other day with a mingling of pathos and despair in his tones, that it was very difficult to teach the newly arrived Jewish immigrant that the Conservative party in Canada was not a branch of the Grand Dukas party in Russia. They have been taught to identify the word Conservatism with oppression, and unscrupulous politicians of their own religion do not fail to take full advantage of this fact. However, the trend of the wealthier and more cultivated Jews is toward Conservatism, and this example is not without its effect. In the meantime, both parties grovel to the Jew in Centre Toronto. So far the Jew is content to let them grovel. He has not quite come to the time when he will demand that a candidate for his favor shall be one of his own religion. If he suddenly were to make this demand, I believe it would be sincerely met by two or three prominent Liberal and Conser-

vative politicians abandoning their last vestiges of Christianity.

ARE A SOBER PEOPLE.

In allotting the Jews their place as citizens, there is one fact that impresses itself upon even the most casual observer. The Jew is the temperance man. On the occasion of an engagement or a wedding, or some other quasi religious observance, he may drink rather more than is good for him, but the real housing Jew is almost unknown. No Gentile race has such a small percentage of drunkards as the Jew. Mr. Jacob Cohen, J. P., one of the best informed Jews in Toronto, explains the Jew's temperance on the ground that prohibition is rarely preached to him. He is instructed in the use of liquor almost from babyhood. When he is laid up his lips are latched with wine. The touch would seem to have almost the effectiveness of a vaccination, for rarely thereafter do the libations of a Jew interfere with his business. In other respects the Jew's habits are probably about the same as those of Gentiles of the same class. He is rather more litigious than a Christian, and his moral infirmities are thus more frequently exposed.

Here he is among us, however, with all his faults and all his virtues. He has one quality that ought not to be overlooked, and that is a tendency to act like a white man if he is treated like one. It has been well said that every country has the sort of Jew it deserves. So it lies with us to have the sort of Jew we want. Some sort we must have always.

Every Day a Success

If you make the most of to-day you have made the most of yourself, the most of what is in you for that time. So if you make the most of every day you will make the most of your life.

Yellow Water

By Will Leavington Comfort

IN the moonlight I watched the hunched figure of the giant at the oars. There were moments in that age of darkness in which my hatred was so consuming that, with a weapon at hand, I should have killed him. I dreaded the morning light, because it would disclose his profile, as it turned to the right and left oversea. . . . All my relation to reality was identified with the woman's moaning. Between these sounds from her, my mind was rushed along in a torrent of nightmarish ideas.

The moon sank. We climbed one of the foot-hills of eternity after that, before the white rose of dawn opened in the east—showed us again where the east was. The giant rowed. The woman lay at my feet in the bottom of the boat, and at intervals stirred and moaned. And this was the third dawn.

We were survivors from the sailing craft *Passion Flower*, carrying copra from the Solomon to Bengal, and wrecked in the third week of her voyage. There had been two other passengers besides the woman and myself. The giant belonged to the crew. The right of him had repelled me, even in those happy days of good sailing. He was markedly stasitic—gorilla-like, with his hairy chest, huge, high-held shoulders, and stubby, blackened hands. No sound had come to me from his lips (save the gurgle of his drinking), neither before the sinking of the *Passion Flower*, nor up to this hour in the yawl.

What happened to the vessel is not likely to be known. She was humming forward under full sail in the beautiful inroad night. I had left the woman less than an hour before, and was half

asleep when the horrible grinding began, as if the spine of the ship were scraping over a reef—where no reef were charted. The vessel quivered and settled back. The instant's silence was like that following the fall of a child, when one waits for the scream of pain—then running feet, uprushed voices, and (when I opened the door of the cabin) the appalling roar of rushing water below in the darkness of the ship. My only thought after that was of the woman. We met in the galley passage. Queerly enough, before a word was uttered, I kissed her. There was no need to speak. The voices of the men made us know we were sinking.

. . . The other two boats were launched. The giant was unhooking the third, a yawl, from the davits. I commanded him to make room for the woman and me, and was startled to see him nod—as if the Captain had spoken. The *Passion Flower* was foundering. Some great creature strangling to death—such were the sounds from below. The blackness of the sea was a sudden revelation—the last roll of it, the immensity, its horrible patience. A new smell was in my nostrils, so near it was.

It was the last moment. Our small boat was upside. The woman and I clung to the ship's gunwale, at a sickening angle. Rending dissolution was beneath, as the giant's arms lifted from the yawl. I passed the woman to him, and he put off furiously. . . . As the ship heeled over, I leaped into the sea. Under water, I felt the shudder and the motion from the wreck.

It was a battle to the end. My life depended upon struggling out of the

whirlpool, rather than in making any effort to reach the surface at once. I was all but done, when the roard and entangling pressure of the vortex eased, and the lashing water grew still. My lungs seemed filled with blood. I must have been twenty feet under when I gave a last kick for the top. All throughout that battle beneath the water, the image of the giant at the last instant stood before my mind—as he pulled furiously away! It seems now that I must have sunk again from the surface—save for the woman's stream. . . . Her hands helped to lift me.

The light was in my eyes as I regained consciousness in the yawl. I never saw the other two boats. . . . So, in the beginning of the real fight with thirst and burning darts and famine, I was half-dead. I think that certain of the veins in my chest were broken—as they break in the eye and be forced under the strain of vomiting. My torture of thirst began with the first consciousness. The woman nursed and petted me, but my faculties were in some abhorrent spell, in which only the giant moved.

This is the thought that became the master-key to all the horrible mania that possessed me for the next forty-eight hours: That he was the devil incarnate; that he would outlive me, and the woman I loved would be alone with him. . . .

I had known her but the three weeks of her voyage—days and evenings in the long lulling swell of the Southern Pacific. It was a rough life that I had not behind, and few were the memories that pleased me. Meeting the woman had seemed to seal these memories, and to give me authority for fresh and finer beginnings. Within a week, I had told her all the best and the worst. What a gamewster a woman is! Her life had known only the quiet places; yet she caught up the flying flaming pages of my past, and bound them in the reality of her spirit.

"You ought to know only the easy ways from now on," she said, "and I'll

help you to find them." . . . Perhaps it sounds very old and commonplace, but I assure you nothing that ever happened before could touch the hem of its garment for importance. . . . But this is quite enough about Penelope, save that a peace and beauty had come from her to my life, such as I had not known was in the world.

. . . The woman moaned again that third dawn. There was yellow now in the eastern red—the silken yellow of a mandarin's robe—and I felt the first touch of the murdering heat. I knew that this was my last day—even if I must leave the woman with him. . . . There had been six quarts of water, a few crackers, and a can of kippered herring—a hellish thirst-maker. There was less than three pints of water left. The giant had taken his full portion; the woman and I had each fought to make the other drink.

The dawn brought out the great hundred shoulders at the oars—the blistered, ox-like neck. . . . To me, the suspense of waiting for full light in the hope of land or ship, was less than third morning than on the other two. More and more of the sea cleared—filled greedily with the burning light.

The woman arose. I stared into her face as the sleep left her eyes. I should know from them—if the clearing horizon held other than emptiness. She gazed long—winced and smiled at me. I shuddered at my poor ideals of courage before I had met her. Better than my army at a man's hand, is the courage of a woman who loves him. There was not a speck on the round rim of the world. Her eyes fell to the swirling sea.

"It's yellow—yes, it's yellow!" she exclaimed.

. . . The *Passion Flower* had been three days' sail from Madras, I remembered. The mouths of the Kistna and the Godavari discolor the water for many miles at sea. But the west brought out no coast. . . . The giant was rolling steadily. It seemed as easy for him as breathing. He sucked a

brass locket that had hung about his neck. I thought of him as the devil—and deathless.

The pressure of the mounting sun was like scalding salt to me. . . . Everything was salt—the gunwales rough with it, my throat caked, pores cracked, and face blistered with salt. . . . The fin of a shark ran across the surface nearby like the point of a paper-knife through the edge of a book. . . . The day was smiting my temples, and I held my eyelids apart to stare at the saltless, landless, smokeless sea. I felt the tragedy of it all stealing away from my consciousness—and the agony from my flesh.—The woman held water to my lips—pleaded and prayed—as if she saw me leaving her.

"Look—the water is yellow!" she repeated. "We cannot be far. He *he* is pulling mightily."

I drew up with a last spasm of strength, and caught the giant's shoulder. He turned to me—the great centor-toried face.

"If you're not square to the woman—if you don't serve her with your life—I'll come back and haunt you day and night until you kill yourself! Do you hear?" I was besting the words into his brain. The woman clung to me, calling my name.

"Huh!" the giant granted.

"Do you hear and understand?"

"Huh!" came again.

I stared around at the glaring, breezy day, and it seemed as if a ball of light struck me down.

. . . I heard the intoning of temple bells—it seemed for ages. Then I felt a hand. As I tried to grasp it, darkness and a different world intervened.

Sometimes the intoning of the bells was like a harp in another room. . . . At length I looked about, and through a doorway. Cattle were passing upon a sun-baked land. Finally I felt the band again. Penelope was there, and bending low, hushed me to sleep. For days and days, it seemed to me, this happened—until something touched my lips and I would not be hushed.

"We are in a little Hindu village," she whispered, "and all is well. They're very good to us—and every day you're stronger—the new life coming back."

It may have been another day that I asked: "And how long have we been here?"

"For nearly a month."

My mind struggled up from vague horrors, never to be marshalled again. "And the giant?" I whispered.

"He was heroic. For ten hours—from the moment we saw the yellow water—he did not cease to row. And in the afternoon we saw the land—and he pulled and pulled, sucking his brass locket—until we saw the lights on the shore.—On the beach he gave a great cry and fell. Then the Hindus came.—And now he is working in the fields with them.—"

"Bring him to me," I said.

It seemed long afterward that the giant came in—afraid—twisting his hat in his hand. I caught the huge blackened wrist and held it to my forehead. . . . And I knew after that—as I could not know amid the horrors of the open boat—that, had he not pulled furiously away from the vortex of the sinking *Passion Flower*, in which I struggled, there would have been no open boat, and no Penelope.



Canada's Treasure House

VALUABLE HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS AND INTERESTING RELICS
AT CANADIAN ARCHIVES BUILDING—BRINGING UP THE
NATION TO TAKE A PRIDE IN ITS HISTORY

By John McCormac

If you ever go to Ottawa on a casual visit do not fail to take a run through the archives. The only reason that more people do not avail themselves of the opportunities which the archives building offers must be that they do not know of them. In this article a glimpse is given in a very brief manner of some of the outstanding features of interest. Whether you will ever be able to visit the Capital or not, you will be enlightened by the sketch herewith presented.

"THE Canadian Archives Building."

A man once had occasion to read that inscription. Graves above a door in letters of stone, it assured him that he stood before the new and not un-antiquarian home of the archives branch of the Department of Agriculture. He was, let the truth be known at once, merely a sightseer, a visitor—even a tourist. He was "doing Ottawa," had visited the Hill, been through the mint and museum, and now wanted to go through the archives. He had made it the last stop in his itinerary because—well, because he had his own opinion of archives, and was not unlike the majority of common or gardeners in that he placed pleasure before duty when the choice was his own.

He had his own opinion of archives. It was of a nature to suggest wearily some and contentedly figuratively as heavy, and a little mental picture of fusty

antiquarians poring over dusty volumes was his as he stepped over the broad threshold. Still, the archives building had been mentioned in all the best guidebooks and the member from his district had recommended it as "one of the sights of the town, sir. You ought not to miss it," though he had betrayed when questioned rather a surprising lack of information as to the exact nature of the true inwardness of its charm.

"Is Dr. Doughty in?"

"Yes, sir," answered the officer of the law, whose broad form was drawn up with the almost impossible erectness of bearing which characterizes Dominion Police officers. "First door to the left, sir."

The next moment the visitor was shaking hands with Canada's chief archivist, Dr. A. G. Doughty, C.M.G. "No fusty antiquarian here," he thought, "but perhaps they keep



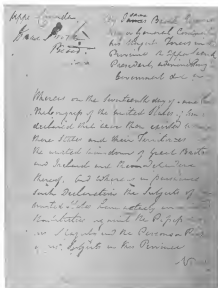
Dr. Doughty, Dominion Archives Commissioner.

them concealed somewhere about the building."

"You want to see the archives? Well in that case, your best plan would be to take a look around," said Dr. Doughty.

"Hum! That looks like the ice road between this city and Gatineau Point in winter."

"So it is. We have no less than 700 engravings here. Of these 130 are Bartlett engravings, remarkable for finish



Partic of a Proclamation by General Brock. An example of the sort of document the Archives endeavor to secure and preserve.

A cicerone was accordingly appointed who led the man from book home into the hall, and directed his attention to the numerous prints and engravings that lined its walls. "Now, here's a view of the Ice Pont, between Quebec and Pt. Lévis," he commenced.

and accuracy. Their subjects are mainly the different Governors and men prominent in the history of Canada; views of cities and fortifications such as Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, York, or Toronto as it is now known, and other places."

"What's that faded piece of paper so jealously preserved in that glass case over there?"

"That is the proclamation issued by Louis Riel, the rebel, which was attached to his flag and captured at Batoche by Captain Howard. We have another series of pictures in connection with the rebellion of 1837. Here's something

time for a readjustment of his ideas in regard to archives and archivists in general and Canadian ones in particular. "I asked for a stone and they are giving me bread," he reflected.

The map department proved to be a large and airy room on an upper floor. Maps hung about the walls or lay in folding beds of tin.



The Canadian Archives Building at Ottawa.

that would interest a Westerner," indicating an early view of Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, when that hustling city was a Hudson Bay post. "Or if you are interested in military matters, look at these flags of the Canadian militia, dating from 1775, and presented to the archives by Lady Caron. Now, let's take a look at the map section."

As the visitor and his guide crossed the hall the former reflected that it was

"There are over 7,000 in all," the visitor was informed, "and we are getting more all the time. Here is one of the oldest maps we have. It represents Quebec as it was in 1663. This one was done somewhat later, and is the original drawn up by Major McKellar, commander of the Engineers in the siege of Quebec. It shows the plan of operations which ended in the taking of the ancient city, and was later sent

home to Pitt. We also have a small reproduction which was the actual map General Wolfe employed in directing the details of the siege."

"What is that one over there, with all the soldiers on it?"

"That represents Louisbourg in 1758. It's a little out of perspective. The sol-

"Now for the antiquarians and their dusty tomes, you mean," thought the guided one. "I knew they kept them somewhere here."

He was wrong again. Far from being musty, some of the antiquarians were not even men. "No dusty tomes, either," he reflected, as he gazed along



One of the treasures of the Archives. A model of Quebec as it appeared in 1500.

diers are as large as the trees, while some are even a little bigger. Now here is something really interesting," extricating a huge sheet of canvas from a drawer. "It's quite a size, isn't it? And it's only a section of the real map. That is 45 feet long."

"Griacious! What's it all about?"

"It's a sort of history of the St. Lawrence district, was done under the direction of General Murray by different officers and is practically a history of every parish in the district, with number of inhabitants, number able to bear arms, etc."

The preservation of all these old maps, the sightseer was informed, has proved of inestimable value in the settlement of disputes, international and otherwise, which have arisen at different times, among them being the Newfoundland fisheries dispute.

"Now for the manuscript section," said the guide.

rows of neatly arranged and dustless volumes in their cleanly metal shelves. It was true. And, finding that a strict attention to prophylactics had banished the expected bacteria of science, the man from outside began to speculate whether these long rows of uniformly bound volumes might not instead contain the germs of romance. It was not an uninspiring thought that in their closely written pages were rescued from oblivion the deeds and lives of those who had helped to make or mar Canada.

"A sort of mortuary chamber for dead reputations, isn't it?" said the cicerone, interpreting the visitor's thought. So it was. In some cases in clear, cold type, in others in the original handwriting itself, were inscribed records of the lifework of the men who saw the Dominion in the making. Some there were who guarded its progress as a precious thing. Doubtless they may have

been in their time, but history justified them. Side by side with their stainless records lie the not so unspected ones of some others whose names lie a black smudge across the pages of Canadian history. For them there is no merciful oblivion. Their testimonies are open to the mental scalpel of whosoever cares to peruse them.

The treasures which the fireproof walls of the archives building so jealously house have not lodged themselves there. The great majority have histories of their own quite distinct from that of which they form a part. Dr. Doughty could tell you something about all of them, of the trouble he had in gathering some and the prices he had to pay for others. Dr. Doughty could, but he doesn't. The grim firmness of

tion copy to him and he retreats; suggest an interview, and he turns pale.

But if, perchance, you have word of a time-stained document or an old coin, relic of a past currency, that you know to be lurking in the recesses of some corner of oblivion, then you are a welcome visitor indeed. A suggestion, a bare hint, is enough. Instead of the man of letters drawing his shell about him to escape the prying light of public curiosity, you have a veritable LeCoe, a Sherlock Holmes, keen to track to its source and safely lodge within the archives' shelter what may throw a new light on old secrets.

SECURING VALUABLE DOCUMENTS.

Who was it first emphasized the gulf between the man and the man plus his



Tattered flags of the Canadian Militia carefully preserved in the Archives Building.

purpose with which Canada's chief archivist strikes the trail of an important document or valuable engraving, and follows it to the end is equalled only by his modest shrinking from publicity and the prominence that is to be obtained through the medium of print. Men-

work? Dr. Doughty the man suggests the litterateur and the student, but Dr. Doughty the archivist is a veritable metamorphosis. No clue is too slight to follow, no difficulty too great to daunt him when an opportunity presents itself further to enrich Canada's store of

historical material. He can scent interest three centuries removed, and detect the golden gleam of chronological import through the dust of decades. When diplomacy is required, then Dr. Doughty is the last word in resourcefulness and tact, when influence is needed it is furnished in high quarters. Lord Minto obtained some 400 volumes of valuable papers for the archives, while the late Governor-General, Earl Grey, also had its interests at heart, and it was through his influence that a number of Dr. Doughty's chiefest treasures, inaccessible through other means, have been secured.

Many documents of value have been obtained from England by the process of going after them. Many a time has the chief archivist packed his steamer trunk for the other side of the pond, and seldom has he returned without that which was the object of his quest. Where the originals are not to be had for love or money, copies are made, and these are generally in cases where the papers themselves are already stored in English archives.

Not only is Dr. Doughty personally keen in securing material of all kinds but he has succeeded in similarly inspiring his staff. A great deal of the locating of manuscripts is done by means of correspondence. Members of the archives staff endeavor to get in sections of the country and in this way obtain news of the documents or records of the kind required. The next step is to arrange for their transference to the Sussex Street treasurer house of history, no easy matter in many cases. For one owner willing to sacrifice the family treasures for the greatest good of the greatest number there are scores who are not so compliant. It is here that your true archivist is in his element. No newspaperman intent on scoops ever inquired half so hard to obtain the latest news of the hour as do the delvers into manuscripts to secure that which would have been news anywhere from half a dozen decades to two centuries ago. Wires are pulled, influences are solicited, moral suasion is brought to bear and

patriotism is appealed to. The result, in nine cases out of ten, spells success. In the tenth case, if the document is worth while, the archives buys it. But it has to be worth while.

The bane of the archivist is the autograph hunter. He puts up the prices. He is sometimes willing to give as many as ten or fifteen dollars for a single letter and when upwards of a score or two of them can be disposed of at such a figure the whole series costs the archives—well, figure it out yourself.

A PRIDE IN OUR HISTORY.

The archives stops at confederation but aims to go back indefinitely from that point. Some of its treasures comprise documents of the privy council from its first meeting in 1764 down to confederation and on the French side from the period of discovery till 1763; despatches of British governors-general to Canada and answers; correspondence with England in regard to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; records of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and all internal correspondence of the secretary of state's department; correspondence with the governor-general of British Columbia before confederation; military correspondence from 1780 down to the removal of the troops in the '60's; papers removed from Canada with the departure of different officials, etc., etc. A number of records are being copied in private archives such as St. Sulpice in Montreal and a thorough investigation of the entire country is being conducted for private or semi-official documents. An effort is also being made to gather all the early church registers of Canada while Father O'Leary, one of the heroes of the Canadian contingent in the South African war, is doing good work among the parishes of Quebec. These private records in many cases shed light on what has hitherto been secret history and sometimes bring facts of unique interest to light. Few, for instance, are aware that there was a very strong possibility that the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, would come to

Canada to direct the British forces in the war of 1812 yet such was the case, the Iron Duke professing himself willing to do so if needed.

The archives has its commercial side, a very important one as many a lawyer who has searched therein for a title deed in a lawsuit could bear witness. When the original grant made may have comprised so many acres "around a lake" and the lake has in the course of years dried up, it takes considerable searching before boundaries can be defined. There are few phases of our present day life which have not their root in history, hence the archives.

Though it deals in the past, the archives has a future and from its original position as a division of the agricultural department it is expected it will in time become a public record office for all departments. It has its secrets, too, documents relating to Canada's history of the past half century, which might easily result in all sorts of international complications were they ever

to find their way outside the bolted and barred walls and doors of the "dark chamber" of the building.

A recent development of the archives work that is greatly helping to uncover the riches of the mine of historical wealth it constitutes, is the conclusion of an agreement whereby historical research scholarships are offered students of the different universities who are thus enabled to spend their summer hours reading and cataloging manuscript.

But above and beyond the more commercial aspects of the archives work there is another that transcends these. It is briefly expressed in Dr. Doughty's own statement, when asked to put the purpose of his work in a nutshell, that, "we are bringing up the Canadian nation to take pride in its history." And after all, to the "average citizen" as well as to the student what sphere offers richer opportunities than the life story of the Canadian people?



Cheer as a Life Prolonger

We have all felt the magic of cheerfulness when we have been discouraged, depressed and disheartened; we have all felt the buoyancy, rejuvenation of this uplifting force. The habit of optimism, of taking cheerful views of life, with plenty of innocent fun, never allowing oneself to worry or fret—these are the life prolongers. Anything which tends to keep us in harmony will lengthen life. Magnanimity, charity, broad views of life and of people, add materially to comfort, happiness, and longevity.

The Smoke Bellew Series

Tale Eight: In which is featured "The Hanging of Cultus George"

By Jack London

I.

THE way led steeply up through deep, powdery snow that was unmarred by sled-tracks or moose-trail impression. Smoke, in the lead, pressed the fragile crystals down under his fat, short snowshoes. The task required lungs and muscle, and he flung himself into it with all his strength. Behind, on the surface he packed, strained the string of six dogs, the steam jets of their breathing attesting their labor and the lowness of the temperature. Between the wheel-dog and the sled toiled Shorty, his weight divided between the guiding gee-pole and the haul, for he, too, pulled with the dogs. Every half hour he and Smoke exchanged places, for the snowshoe work was even more arduous than that of the gee-pole.

The whole outfit was fresh and strong. It was merely hard work being efficiently done—the breaking of a mid-winter trail across a divide. On this severe stretch, ten miles a day they called a decent stint. They kept in condition, but each night crawled well-tired into their sleeping furs. This was their sixth day out from the lively camp of Maclean on the Yukon. In two days, with the loaded sled, they had covered the fifty miles of packed trail up Moose Creek. Then had come the struggle with the four feet of untouched snow that was really not snow, but frost crystals, so lacking in cohesion that when kicked it flew with the thin hissing of

granulated sugar. In three days they had wallowed thirty miles up Minnow Creek and across the series of low divides that separate the several creeks flowing south into Stikine River; and now they were breasting the big divide, past the Bald Buttes, where the way would lead them down Porcupine Creek to the middle reaches of Milk River. Higher up Milk River, it was fairly rumored, were deposits of copper. And this was their goal—a hill of pure copper, half a mile to the right and up the first creek after Milk River issued from a deep gorge to flow across a heavily timbered stretch of bottom. They would know it when they saw it. One-Eyed McCarthy had described it with sharp definiteness. It was impossible to miss it—unless McCarthy had lied.

Smoke was in the lead, and the small scattered spruce trees were becoming scarcer and smaller, when he saw one, dead and bone-dry, that stood in their path. There was no need for speech. His glance to Shorty was acknowledged by a stentorian "Whoo!" The dogs stood in the traces till they saw Shorty begin to undo the sled-lashings and Smoke attack the dead spruce with an axe; whereupon the animals dropped in the snow and curled into balls, the bush of each tail curled to cover four padded feet and an ice-rimmed muzzle.

The men worked with the quickness of long practice. Gold pan, coffee pot and cooking pail were soon thawing the

heaped frost crystals into water. Smoke extracted a stick of beans from the sled. Already cooked, with a generous admixture of cubes of fat pork and bacon, the beans had been frozen into this portable immediacy. He chopped off chunks with an axe, as it were so much firewood, and put them into the frying pan to thaw. Solidly frozen sordidly his-cults were likewise placed to thaw. In twenty minutes from the time they halted, the meal was ready to eat.

"About forty below," Shorty mumbled through a mouthful of beans. "Hope it doesn't get colder . . . or warmer neither. It's just right for trail-breaking."

Smoke did not answer. His own mouth full of beans, his jaws working, he had glanced to glance at the lead-dog, lying half a dozen feet away. That grey and frosty wolf was gazing at him with the infinite wistfulness and yearning that glimmers and haes so often in the eyes of Northland dogs. Smoke knew it well, but never got over the unfathomable wonder of it. As if to shake off the hypnotism, he sat down his plate and coffee cup, went to the sled, and began opening the dried-fish sack.

"Hey!" Shorty expostulated. "What 'r' you doin'?"

"Breaking all law, custom, precedent, and trail usage," Smoke replied. "I'm going to feed the dogs in the middle of the day . . . just this once. They've worked hard, and that last pull to the top of the divide is before them. Besides, Bright there has been talking to me, telling me all untellable things with those eyes of his."

Shorty laughed skeptically. "Go on an' spoil 'em. Pretty soon you'll be manicurin' their nails. I'd recommend cold cream and electric massager—it's great for sled dogs. And sometimes a Turkish bath does 'em fine."

"I've never done it before," Smoke defended. "And I won't again. But this once I'm going to. It's just a whim, I guess."

"Oh, if it's a hunch, go to it." Shorty's tones showed how immediately

he had been mollified. "A man's always got to follow his hunches."

"It isn't a hunch, Shorty. Bright just sort of got on my imagination for a couple of twists. He told me more in one minute with those eyes of his than I could read in the books in a thousand years. His eyes were a-crawl with the secrets of life. They were just squirming and wriggling there. The trouble is I almost got them, and then I didn't. I'm no wiser than I was before, but I was near them. I can't tell you, but that dog's eyes were just spilling over with cues to what life is, and evolution, and star-dust, and comic sap, and all the rest—everything."

"Boiled down into simple American, you got a hunch," Shorty insisted.

Smoke finished toasting the dried salmon, one to each dog, and shook his head.

"I tell you, yes," Shorty argued. "Smoke, it's a sure hunch. Something's goin' to happen before the day is out. You see. And them dried fish'll have a bearing."

"You've got to show me," Smoke laughed.

"No I ain't. The day'll take care of itself an' show you. Now listen to what I'm tellin' you. I got a hunch myself out of your hunch. I'll bet eleven ounces against three cany toothpicks I'm right. When I got a hunch I ain't a-scared to ride it."

"You bet the toothpicks, and I'll bet the ounces," Smoke returned.

"Nope. That'd be plain robbery. I win. I know a hunch when it tickles me. Before the day's out something'll happen, an' them fish'll have a meanin'."

"Hell," said Smoke, dismissing the discussion contemptuously.

"An' it'll be hell," Shorty came back. "An' I'll take three more toothpicks with you on them same odds that it'll be sure enough hell."

"Done," said Smoke.

"I win," Shorty exulted. "Chicken-feather toothpicks for mine."

II.

An hour later they cleared the divide, dipped down past the Bald Buttes through a sharp elbow-canyon, and took the steep open slope that dropped into Porcupine Creek. Shorty, in the lead, stopped abruptly, and Smoke who'd the dogs. Beneath them, coming up, was a procession of humans, scattered and draggled, a quarter of a mile long.

"They move like it was a funeral," Shorty noted.

"They've no dogs," said Smoke.

"Yep; there's a couple of men pullin' on a sled."

"See that fellow fall down? There's something the matter, Shorty, and there must be two hundred of them."

"Look at 'm stagger as if they were sowed. There goes another."

"It's a whole tribe. There are children there."

"Smoke, I win," Shorty proclaimed.

"A hunch is a hunch, an' you can't beat it. There she comes. Look at her!—surfin' up like a lot of corpses."

The mass of Indians, at sight of the two men, had raised a weird cry of joy and accelerated its pace.

"They're sure tolerable woody," commented Shorty. "See 'm fallin' down in jumps and bunches?"

"Look at the face of that first one," Smoke said. "It's starvation—that's what's the matter with them. They've eaten their dogs."

"What'll we do? Run for it?"

"And leave the sled and dogs?" Smoke demanded reproachfully.

"They'll sure eat us if we don't. They look hungry enough for it—Hello, old skeesks. What's wrong with you? Don't look at that dog that way. No cookin' pot for him—save?"

The fore-runners were arriving and crowding about them, moaning and plainting in an unfamiliar jargon. To Smoke the picture was grotesque and horrible. It was famine unmistakable. Their faces, hollow-cheeked and skin-stretched, were so many death's masks. More and more arrived and crowded

about, until Smoke and Shorty were hemmed in by the wild crew. Their ragged garments of skin and fur were cut and slashed away, and Smoke knew the reason for it when he saw a weakened child on a squaw's back that sucked and chewed a strip of filthy fur. Another child he observed steadily masturbating a leather thong.

"Keep . . . off . . . there!—keep back!" Shorty yelled, falling back on English, after futile attempts with the little Indian he did know.

Bucks and squaws and children tottered and swayed on shaking legs and continued to urge in, their mad eyes swimming with weakness and burning with ravenous desire. A woman, moaning, staggered past Shorty and fell with spread and grasping arms on the sled. An old man followed her, panting and gasping, with trembling hands striving to cast off the dead lashings and get at the grub-sacks beneath. A young man, with a naked knife, tried to rush in, but was flung back by Smoke. The whole mass pressed in upon them, and the fight was on.

At first Smoke and Shorty shoved and thrust and threw back. Then they used the butt of the dog whip and their fists on the food-mad crowd. And all this against a background of moaning and wailing women and children. Here and there, in a dozen places, the sled-lashings were cut. Men crawled in on their bellies, regardless of a rain of kicks and blows, and tried to drag out the grub. These had to be picked up bodily and flung back. And such was their weakness that they fell continually under the slightest pressure or shove. Yet they made no attempt to injure the two men who defended the sled.

"Just a-bonin' for grub, just a-bonin'!" was Shorty's war chant as he fought.—"Take that, you swine-eyed scoundrel!—Ah! would you! Down you go!—A-bonin', a-bonin'!—Drop that! There! How'd you like it, eh? Straight on the snoot for you, old socks,

and there's another for you, my buck!—Just a-bonin', just a-bonin'!"

It was the utter weakness of the Indians that saved Smoke and Shorty from being overborne. In five minutes

and that brought the slaver to their lips. And behind it all arose the wailing of the women and children.

"Shut up!—Oh, shut up!" Shorty yelled, thrusting his fingers into his



"Then they used the butt of their dog whip and their fists on the food-mad crowd."

the wall of up-standing, on-struggling Indians had been changed to heaps of fallen ones that moaned and gibbered in the snow, and cried and sniveled as their staring, swimming eyes focused on the grub that meant life to them

and breathing heavily from his exertions.—"Ah, you would, would you!" was his cry, as he plunged forward and kicked a knife from the hand of a man, who, bellying through the snow, was trying to stab the lead-dog in the throat.

"This is terrible," Smoke muttered. "I'm all het up," Shorty replied, returning from the rescue of Bright. "I'm real sweaty. An' now what? We goin' to do with this amblance outfit?"

Smoke shook his head, and then the problem was solved for him. An Indian crawled forward, his one eye fixed on Smoke instead of on the sled, and in it Smoke could see the struggle of sanity to assert itself. Shorty remembered having punched the other eye, which was already swollen shut. The Indian raised himself on his elbow and spoke.

"Me Carluk. Me good Siwash. Me save Boston men plenty. Me plenty hungry. All people plenty hungry. All people no save Boston men. Me save. Me eat grub now. All people eat grub now. We buy 'm grub. Got 'm plenty gold. No got 'm grub. Summer, salmon no come Milk River. Winter, caribou no come. No grub. Me make 'm talk all people. Me tell 'm plenty Boston man come Yukon. Boston man have plenty grub. Boston man like 'm cold. We take 'm gold, go Yukon, Boston man give 'm grub. Plenty gold. Me save Boston man like 'm gold.

He began fumbling with wasted fingers at the drawstrings of a pouch he took from his belt.

"Too much make 'm noise," Shorty broke in distractedly. "You tell 'm squaw, you tell 'm papoose, shut 'm up mouth."

Carluk turned and addressed the willing women. Other hucks, listening, raised their voices authoritatively, and slowly the squaws stilled, and stilled the children near to them.

Carluk paused from fumbling the draw-string and held up his fingers many times.

"Him people make 'm die," he said. And Smoke, following the count, knew that seventy-five of the tribe had starved to death.

"Me buy 'm grub," Carluk said, as he got the pouch and drew out a large chunk of heavy metal. Others were

following his example, and on every side appeared similar chunks. Shorty stared.

"Great Jeminey!" he cried. "Copper! Raw, red copper; An' they think it's gold!"

"Him gold," Carluk assured them confidently, his quick comprehension having caught the gist of Shorty's exclamation.

"And the poor devils hanked everything on it," Smoke muttered. "Look at it. That chunk there weighs forty pounds. They've got hundreds of pounds of it, and they've carried it when they didn't have strength enough to drug themselves. Look here, Shorty. We've got to feed them."

"Huh! Sounds easy. But how about statistics? You an' me has a month's grub, which is six meals times thirty, which is one hundred an' eighty meals. Here's two hundred Indians, with real, full-grown appetites. How can we give 'm one meal even?"

"There's the dog grub," Smoke answered. "A couple of hundred pounds of dried salmon ought to help out. We've got to do it. They've pinned their faith on the white man, you know."

"Sure, an' we can't throw 'm down," Shorty agreed. "An' we got two nasty jobs cut out for us, each just about twigs as nasty as the other. One of us has got to make a run of it to Macnac an' raise a relief. The other has to say here an' run the hospital an' meet like he eaten. Don't let it slip your noodle that we've been six days gettin' here; an' travelin' hard, an' all played out, it can't be made back in less 'n three days."

For a minute Smoke pondered the miles of the way they had come, visioning the miles in terms of time measured by his capacity for exertion.

"I can get there to-morrow night," he announced.

"All right," Shorty acquiesced cheerfully. "An' I'll stay an' be eaten."

"But I'm going to take one fish each for the dogs," Smoke explained, "and one meal for myself."

"An' you'll sure need it if you make Macnac to-morrow night."

Smoke, through the medium of Carluk, stated the programme.

"Make fires, long fires, plenty fires," he concluded. "Plenty Boston man stop Macnac. Boston man much good. Boston man plenty grub. Five sleep I come back plenty grub. This man, his name Shorty, very good friend of mine. He stop here. He big boss—save?"

Carluk nodded and interpreted. "All grub stop here. Shorty, he give 'm grub. He boss—save?"

Carluk interpreted, and nods and guttural cries of agreement proceeded from the man.

Smoke remained and managed until the full swing of the arrangement was under way. Those who were able, crawled or staggered in the collecting of firewood. Long, Indian fires were built that accommodated all. Shorty, aided by a dozen assistants, with a short club handy for the rapping of hungry knuckles, plunged into the cooking. The women devoted themselves to thawing snow in every utensil that could be mustered. First, a tiny piece of bacon was distributed all around, and, next, a spoonful of sugar to cloy the edge of their raven appetites. Soon, on a circle of fires drawn about Shorty, many pots of beans were boiling, and he, with a wrathful eye for what he called the renegades, was frying and apportioning the thinnest of flapjacks.

"Me for the big cookin'," was his farewell to Smoke. "You just keep a-hikin'. Trot all the way there an' run all the way back. It'll take you to-day an' to-morrow to get there, and you can't be back inside three days more. To-morrow they'll eat the last of the dog fish, an' then there'll be nary scrap for three days. You gotta keep a-comin', Smoke. You gotta keep a-comin'!"

III.

Though the sled was light, loaded only with six dried salmon, a couple of

pounds of frozen beans and bacon, and a sleeping robe, Smoke could not make speed. Instead of riding the sled and running the dogs, he was compelled to plod at the goose-pole. Also, a day of work had already been done, and the freshness and spring had gone out of the dogs and himself. The long Arctic twilight was on when he cleared the divide and left the Bald Buttes behind.

Down the slope better time was accomplished, and often he was able to spring on the sled for short intervals and get an exhausting six-mile clip out of the animals. Darkness caught him and fooled him in a wide-valleyed, nameless creek. Here the creek wandered in broad horseshoe curves through the flats, and here, to save time, he began shortcutting the flats instead of keeping to the creek bed. And black dark found him back on the creek-bed feeling for the trail. After an hour of futile searching, too wise to go farther astray he built a fire, fed each dog a half fish, and divided his own ration in half. Rolled in his robe, ere quick sleep came he had solved the problem. The last big flat he had shortcutted was the one that occurred at the forks of the creek. He had missed the trail by a mile. He was now on the main stream and below where his and Shorty's trail crossed the valley and climbed through a small feeder to the low divide on the other side.

At the first hint of daylight he got under way, breakfastless, and waddled a mile upstream to pick up the trail. And breakfastless, man and dog, without a halt, for eight hours held back transversely across the series of small creeks and low divides and down Minnow Creek. By four in the afternoon, with darkness fast-set about him, he emerged on the hard-packed, running trail of Moose Creek. Fifty miles of it would end the journey. He called a rest, built a fire, threw each dog its half-salmon, and thawed and ate his pound of beans. Then he sprang on the sled, yelled "Mush!" and the dogs

went out strongly against their breast-bands.

"Hit her up, you huskies!" he cried. "Mush on! Hit her up for grub! And no grub short of Mueluc! Dig in, you voves! Dig in!"

IV.

Midnight had gone a quarter of an hour in the Annie Mine. The main room was comfortably crowded, while roaring stoves, combined with lack of ventilation, kept the big room unanesthetically warm. The click of chips and the holostorous play at the craps table furnished a monotonous background of sound to the equally monotonous rumble of men's voices where they sat and stood about and talked in groups and twos and threes. The gold-weighers were busy at their scales, for dust was the circulating medium, and even a dollar drink of whiskey at the bar had to be paid to the weighers.

The walls of the room were of tiered logs, the hark still on, and the chinking between the logs, plainly visible, was Arctic moss. Through the open door that led to the dance room came the rollicking strains of a Virginia reel, played by a piano and a fiddle. The drawing of Chinese lottery had just taken place, and the luckiest player, having cashed at the scales, was drinking up his winnings with half a dozen cronies. The furo and rosette tables were busy and quiet. The draw poker and stud poker tables, each with its circle of onlookers, were equally quiet. At another table, a serious, concentrated game of Black Jack was on. Only from the craps table came noise as the man who played rolled the dice full sweep down the green amphitheatre of a table in pursuit of his elusive and long-delayed point. Ever he cried: "Oh! you Joe Cotton! Come a four! Come a Joe! Little Joe! Bring home the bacon, Joe! Joe, you Joe, you!"

Cultus George, a big, strapping Circle City Indian, leaned distantly and dourly against the log wall. He was a

civilized Indian, if living like a white man connoted civilization; and he was sorely offended, though the offense was of long standing. For years he had done a white man's work, had done it alongside of white men, and often had done it better than they did. He wore the same pants they wore, the same heavy woollens and heavy shirts. He sported as good a watch as they.

parted his short hair on the side, and ate the same food—bacon, beans and flour; and yet he was denied their greatest diversion and reward, namely, whiskey. Cultus George was a money-earner. He had staked claims, and bought and sold claims. He had been grubstaked, and he had secured grubstakes. Just now he was a dog-musher and freighter, charging twenty-eight cents a pound for the winter haul from Sixty Mile to Mueluc—and for bacon thirty-three cents, as was the custom. His poke was fat with dust. He had the price of many drinks. Yet no bar-keeper would serve him. Whiskey, the hottest, swiftest, completest gratifier of civilization, was not for him. Only by subterranean and cowardly and expensive ways could he get a drink. And he resented this invidious distinction, as he had resented it for years, deeply. And he was especially thirsty and resentful this night, while the white men he had so sedulously emulated he hated more bitterly than ever before. The white men would graciously permit him to lose his gold across their gaming tables. But neither for love nor money could he obtain a drink across their bars. Wherefore he was very sober, and very logical, and logically sullen.

The Virginian reel in the dance room wound to a wild close that interfered not with the three camp drunkards who snored under the piano. "All couples promenade to the bar," was the caller's last cry as the music stopped. And the couples were so promeneading through the wide doorway into the main room—the men in furs and moccasins, the women in soft fluffy dresses, silk stockings and dancing slippers—

when the double storm-doors were thrust open and Smoke Bellevue staggered wearily in.

Eyes centered on him and silence began to fall. He tried to speak. Pulled off his mittens (which fell dangling from their cords), and clawed at the frozen moisture of his breath which had formed in fifty miles of running. He halted irresolutely, then went over and leaned his elbow on the end of the bar.

Only the man at the craps table without turning his head, continuing to roll the dice and to cry: "Oh! you Joe! Come on you Joe!" The gamekeeper's gaze, fixed on Smoke, caught the player's attention, and he too, with suspended dice, turned and looked.

"What's up, Smoke?" Minton, the owner of the Annie Mine, demanded.

With a last effort, Smoke clawed his mouth free.

"I got some dogs out there—dead beat," he said huskily. "Somebody go and take care of them, and I'll tell you what's the matter."

In a dozen brief sentences, he outlined the situation. The craps player, his money still lying on the table and his slippery Joe Cotton still uncaptured, had come over to Smoke, and was now the first to speak.

"We gotta do something. That's straight. But what? You've had time to think. What's your plan? Spit it out."

"Sure" Smoke assented. "Here's what I've been thinking. We've got to hustle light sleds on the jump. Say a hundred pounds of grub on each sled. The driver's outfit and dog-grub will fetch it up fifty more. But they can make time. Say we start five of those sleds pronto—best running teams, best mushers and trail-enterers. On the soft trail the sleds can take the lead turn about. They've got to start at once. At the best, by the time they can get there, all these Indians won't have had a scrap to eat for three days. And then, as soon as we've got those sleds off we'll have to follow up with heavy sleds. Figure it out myself. Two pounds a day is the

very least we can decently keep those Indians traveling on. That's four hundred pounds a day, and with the old people and the children, five days is the quickest time we can bring them into Mueluc. Now, what are you going to do?"

"Take up a collection to buy all the grub," said the craps player.

"I'll stand for the grub—" Smoke began impatiently.

"Nope," the other interrupted. "This ain't your treat. We're all in. Fetch a wash-basin somebody. It won't take a minute. An' here's a starter."

He pulled a heavy gold sack from his pocket, untied the mouth, and poured a stream of coarse dust and nuggets into the basin. A man beside him caught his hand up with a jerk and an oath, elevating the mouth of the sack so as to stop the run of the dust. To a casual eye, six or eight ounces had already run into the basin.

"Don't be a hawg," cried the second man. "You ain't the only one with a poke. Gimme a chance at it."

"Huh!" sneered the craps player. "You'd think it was a stampede, you're so goosh dragged eager about it."

Men crowded and jostled for the opportunity to contribute, and when they were satisfied, Smoke hefted the heavy basin with both hands and grinned.

"It will keep the whole tribe in grub for the rest of the winter," he said. "Now for the dogs. Five light teams that have some run in them."

A dozen teams were volunteered, and the camp, as a committee of the whole, bickered and debated, accepted and rejected.

"Huh! Your dray horses!" Long Bill Unkell was told.

"They can pull," he bristled with hurt pride.

"They sure can," he was assured. "But they can't make time for sour apples. They've got their cut out for them bringing up the heavy loads."

As fast as a team was selected, its owner, with half a dozen aides, departed to harness up and get ready.

One team was rejected because it had come in tired that afternoon. One owner contributed his team, but apologetically exposed a bandaged ankle that prevented him driving it. This team Smoke took, over-riding the objection of the crowd that he was played out.

Long Bill Haskell pointed out that while Fat Olsen's team was a cracker-jack, Fat Olsen himself was an elephant. Fat Olsen's two hundred and forty pounds of heaviness was indignant. Tears of anger came into his eyes, and his Teutonic explosions could not be stopped until he was given a place in the heavy division, the crews player jumping at the chance to take out Olsen's light team.

Five teams were accepted and were being harnessed and loaded, but only four drivers had satisfied the committee of the whole.

"There's Cultus George," someone cried. "He's a trail-center, and he's fresh and rested."

All eyes turned upon the Indian. But his face was expressionless, and he said nothing.

"You'll take a team," Smoke said to him.

Still the big Indian made no answer. As with an electric thrill, it ran through all of them that something untoward was impending. A restless shifting of the group took place, forming a circle in which Smoke and Cultus George faced each other. And Smoke realized that by common consent he had been made the representative of his fellows in what was taking place—in what was to take place. Also, he was angered. It was beyond him that any human creature, a witness to the scramble of volunteers, should hang back. For another thing, in what followed, Smoke did not have Cultus George's point of view—did not dream that the Indian held back for any reason save the selfish, mercenary one.

"Of course, you will take a team," Smoke said.

"How much?" Cultus George asked. A snarl, spontaneous and general,

grated in the throats and twisted the mouths of the miners. At the same moment, with clenched fists or fingers crooked to grip, they pressed in on the offender.

"Wait a bit, boys," Smoke cried. "Maybe he doesn't understand. Let me explain to him. Look here, George. Don't you see, nobody is charging anything. They're giving everything to save two hundred Indians from starving to death."

He paused, to let it sink home.

"How much?" said Cultus George.

"Wait, you fellows!—Now, listen, George. We don't want you to make any mistake. These starving people are your kind of people. They're another tribe, but they're Indians just the same. Now, you've seen what the white men are doing—coughing up their dust, giving their dogs and sleds, falling over one another to hit the trail. Only the best men can go with the first sleds. Look at Fat Olsen, there. He was ready to fight because they wouldn't let him go. You ought to be mighty proud because all men think you are a number one musher. It isn't a case of how much, but how quick."

"How much?" said Cultus George.

"Kill him!"—"Bast his head!"—"Tar and feathers!" were several of the cries in the wild medley that went up, the spirit of philanthropy and good fellowship changed to brute savagery on the instant.

In the storm centre Cultus George stood imperturbable, while Smoke thrust back the fiercest and shouted:

"Wait! who's running this?" The clamor died away. "Fetch a rope," he added quietly.

Cultus George shrugged his shoulders, his face twisting tensely to a sudden and incredulous grin. He knew this white man bred. He had toiled on trail with it and eaten its flour and bacon and beans, too, long not to know it. It was a law-abiding breed. He knew that thoroughly. It always punished the man who broke the law. But he had broken no law. He knew

his law. He had lived up to it. He had neither murdered, stolen, nor lied. There was nothing in the white man's law against charging a price and driving a bargain. They all charged a

price and drove bargains. He was doing nothing more than that, and it was the thing they had taught him. Besides, if he wasn't good enough to drink with them, then he was not good enough to be charitable with them, nor to join them in any other of their foolish diversions.

Neither Smoke nor any man there glimpsed what lay in Cultus George's brain, behind his attitude and prompting his attitude. Though they did not know it, they were as beclouded in the matter of mutual understanding. To them, he was a selfish brute; to him, they were selfish brutes.

When the rope was brought, Long Bill Haskell, Fat Olsen and the crap player, with much awkwardness and angry haste, got the slip-noose around the Indian's neck and rove the rope over a rafter. At the other end a dozen men talked on, ready to hoist away.

Nor had Cultus George resisted. He knew it for what it was—bluff. The whites were strong in bluff. Was not draw poker their favorite game? Did

they not buy and sell and make all bargains with bluff? Yes! he had seen a white man do business with a look on his face of four aces and in his hand a busted straight.

"Wait," Smoke commanded. "Tie his hands. We don't want him chafing."

More bluff, Cultus George decided, and passively permitted his hands to be tied behind his back.

"Now, it's your last chance, George," said Smoke. "Will you take out your team?"

"How much?" said Cultus George.

Astounded at himself that he should be able to do such a thing, and at the same time angered by the colossal selfishness of the Indian, Smoke gave the signal. Nor was Cultus George any less astounded when he felt the noose tighten with a jerk and swing him off the floor. His stolidity broke on the instant. On his face, in quick succession, appeared surprise, dismay, and pain.

Smoke watched anxiously. Having himself, he felt a tyro at the business. The body struggled convulsively, the tied hands strove to burst their bonds, and from the throat came unpleasant noises of strangulation. Smoke held up his hand.



"How much?" Cultus George asked.

"Slack away!" he ordered.

Grumbling at the shortness of the punishment, the men on the rope lowered Cultus George to the floor. His eyes were bulging, and he was tottering on his feet swaying from side to side and still making a fight with his hands. Smoke divined what was the matter, thrust violent fingers between the rope and the neck, and brought the noose slack with a jerk. With a great heave of the chest, Cultus George got his first breath.

"Will you take that team out?" Smoke demanded.

Cultus George did not answer. He was too busy breathing.

"Oh, we white men are hogs," Smoke filled in the interval, resentful himself at the part he was compelled to play. "We'd sell our souls for gold, and all that; but once in a while we forget about it and turn loose and do something without a thought of how much there is in it. And when we do that, Cultus George, watch out. What we want to know now is: are you going to take out that team?"

Cultus George debated with himself. He was no coward. Perhaps this was the extent of their bluff, and if he gave in now he was a fool. And while he debated, Smoke suffered from secret worry lest this stubborn aborigine would persist in being hanged.

"How much?" said Cultus George.

Smoke started to raise his hand for the signal.

"Me go," Cultus George said very quickly, before the rope could tighten.

V.

"An' when that rescue expedition found me," Shorty told it in the Annie Mine, "that ornery Cultus George was the first in, beatin' Smoke's sled by three hours, an' don't you forget it. Smoke comes in second at that. Just the same it was about time, when I heard Cultus George a-yellin' at his dogs from the top of the divide, for these blamed Siwashes had ate my moccasins, my mitts, the leather lecin's, my knife sheath, an' some of 'em was beginnin' to look mighty hungry at me. —me bein' better nourished, you see.

"An' Smoke? He was near dead. He hustled around a while, helpin' to start a meal for them two hundred sufferin' Siwashes; an' then he fell asleep, settin' on his haunches, thinkin' he was feedin' snow into a thawin'-pail. I fixed him my bed, an' dang me if I didn't have to help him into it, he was that giv' out. Sure I win the tooth-picks. Didn't them dogs just naturally need the six salmon Smoke fed 'em at the noonin'?"

Building a Transcontinental

AN INTIMATE VIEW OF THE LIVES OF THE MEN ENGAGED IN
THE CONSTRUCTION OF CANADA'S NEW RAILWAYS

By Mable Burkholder

There has been no lack of articles recently on railroad building in Canada. Information in abundance has been furnished on the roads under construction—the routes and mileage and cost. But one phase of railroad building has been overlooked. What may be said of the life of the construction men who are engaged in the actual building of the roads? Under what conditions do they live? What is the character of their work? And what are the outstanding features of their life? This is the side of "Building a Transcontinental" covered in this article.

At present the building of railroads in Canada, like the trend of empire, seems to be taking its way westward, and the scene of greatest activity for the present season will be the mountain district

west of the city of Edmonton, where two great transcontinentals, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, are in a mad rush to push their respective lines to the coast. They are

Worrying Over Things You Cannot Help

I wish it were possible to demonstrate to a chronic worrier the wonderful things that might have been produced by the precious energy and vitality which he has squandered in silly worrying over things that nobody could help and which probably have never happened.—Dr. O. S. Marden.



A construction camp at Selkirk Head Lake.

opening up a rarely fine country, and they appear to know that they have a good thing. Everywhere we run across the construction camp, with its lusty "gang," and here we may study intimately the life of the men who are play-

foremost among striking and picturesque railroad personalities must be considered the pathfinders for the steel. These intrepid adventurers, acting out in advance into the limitless hills, realize to the full the importance of their



Dutch oven and primitive cart used by station men.

ing a silent but very necessary part in the development of our country.

Although much of the danger and hardship of construction work has been surmounted by modern methods, the life of the men in the gangs, who coax the shining road rail by rail over prairie and mountain, is still a very picturesque thing. It means roughing it to the last degree, but roughing it in the most glorious air and sunshine imaginable, roughing it in places of such sublime beauty that future travelers will pay small fortunes to pass through scenes which these toilers accept as the background of their every-day existence.

task. After them will follow the traffic of unborn generations. They must make no blunder in the choice of a route. They must aim to select the shortest cut, while keeping the grade as low as possible. They have one eye on the mineral resources to be opened up, and the other on the lookout for famous beauty spots which may grow into national parks. But above all, their desire is to keep a low grade, which means speed, ever increasing speed, in these days of competition. Taking the Grand Trunk Pacific route as an example, a distinguished group of engineers for three years explored the Peace River Pass, the Pine River Pass, the Wapiti Pass, and a number of inter-

mediate passes, before selecting the Yellowhead Pass, at which point a rise of only twenty-one feet to the mile has been obtained, this being no greater than the extremely low grades secured through the level country of the prairie section.

Outfitted to do the actual work of grading, cutting, blasting, and laying the rails, the construction camps, under engineers who have contracted to build so many miles of the road, speedily follow the marking out of the line by the pathfinders. These camps, composed of some dozen tents or shacks, crawl along the route like moveable towns, and are re-pitched for every mile of the road's advancement. Each camp accommodates a gang of from fifty to a hundred

a reading tent. In warm weather the laborer is very apt to spend the whole twenty-four hours of the day out of doors, at night arranging with his blanket a comfortable bed on the ground, and protecting himself by any device his ingenuity may suggest from the ubiquitous mosquito.

The cooking, looked after by a chief cook and a "flunkie," is said to be quite up to the mark, as labor is so scarce that the men will only work where they are excellently treated. Yet in some instances rather crude and primitive methods prevail. In some places the old Dutch oven is still in evidence. A roaring fire is built inside until the walls of the oven are up to white heat. Then it is scraped clean of ashes, and the



Play day—men going in and out of camp.

navvies, and is composed of sleeping-bunks, a cook-shanty, a repair and blacksmith shop, and a commissary, which is a depot for clothing, guns, tobacco, and all sorts of supplies. To this, at odd intervals, is added the luxury of

bread ready for baking is shut up in the heated interior. The ovens are said to turn out some first-class baking.

Owing to the many different nationalities represented, camp life is usually a rather variable quantity. There is a

great deal of unrest, of coming and going, of changing hands—especially after pay-day. For whether they deserve it or not, the men have got a name for spending when they have their wages in their pockets, and working when their money is spent. It is a painfully common sight at the end of the month, to see a gang of laborers with their hard-earned wages in their pockets, "beating it" to the nearest town to have a good time, while passing them at intervals along the road are groups of discouraged, moneyless toilers "hiking" back to work, because they have lost their last cent in that same town. The outgoing laborer never takes the object lesson. Thrift is the hardest of all lessons for him to learn. To be sure he may save all summer with rare industry, but the inevitable spree is sure to come—as sure as pay-day. Picture the heartbreak of the lull, who has saved several hundred dollars "to go back east to the folks."

when he wakes up to the realization of an empty wallet after a week in town with "the fellows!" There is nothing to do but go back to work, and he does it with a dogged indifference which might be mistaken for cheerfulness—the same reckless, devil-may-care chap, facing the same unpleasant prospects he faced two, three, or four years ago when he commenced work.

In spite of many frailties of the flesh, however, there is something about the life of the man on the construction gang which comes very near the heroic. He has little idea of the importance of his work. He is hungry and needs bread; cold, and requires clothing. As well work on the railroad as anywhere else. When the camp breaks up he moves elsewhere, and is swallowed up in the whirlpool of humanity. None of the travelers who subsequently profit by his toil, will ever inquire after him, or



A cut on the Grand Trunk Pacific.



A Grand Trunk Pacific polebreaker's party leaving camp.

thank him, or speak of him in connection with the finished work. He moves on silently, uncomplainingly, to where other railroads are building; and when, grown older, and poorer, and more shiftless with the years, he falls in the harness, others step forward quickly lest the building be delayed.

These same uncouth laborers are they who have roused the sleeping giant of the north, who have dug into his ribs until the monster has turned over in his sleep—but even they do not in any wise guess how great a creature he is they are pricking with their picks and spades.

Dead In Earnestness

There is no one thing that will increase others' confidence in you as a spirit of earnestness. Everybody believes in the man who is dead-in-earnest. It indicates a presence of superb mental qualities and great traits.



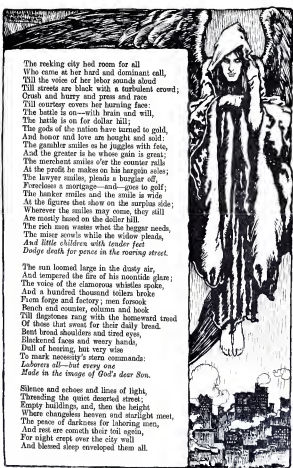
THE CITY

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Day leaped over the city wall
With one quick, sharp imperative call,
And, at the luminous touch of him,
The glow of a myriad lamps grew dim.
Life, like a question, seemed to creep
Where the shadows gathered black and deep,
Till, in the hush of the morning air,
Came the sigh of a multitude hidden there.
Then movement and murmur broke afar,
The grinding wheels of a hastening car,
And, sudden, the tide of humanity flowed
By lane and valley, by square and road
With the dogged hard inflexible tread
Of men that went for their daily bread.

The dusty city engulfed them all
That came at her fierce relentless call:
The shining engines trembled and stirred,
A thousand factories opened wide,
The lips of the lifting steam valves parted,
A thousand diligent wheels replied;
So jar and effort and clamour grew,
And toll that only the toiler knew.

The stream had slackened, but rose again
Fringed with a lesser breed of men;
Narrow shouldered and pale of face,
Soft-handed sons of a softened race;
Brushed and scented and combed and pressed,
Pecked like the windows they daily dressed:
Children, old ere their childhood came,
Sent, to some hardened master's shame,
Robbed of the vision of childish mirth,
But wise from the sharing of work and dearth;
Trim stenographers, salesmen, clerks,
Merchants and money-lending sharks,
Youthful lawyers with anxious looks
Swinging bags and portentous books;
Last of all, in luxurious ease,
Bankers and brokers, and such as these,
In opulent motes that swiftly pass
With a flash of panels and polished glass.



The reeking city bed room for all
Who came at her hard and dominant call,
Till the voice of her labor sounds aloud
Till streets are black with a turbulent crowd;
Crush and hurry and press and race
Till courtesy covers her burning face:
The battle is on—with brain and will,
The battle is on for dollar bill;
The gods of the nation have turned to gold,
And honor and love are bought and sold:
The gambler smiles as he juggles with fate,
And the greater is he whose gain is great;
The merchant smiles o'er the counter scale
At the profit he makes on his bargain sale;
The lawyer smiles, pleads a burglar off,
Forecloses a mortgage—and—goes to golf;
The banker smiles and the smile is wide
At the figures that show on the surplus side;
Wherever the smiles may come, they still
Are mostly based on the dollar bill.
The rich man wastes what the beggar needs,
The miser scowls while the widow pleads,
And little children with tender feet
Dodge death for pence in the roaring street.

The sun loomed large in the dusty air,
And tempered the fire of his noontide glare;
The voice of the clamorous whistles spoke,
And a hundred thousand toilers broke
From forge and factory; men forsook
Pench and counter, column and hook
Till flagstones rang with the homeward tread
Of those that sweat for their daily bread.
Bent broad shoulders and tired eyes,
Blackened faces and weary hands,
Dull of hearing, but very wise
To mark necessity's stern commands:
*Laborers all—but every one
Made in the image of God's dear Son.*

Silence and echoes and lines of light,
Threading the quiet deserted street;
Empty buildings, and, then the height
Where changeless heaven and starlight meet,
The peace of darkness for laboring men,
And rest ere cometh their toil again,
For night crept over the city wall
And blessed sleep enveloped them all.

Captain John Simms, V.C.

By Heber Logan

THE Royal English Regiment of Infantry had been advancing into the Boer country for four weeks, and during these weeks of long, hard, but necessary toil, they had received no mail, except the most important letters sent from post to post by special carriers. Aided by other regiments of the line which accompanied them, they had several encounters with the enemy, which added a little siresome excitement to the march. But now, for two days they had been resting. An immense quantity of mail had arrived, and all the troops off duty were scattered around in groups, or alone, reading letters from loved ones and friends, and papers from Merry Old England.

Captain John Simms sat in his tent alone, perusing the pages of a copy of *The Times*, now several weeks old.

"Why the dickens doesn't she write?" he asked himself. "Very strange, indeed."

Then his mind wandered back to England, which he had left three years before, and to the many friends and relatives who would welcome his return—if he ever should return. He allowed the paper to slip through his hands, so engrossed did he become with his thoughts. Yes, just three years since he had left home, and Jennie Wilkinson, Sir Hiram Wilkinson's eldest daughter, to go with his regiment to Egypt. They had become engaged, and as he was leaving he said: "I shall do my best to get promotion, and when I'm a captain, as soon as possible, I shall return for you." The three years had passed, but before he could return home on leave of absence, war had broken out, bringing with it more pos-

sibilities of advancement, and he smiled with joy as he thought of the opportunities.

"By Jove, it's been nine months since I've heard from her!" he exclaimed, as he stooped to pick up the paper.

During the following half-hour he became deeply interested in the bores political news. Suddenly, as he turned the sheet and scanned one of the columns, his face became flushed. He reread the paragraph, and apparently still disbelieving his eyes, he reread it again. Then with a perfect torrent of wrath, he crumpled up *The Times* and threw it out of the tent.

This is what had so interested, and at the same time moved to indignation, Captain John Simms:

"The marriage took place yesterday, at the home of the bride's father, Sir H— Wilkinson, of Jennie, his daughter, to Mr. Harry Cornwall, Lieutenant 45th Regiment of Infantry. Mr. Cornwall leaves immediately for South Africa."

A piece had been torn out of the paper between "H." and "Wilkinson," so that the name was gone, but except for this, the paper was none the worse for its long journey.

It was some time before Captain Simms left his tent. Duty called him, however, and endeavoring to cast aside his surprise, grief and rage, he buckled on his accoutrements and issued from the tent.

Returning an hour later from parade, he found the following among the newly posted regimental orders:

"Lieutenant Harry Cornwall, 45th Regiment of Infantry, has transferred

to the Royal English Regiment of Infantry, to act as adjutant until the recovery of Adjutant Williamson."

"Some devils are lucky wherever they go," muttered Simms as he passed on through the lines.

As he was entering his tent he saw, lying on the ground before it, the crumpled *Times*, which he had in his rage thrown away. He stooped and picked it up, then smoothing it out, and opening it, he tore out the small portion of the paper in which he was the most deeply interested, and put it in a leather card case, which he carried in his breast pocket.

That evening Simms met Cornwall for the first time at the officers' mess. The coolness of the captain to the new adjutant was very marked, and indeed the whole manner of Simms seemed to have changed. Usually so pleasant to all around him, ready to join in any joke, and a general "jolly good fellow," now a cloud seemed to hang over him. And no wonder was it that he was so. Upon a girl had all his ambitions been based, and all the hopes which he had for the future had been associated with her. Now all the future which he longed and waited for was forever blasted. To him it seemed as if the light of his life had suddenly been blown out by a—yes, by a brother officer. All the world appeared to be nothing but a black void.

"I say old chappy, is it bad news? Brace up old fellow for there's going to be fun to-morrow with the enemy," said a captain who was sitting beside him. But Simms, wrapped in his own thoughts, did not reply. A lieutenant sitting on his left, touched his arm, and, with a stage whisper, asked him if he expected to get a free ticket to the next world the following day, and was sorry to leave his friends in a worse place. But Simms merely muttered in the negative, and did not appear to notice the joke in the speech.

Cornwall, who was sitting directly opposite to Simms, could not help noticing the friendly teasing which the officers were giving their solemn com-

panion. The adjutant was an outspoken, easy-to-get-acquainted tease, who but a few minutes before had been paying his deepest respects to Barchus. His head, swarming with the effects of this recent worship, caused him to say some things which, from him, and under the present conditions, Simms took as insults.

As soon as the officers had left the mess tent, Simms, burning with rage at the insults which he had received from a man who had defeated him in another way, approached the adjutant.

"Cornwall, I demand an apology for your remarks," he said, his eyes sparkling with anger.

"Who the devil are you talking to?" answered the half-drunk officer, as he blew a cloud of cigarette smoke in the direction of the captain. "You don't seem to know that I have a 'pull' with the Colonel here. Apologize to you? O, no, not while I know it."

"Then take an insult from me," roared Simms. "You're a damn fool and a liar, disgracing your uniform."

"Accept the insult, but now illegal challenge," answered Cornwall, stepping up to Simms and dashing a glove in his face.

"Our seconds shall arrange for to-morrow," replied Simms, picking up the glove and walking away.

Simms immediately chose his second, but before arrangements were made for the duel, orders came to him to immediately make a detour around a Boer position not far away, and block their line of retreat. Leaving word with his second to arrange for a later meeting, because of his present duties, he immediately set off at the head of "A" Company.

Daylight found Captain John Simms walking up and down the trench, encouraging his men here and there, giving any necessary orders, and keeping an eye to everything, utterly regardless of the bullets which the rear lines of the Boers were showering upon the trench. His head and shoulders were occasionally being exposed, but in some miraculous way, which so often hap-

pens in war, he escaped. The trench afforded good shelter to the men, but, nevertheless, several fell during the morning.

It was determined to carry the stand of the Boers by an assault. The commanding officer of the regiment sent Adjutant Cornwall around to "A" Company to warn it of the attack. After a swift gallop of two miles, circling around to avoid the enemy, he arrived near the scene of action of "A" Company. In order to reach Captain Simms, Cornwall saw that it was necessary for him to enter the line of fire. Without hesitating a moment, he dug the spurs into his horse, and galloped on towards his destination. All went well until he was within a hundred yards of the trench, when a bullet hit him, and he fell from his saddle, his horse galloping on for safety.

The first glance showed the ever watchful Simms that it was the adjutant, and that his business was evidently important. What cared he about the importance of the message! His rival and enemy was dead, and he could now have the satisfaction of knowing that Jennie had lost the husband whom she had won by unfaithfulness. But no, Cornwall was not dead, for Simms could see him moving. Would he allow a brother officer to die on the field of battle without rendering him all the aid which he could? No, he was a true soldier, and he would not yield to any temptations which presented themselves to him. All his passions fled. It was his duty to save the wounded officer if he could.

Turning to his senior lieutenant, Simms gave him a few hurried orders, then taking off his sword and belt to make his progress light, he swung himself up out of the trench and doubled out towards the wounded officer. For a moment "A" Company ceased fire, so interested were they, then breaking away, for the time, from all orders and discipline, and regardless of the attention that they attracted, every khaki hat was placed on the muzzle of a Lee-

Enfield, and waved in the air, while every throat cheered for the hero. But the voice of the first lieutenant was heard above the din, ordering a rapid fire to cover the officers.

Simms soon reached the side of his wounded comrade, then coolly stooping, he dropped a little whiskey and water from his water-bottle into the mouth of the adjutant, picked him up in his strong arms as if he were a child, and carried him back at the double towards his men.

Twice on his perilous course bullets brought blood to his cheeks, whilst other Mousers ripped his uniform as neatly as a knife, yet he kept his same even pace. He had just reached the edge of the trench, and had let down his human burden, when he staggered and fell headlong into the ditch. The men were ready to again cheer him, almost holding their breath, and for the time forgetting the death-dealers before them. But when they saw such a climax to so noble a deed, a perfect torrent of oaths and imprecations on the Boers issued from Company "A."

This momentary lull in the firing brought First Lieutenant Brown back to his sense of duty.

"Shoot, men, shoot! Remember Simms!" he cried.

A perfect line of flame shot from "A" Company, and they continued to fire like machine-guns. In the meantime, taking advantage of this fire, the remaining companies of the regiment closed in on the Boers, and took the position with bayonets fixed.

All had supposed that Simms was killed, but on examination it was found that he was very seriously wounded. For some time he almost took the trip which the lieutenant had jokingly asked him about the evening before the engagement. Two bullets had passed through his body at dangerous spots, and nothing but the uncommon strength of the man saved him. As soon as possible he was moved back, for ten miles, to the main body of the army, where the Medical Corps had several

hospital tents pitched. From here he was removed to Natal, where he spent many long weeks of sickness, having had a serious relapse after his tedious journey from the front. As soon as his health would permit him to take the voyage, he returned to England, where he was yet to spend some time in a hospital.

Several months passed by, without anything of importance happening to our soldier. Each week saw an improvement in his condition, until he was at length able to leave his bed and sit before his window in a large, comfortable arm-chair. During this time, by his direct orders, the nurse informed everybody who came to visit him, to in no way refer to, or mention to him the name of Jennie Wilkinson. To his friends this caused much surprise, but they said nothing about her, as directed.

One day the nurse came to him, saying that there was a pretty young lady who wished to see him, but who would not give her name. Simms had no objection to seeing her, thinking that probably it was some young cousin who wished to surprise him by her sudden appearance.

He was still gazing out of the window, as his custom was, not knowing that the nurse had withdrawn, and that the lady had entered, when a hand was laid gently on his shoulder, and a well-known voice said, "John, are you glad to see me?"

He turned as if shot, and gazed up into the face of—Jennie Wilkinson! Upon the face of the girl there was an expression of sweet tenderness and devotion, as she looked down upon the thin, pale cheeks of the wounded man, whom she had not seen for almost four years.

Before any other emotion entered his brain, the love of the beautiful in this girl took possession. Not over twenty-three, slim, rather tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy cheeks and an erect and graceful figure with all, she appeared to be an angel or beautiful goddess

dropped into the room from some heavenly sphere.

But as this picture of her beauty and loveliness filled his soul, there came also the abhorrent thought that she was lost forever to him—she belonged to another, if he still lived. Could he hope that the adjutant had died? Oh, why had he saved an enemy—a man who dared to insult him! Might he not now have had her? Then a little voice seemed to say to him, "She has played you false, send her away."

A dreadful, deadly palter spread over his face, his mouth became set, and his brows knit. Seizing her small, white, dimpled hand, the very touch of which seemed to burn his flesh, he threw it from him as he would have thrown a serpent.

"I am not glad to see you, Mrs. Cornwall," he replied in a thick unsteady tone, "begone."

"O, John, don't you recognize Jennie, Jennie Wilkinson, your Jennie?" and there was a sob in her voice. "Why do you call me Mrs. Cornwall? Surely you have not gone mad. Oh, why do you welcome me like this!"

The girl was crying now, and as she stood over his head, the hot tears fell on his upturned, angry face, making the deadly hardness relax for it somewhat.

Without saying a word, but with trembling fingers, he drew from his pocket the marriage notice which he had torn from *The Times* on that well remembered day before the encounter with the Boers. The clipping was crumpled and torn, but still legible.

"Read that, Mrs. Cornwall," he said, handing it to her, "and see if you still think that I am mad."

She read it over, and as she threw it into the fireplace her face became clear again.

"John, how could you believe that of me?" she said in a sweetly reproachful tone. "Jennie Wilkinson is a third cousin of mine, who was married to Lieutenant Cornwall. She is a daughter of Sir Hartley Wilkinson, and you

thought that because the name was torn out of the paper, but the initial was 'H,' it could be no other name than Sir Hiram Wilkinson's. We were both called Jennie after an old ancestor who was a very famous writer, and as she had only one name, Jennie, we were only given the one name."

Just as the sky becomes light and beautiful again with the dawn and sunrise, so the captain's face changed with the wonderfully joyful news. He felt like a strong man already, like jumping up and dancing a waltz—yes, a dozen waltzes with Jennie.

"Jennie," he said, and the girl noticed that his voice was now a natural and a pleasant bass, "this had almost been driving me insane, since that terrible day, for me, when I received my mail. But it is all over now, thank God! I pray that you will forgive me, Jennie, for the wrong I have been doing you, and I feel sure you will, my little girl.

"But why did you not write to me, or come to see me before?"

For answer she handed to him a parcel of letters. "All those, and more," she said, "I wrote to you, daily awaiting answers. But the most of them returned, and I concluded that the others did not reach their destination. Your people seemed to have no better success than I did, and the only way that I had any idea where you were, was by watch-

ing for accounts of the movements of your regiment.

"Father and I have been in France for some time, and as I did not correspond with your people, or receive any papers from England, I had no idea that you were home. But late last evening we returned, and this is what I saw in this morning's paper."

She handed it to him, and on the front page in conspicuous print he read the following:

"We have heard direct from headquarters that Captain Simms, of the Royal English Regiment of Infantry, who is convalescent at the Georgian Hospital, is soon to be awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry, saving the life of Lieut. Cornwall, in action in South Africa."

"And you are the bearer of such happy news, Jennie," he murmured, and it seemed to her that the furrows and lines, emblems of hardships, troubles and sickness, had disappeared from his face.

Again he felt tears fall upon his face, but this time he knew they were tears of joy.

Reaching up he clasped her hand in his.

"Ah! my little angel, my little angel," he repeated. "You have saved my life. It is you, and not I, who deserve the V. C."

Summer Food Problems

WHAT IS NEEDED FOR SUPPORT IN HOT WEATHER —
NECESSITY FOR EXERCISING CARE OVER
PURITY OF FOODS CONSUMED

By Dr. Andrew Wilson

The most vital problem before Canadians in summer time is pure food. In the warm weather good life is in more active development, and foods are more likely to become tainted in consequence. Hence the necessity for restrictive measures. In this medical article some of the summer food problems are set forth which are of particular value and interest at this period of the year.

IN Canada the nature of the climate is such that August is usually the most trying month of the year—trying in the sense that it is difficult to maintain one's standard of general health. While to the extreme heat we may attribute the primary cause of summer breakdowns it must not be supposed that the responsibility may be disposed of thus lightly. There are other underlying causes and influences which combine in bringing about the result. Of these the most common may be traced directly to our summer food supply. The present is therefore not untimely for a brief consideration of the summer food problem.

Few of us realize that we unconsciously make changes in our diet corresponding to the seasons of the year. But it is true all the same that we alter our feeding in obedience to natural instincts deeply imbedded in our constitution. These instincts, indeed, are seen in operation when we study the food habits of the nations at large. It is a great and recognized fact that the food of any nation depends on its geography—that is to say, on its position on the surface of the earth. First of all, we know from

science what we require in the way of foods, and, second, we know whence we may procure them. That which sound science also teaches us is that while man's food may, and does, vary according to his locality, he needs much the same kind of nutriment everywhere. The real difference between one nation and another is that one gets a supply of a special food in one form, while a neighboring people obtain it in another shape.

What man needs for his support is water, minerals, fats, starch, and sugar, and, finally, other food-principles derived from meats chiefly, but which are also found in other articles. These last are called nitrogenous, or body-building foods. Now, as I have said, the sources of such foods vary, but the need for them exists all the same. It may not much matter whether our fat is obtained from vegetable oils or from the fat of meat or milk, so long as we obtain our due supply. If a vegetarian gets his body-building stuff from the leguminous of peas, beans and lentils, and flourishes on it, nobody will quarrel with him scientifically. His error consists in supposing that what suits him must



necessarily suit the rest of the world likewise. We get back to the scientific rule and declaration about a nation's food depending on its place on the earth's surface when we have to meet the arguments of food-faddists. Take your northern nations. On what do they feed? Chiefly on fats and flesh. From the fat of whales, seals and bears the Eskimo obtain the best which external Nature has denied them, for fat is the highest heat-producing food we know. Experience has taught the northern dweller the value of fat as an essential—I would say the most essential—element in his diet, and so he follows the voice and command of Nature and flourishes on a fatty diet, such as would be repugnant to other peoples.

Now pass from the extreme north to the south. On what foods do the southern nations subsist? The answer is chiefly on fruits and vegetables. These "kindly fruits of the earth" grow in abundance, and so they are utilized for food. The necessity for the fatty diet of the north does not exist. The southerners live in a genial or warm climate, and their necessity for bodily heat production is therefore of limited degree. In the temperate or middle regions of the earth we get our "mixed" feeders. They do not rely exclusively on vegetables or fruits for food, but take meats in addition. They represent the half-way house stage of things between the extreme north and the extreme south. They are not surrounded by the luxuriant growth of fruits and vegetables found in the south, and they supplement what vegetable matters they take by flesh foods, fish and the like. This is practically the case with ourselves, living as we do in the temperate zone. The great rule of food-taking, therefore, is that in the north we find typically fat feeders and flesh consumers, and in the south vegetable feeders and fruit eaters. From this fact we draw another safe conclusion—namely, that man is not limited to one type of diet. In fact, he can eat anything that is at all nutritious, and, as we have seen,

he eats as a rule what is nearest to his hand. The Eskimo is a fat and meat feeder, simply because he requires such a diet, and because it is there ready for him. If he wishes to be a vegetable feeder, he would have to leave his native land in search of the products of a more genial climate.

Now, we can apply these facts to ourselves in respect of what we may call the seasonal variations, which are represented in our diet. In winter we consume more fat and meat foods. We are imitating our northern friends in that we feel the need of heat-producing diet. But when summer comes we are then in the position of the southern nation. We need less heat-developing foods, and we unconsciously take lighter diet. Thus the changing seasons in themselves reflect, in respect of our food-habits, the universal law of Nature to which I have referred. In warm weather we should follow our natural instincts. We care less for meats and fats, and we incline towards a diet which is of a light character. Fish, fruits, milk, curds, and other light articles attract our taste in preference to the heavier diet which winter and spring, with their cold and chill, demand. We see in this rule, which, I have said, most of us follow unconsciously, a fine example of that wonderful adjustment of means to ends which Nature is perpetually striving to attain. Here, as in so many other aspects, of our health affairs, we are wise to follow Nature's advice and dictates, for it is needful to notice these little instincts that result in the production of disease.

In the summer time it is well that we should exercise great care over the purity of the foods we consume. Food-poisoning cases are much more common in the hot weather than in the cooler seasons of the year. Germ life is in more active development, and foods are more likely to become tainted in consequence. Hence the value of the advice to see that all food is kept in warm weather in a cool, well-ventilated place.

Revenge

By W. Hastings Webbing

"WELL, here you are at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Russell James, as I slowly mounted the steps leading to the club verandah. "I have been trying to get you on the phone all morning, until I am sure the young lady at Central began to scent a scandal. It was positively embarrassing!"

"Margaret Greyson, my little English visitor, is here, and just dying for a game of golf. I have given you the very nicest character, so do come out and let me introduce you. She is a perfect dear. Ah! there she is; come along!"

Mrs. Russell James is a very old friend of the family, so I followed her impulsive lead, and was duly presented to a pretty flaxen-haired daughter of Britain, whose frank blue eyes and clear complexion glow with good spirits and the evident result of a healthy outdoor existence.

After a few short approaches in the form of conversation, I hurried away to get ready for the game. Not that I anticipated any great pleasure from the game itself, for I have been called upon before to show strange young ladies round the links. Besides, I had half promised to play off a return match with Billie Talbot. However, "their's not to reason why, their's but to play or die"—so I made the necessary change and quickly rejoined the ladies.

"I am going to watch you drive off," said Mrs. Russell James, "then I am booked for a rubber of bridge. So I will leave Miss Greyson in your hands, Robert; be just as nice as you possibly know how, and get back in time for a cup of tea, if possible."

"It's rather hard on Mr. Lacey to have to bother with a mere girl when

I am sure he would far sooner be playing with a man for the cigars and things," observed Miss Greyson, with a sunny smile. "However, I promise not to test his good nature too much."

"We shall get along splendidly, Miss Greyson," I replied, more cheerfully than I felt. "Our course is a bit difficult, but you will soon get onto it. Shall I tea you hall?"

"No, thank you, I prefer to do that myself; where is my caddy? Ah, thanks, very much; now for a start."

Miss Greyson certainly looked very charming as she took her stand. She had a full, free swing, but unfortunately in driving she topped her ball and it rolled into the rough—a lamentable trait, noticeable in even the best brand of golf balls.

"Too bad!" I murmured, sympathetically.

"Never mind, Margaret, better luck next time!" exclaimed Mrs. Russell James, encouragingly.

"Oh, that's all right," said my fair opponent; "it will take me a little time to settle down, and you promised to be very patient, you know," turning to me.

"I 'teed up' my ball, and got a nice, straight drive a little over 200 yards."

"Well away!" chorused both ladies, while I endeavored to adopt the resigned expression of one who had failed to get all he expected, but was willing to let it go at that.

Mrs. Russell James, anxious for her bridge, wished us both good luck and returned to the club house, leaving her fair young friend and myself free to proceed on our way.

After the first three or four holes, Miss Greyson settled down to her work

and put up an excellent game, and our match became very interesting.

She tied me on the sixth and seventh, and won the ninth easily in a perfectly played "four." Needless to say, I was most agreeably surprised, and it was a pleasure, indeed, to note how deliciously her face flushed at my enthusiasm.

As we walked slowly back to the club, I noticed that Walshington Smith and his wife were waiting round, evidently on the lookout for a game. Now, Walsh is not a bad sort, but I never cared much for Mrs. Walshington Smith; she is too absolutely impressed with her own importance in general, and her play in particular. On one occasion, not long since, they had challenged a certain pretty stranger and myself to a game. The pretty stranger in question was a peach for looks; but Jove, she was fierce at the game of golf. Of course we lost.

Ever since then I had been longing for revenge—it was not so much the licking we got, but Mrs. Walshington Smith's objectionable superiority that jarred me. A brilliant idea suddenly entered my head; there was a chance to get even.

"Would you object to playing a four-some?" I said hurriedly to my companion.

"Not in the least," she replied promptly. "Do you mean with these people?"

"Yes," I exclaimed, under my breath. "Help me to 'do 'em up' and I'll—"

"How do you do, Mrs. Smith? Hello, Walsh, looking for a game? Let me present Miss Greyson, visiting Mrs. Russell James, you know," Mrs. Walsh scrutinized my companion with her usual superior air, which always rubs me the wrong way, and made a formal acknowledgment.

"Would you care to play a four-some?" exclaimed old Walsh, anxious to get to business, or haven't you got over the last yet?" he chuckled inanely.

"Let's see, you won; didn't you?" I said nonchalantly.

"Won!" exclaimed Mrs. Walsh, in her strident tones. "I guess we did win—six up and five to play."

"O! was it; I had almost forgotten (as if she would ever let me forget). However, if Miss Greyson is willing we might try our luck; what shall we play for?"

"Anything you like, Lacey, my boy—a ball a hole, and a big box of candies for the ladies—eh? what?"

"You're on," I replied calmly. I can usually hold Walsh, and as for Mrs. Walsh, let her look out for the "British Rose"—she may strike a thorn, or I miss my guess.

Miss Greyson and myself won the first three holes in good style.

At the next hole, my little partner drove a beautiful ball and carried the bunker nicely, while Mrs. Walsh pressed, and topped her ball. Walsh somewhat petulantly took out his brass and made a tremendous swipe, slap into the hardest bunker on the course.

"Why didn't you use your iron, Walshington?" exclaimed Mrs. Walsh, severely. "One would think you had only one club in your bag."

"But, my dear," replied Walsh, "if you will give me such awful lies what can you expect?"

"A little common sense," she rejoined with an air of finality.

Of course, we won that hole and the next, after my partner had holed out on a beautifully timed putt for "four."

This was too much for Mrs. Walsh, and she exploded. "Well, there is no use playing against such luck as that."

So far as Walsh was concerned, "the balloon had gone up" and he was playing with that aggressive carelessness to which a man often descends when the game is going badly against him. His partner, on the other hand, worked with a grim determination, and the harder she worked the more she pressed, and the more she pressed the worse she played, with results that can be more easily imagined than described.

It was difficult to refrain from smiling, especially when I happened to get

a contagious gleam of amusement in the blue eyes of my partner.

Playing the "punch bowl," our opponents had a good chance to halve the hole with a putt. Walsh backed up a little here and began to take notice. He stooped on one knee, examined the turf with critical eye, and studied the distance for fully a minute, although it seemed five. Then just as he putted, one of the caddies sneezed, and Walsh, of course, missed his putt.

I never saw a man so annoyed in my life. "You—you, blamed little brute, what did you do that for?" he spluttered angrily. "I have a good mind to kick you off the course! Did you ever see such confounded luck?" he appealed to me.

"Too bad," I murmured softly. Sometimes silence is a safer form of sympathy, and Walsh is very irritable.

Miss Greyson walked by my side to the last teeing ground. "What did his caddie mean by a 'damned old stiff'?" she inquired in low tones.

"He evidently considers the great Walshington Smith a 'dead one,'" I replied mysteriously.

"A dead one?" she queried, visibly impressed.

"Yes, dead and buried, so far as this match is concerned. Oh, it's delightful; I want to dance. Just look at Mrs. Walsh, isn't she mad? I wouldn't be in old Walsh's shoes for a farm."

In playing the "home" the best our opponents could do was to pick up their ball and give us the hole, for Mrs. Walsh had sliced into an unplayable position, and they were absolutely out of it.

"Well, better luck next time, Mrs. Smith." I ventured pleasantly, as we returned to the club.

"Thank you; however, I do not intend to play again; it is getting altogether too hot," she replied in haughty tones, "besides, my husband is so off his game that he is simply impossible."

"Now, my dear, are you fair?" rejoined Walsh, almost exploding with condensed wrath. "I leave it to you,

Lacey—did you ever know such rotten luck as I've had? Besides, the course is almost unplayable, and as for the greens, they are a disgrace to any reputable club. I tell you, our Greens Committee are a set of incompetent jackasses! There is not a man among them that knows a putting green from a potato patch. Let them look out, I'm going to raise the very mischief at the next annual meeting—we have put up with this condition of affairs quite long enough."

Neither of our late opponents would honor us with their company at tea, so after the usual shower and change, Miss Greyson and I joined Mrs. Russell James on the verandah, from which point of vantage we had the inexpressible amusement of watching the Walshington Smiths climb into their motor, with disdainful dignity, dash desperately down the drive, and out into the world.

It was then once more Miss Greyson and myself exchanged glances, and this time we broke forth into unrestrained merriment.

"I should like to know what you two are laughing at," inquired Mrs. Russell James with pardonable curiosity.

"Oh, I just took a flyer at 'No trumps,' and my partner made a 'grand slam.' That's all," I replied radiantly.

That night I dined with the Russell James' and had the privilege of sitting next to Miss Greyson. She was great fun, and one of the nicest girls I ever met. We talked golf till all was blue, and I discovered that she was the daughter of Alexander Greyson, one of the best amateur golfers in England. Mrs. Russell James, every now and then, beamed on us with benevolent eyes, evidently delighted to see her two proteges already such good friends. The dear woman has tried her best to marry me off for many a long day. I wonder if she will be more successful this time? "Lonesomeness" in life as in golf, grows mighty monotonous after a while, so all I can say is, "Here's hoping!"



The perfect home; from nature to select the *happy rays* find their way through the many latticed windows.

Found: The Perfect Home

HOUSE SHOWN AT IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION IN LONDON
HAPPILY SOLVES MANY ARCHITECTURAL PROBLEMS

By Roger L. Baker

One of the most important things in life is to get the other man's viewpoint. Possibly to no other line is this more applicable than to architecture. Thus it is that in presenting sketches of houses it is occasionally desirable to go beyond our own borders for types and suggestions. Already we have shown many Canadian styles and only recently have pictured a model Californian bungalow. Now we submit an English design which is known as "The Perfect Home." The description will no doubt be of interest to Canadians.

THE Perfect Home has been built at last—at least so everyone who saw it at the recent Ideal Home Exhibition in London seemed to think. The architect, Mr. Reginald Fry, has been studying for years how to build it, yet it only took the builders and decorators nine days to complete the house down to the last detail, including the old-fashioned garden which surrounded it.

A HOUSE OF PERFECTIONS.

Mr. Fry gives excellent reasons for calling it the "Perfect Home." In the first place the essential parts of a house

are grouped together within the closest possible area, and around these it is possible to arrange rooms, whether for a small or a very large house, without destroying the perfectness of the plan.

The centre of the home—the hall-living-room—is often a comfortless, draughty room through which passes all the traffic of the house. The maid comes through to answer the front door bell or when summoned to the dining-room, drawing-room or bedroom, and in consequence many house-holders are omitting this pleasant room in spite of its quaint, old-world appearance. But the

remedy is found in the Ideal Home. The central hall is no longer the main thoroughfare. The maid goes along a passage to reach the front door, or through a door in the corner of the dining-room that leads to the loggia. The parlor-maid has another half-way from the kitchen to the dining-room, ventilated in such a way as to prevent any smell of cooking invading the room.

Our knowledge of hygiene has taught us that a-n-n spells health, and so the perfect home is flooded with the golden light that fills our gardens, and that so often, because of faulty planning leaves our rooms in a dim half light. Each of the reception rooms, including the hall, has a south window, the dining-room has an eastern window through which the morning sun shines on the breakfast table, while the drawing-room is warmed through a western window during the later hours of the day. Every bedroom has at least one window which turns a shining face to the south-east. The kitchen has an eastern window, the larder a northern light—every detail of how to attract or repulse King Sol has been carefully planned.

LIVING-ROOMS OPEN ON A LOGGIA.

Crossing the threshold into the hall-living-room, one beholds a perfect picture of an old manor house with its timbered ceiling, oak-paneled walls, open fireplace and furnishings of old oak in the simple, dignified design of the Stuart days.

The drawing-room is a pleasant, sunny spot with windows facing all

points of the compass. The dining-room has a large angle-nook, lighted with leaded glass windows. The walls of this room are covered with a paper which closely imitates cross-hatched leather. A most interesting feature is that dining-room, drawing-room, and hall have each two doors, one in each room leading out to a rose-filled loggia. These doors can be flung wide when warm weather arrives, so that the rooms will be sweet with the perfume of the roses. The loggia is one of the prettiest spots imaginable; its ceiling is interested with oak beams stretched out like arms among the clambering roses. In this little open-air haven, breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner may be served in the delightful manner that prevails on the Continent.

THE BEDROOM FLOOR.

There are five bedrooms and a dressing-room. The largest of these with its furniture of waxed mahogany against a background of champagne-tinted wall-paper makes a charming picture. The

mahogany twinbeds are fitted with the latest comforts in bedding—mattresses covered with old rose material and great, rosy pillows as soft as the best down can make them. A rich purple carpet covers the floor and the windows are hung with gray curtains, patterned with purple flowers over which gay-colored butterflies stretch their wings.

Pressing down a passage, one catches a glimpse of the commodious bathroom tiled in pale green and white, with a patent draught-resisting



The quiet entrance to the Ideal home

door cut out of one piece of solid wood. Farther on is another bedroom with pale biscuit-tinted walls, walnut furniture, and a dull silvered bed; the cretonne for chairs and curtains are in the shadow tissue material scattered over with bunches of wild flowers. A pretty little bedroom, furnished in fumed oak, is entirely carried out in a unique color scheme; wallpaper, upholstery, and even the tiles in the fireplace blend to delicate mauves, grays and greens. The bedrooms of the servants stand apart from the other rooms at the end of a long passage. At first glance one sees only two neat rooms tastefully decorated and furnished. Then a cupboard door in one room is opened, a slight touch on the back of the cupboard, it revolves, and two steps lead down to another servant's room.

Here the ordinary bedroom fireplace may by a touch be transformed into a tiny cooking range. An iron plate slips down noiselessly on to the top of the fire, while the side of the oven revolves and turns into a miniature oven. The architect explained his point. To every home comes the shadow of illness, and in the case of an infectious complaint the patient has to be moved to a hospi-

tal or a nursing room. Many a mother longs to keep her child under the home roof, and yet dares not for the sake of the others who must be guarded from contagion. But the ideal mother, in her ideal home, has no such problem to face. She puts her servants in the spare room, and gives over the rooms at the end of the long passage into the keeping of the patient and the nurse. The connection back of the cupboard is opened, the nurse has the little room with the range, and a small but perfectly equipped "Isolation Hospital" is in readiness.

THE HUB OF THE HOUSE.

The kitchen, with its blue and white tiles, a dresser filled with a clever imitation of old, Delft china, copies of antique, wheel-back chairs and an old, oak table instead of the ordinary, commonplace furniture we associate with the culinary department, would fill with pride the most indifferent cook. The range, one of the latest models, stands forward and is roofed in above, where an arrangement of brilliant electric lamps shines down on sauces, soups and savories.

A Summer Idyl

No words of mine can half describe her charm,
I came upon her sleeping in the hay;
Her dimpled cheek was pillowed on her arm;
Her hair was in the sweetest disarray.
Two poppies at her bosom rose and fell
Like anchored vessels on the ocean's swell.

For long I gazed, and then I softly knelt
And gently kissed a wandering golden curl;
And, as its touch beneath my lips I felt,
She smiled—a smile that set my heart whirl—
But still her eyes were closed, and so I went,
Ah, me, I wonder what that sweet smile meant!
—CHARLES VIVIAN, in *Pearson's Magazine*.

The Man of Dreams

By Amy E. Campbell

THE silent man who scorned demonstrativeness lounged on the lathern couch in the great dim room, unlit save for the mellow glow from the fireplace. The timid little lady who talked to Dream Folks came softly in and slipped joyfully into her little low rocker by the fire, never dreaming that she was not alone in the room.

"Now for a dear chat, Man o' my Dreams," she said in a silvery voice. "What's that you're quoting to me? Ah, Riley's exquisite little poem, 'When She Comes Home!' Say it over ever so softly, dear understanding heart. I love your voice when it's very low. There, I'll say it with you and change the pronouns:

"When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress,
Then silence: And the perfume of her dress;
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Glow eyesight—soul-sight, even—for a space:
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace."

"Ah, that is beautiful, beautiful!" and the silvery voice trailed away into silence for a long while, and the great brown eyes of the timid little lady who talked to Dream Folks gazed into the fire with a great yearning in their depths. The silent man who scorned demonstrativeness lay very still and very alert.

"You love my hair like this? Do you really, Man O' Dreams? How foolish and nice of you to kiss it! I love you to be foolish, though—we love each other very much when we're silly, don't we, Boy? You have had a hard day to-day, haven't you?" and the silvery voice was rich with sympathy.

"How did I guess? Oh, just by a little line you reached down and let me kiss away when we met to-night. Such a long, long time since I went away? Yes, dear, many long hours and you've been fighting difficulties all alone—but I've thought about you every minute, and prayed for you, Man O' Dreams! Wouldn't you like to tell me all about it?" The golden head of the timid little lady bent for a long while in a listening attitude, and once in a while she smiled in an understanding way.

"Oh, I'm so glad, Boy o' mine, so glad I've been helping you. Let me look long in your eyes—dear one—dear one—I love you!" There was a great sob in the silvery voice—a great hunger.

A slight stir broke the silence over in the corner where the silent man lay—but the little lady didn't notice.

"For we talk or we are silent—
And the happy days go by!"

She murmured almost inaudibly. "Do you know, Boy, I've been busy with the most delightful plans— Ah, you want to hear them? Isn't it splendid to be sure of a sympathetic listener to one's plans even before they're revealed? That's one of your good points, dear—tell me just one of mine," wistfully.

After a pause: "What an altogether satisfying answer, dear heart. I've tucked it away in one of the nooks of my Chest O' Dreams, to be brought out and loved when I'm all alone. Just thinking of you. Did you know a woman is so prone to just such delicious foolishness?"

"The plans? Oh, yes, I forgot! You know, Boy, when we married there were so few funds in our joint accounts that we pretended to prefer omitting a honeymoon, and on my part it was all pretence—and yours?"

"Ah, Love, I knew it! Where shall we go and when? Right away and to all the delightful places we've talked about? I didn't think money mattered much, but after all, when two people keep their hearts stung, it's glorious, isn't it? And we'll bring about the fulfilment of so many of our dreams—

and have the joy of seeing things together—do you hear, love, together!"

"Anyway, you need a rest dreadfully, don't you, dear one? And you'll promise me to forget everything and just enjoy every minute of it?"

There was a long silence. The fire was now a bed of glowing coals, dying, dying, and slowly, sadly, the light of love was dying in the brown eyes of the little lady who talked to dream folks, because her dreams were flying with the night hours—leaving her an empty world of realities.

Ever so softly the silent man came out of the shadows and stole great awkward repentant arms about the trembling little lady with the golden hair.

"Love," he whispered, "how bitterly have I failed you?"

She was weeping very quietly.

"But now I understand, dear," the deep voice went on, "and we're going to make dreams come true, you and I—dreams we had on our wedding day, that I alone have shattered—" Then he kissed her hair and pleaded for her lips. She lifted gloriously lighted eyes to his, and whispered ever so tenderly, "Man O' Dreams?"

How Best to Invest \$5,000

SAFETY BEING THE PRIME CONSIDERATION WHICH ARE THE MOST PROFITABLE CHANNELS FOR INVESTMENT IN CANADA?

By Frank J. Drake

The purpose of this article is to outline in a general way how five thousand dollars should be invested, looking at the matter from several viewpoints. Generally speaking, safety is the primary consideration of every investor. This, of course, is always the case where the word "investment" is used in its proper sense. But in discussing investments there are usually included different ventures which have a speculative side. These are briefly outlined in the course of this article, which is one of a financial series which will appear in MacLean's Magazine.

ONE question frequently asked by persons of moderate means in Canada is "How shall I invest my savings?" The intent of such inquiry usually concerns a safe investment as well as a profitable one. For the purpose of furnishing some suggestions along these lines we shall suppose that the sum to be invested is \$5,000 and that safety shall be a primary consideration.

To cite an example, take the case of an investment for a widow, or of trust funds. The sum should be so used as to secure absolute safety. Even though there are those largely dependent on the return from this investment no chance should be taken to increase the yield. This is a rule that is sometimes overlooked or deliberately disregarded, sometimes with unfortunate results. There is a temptation when means are limited to put the available money into some enterprise yielding a fairly large return. This is natural. If a widow has only \$5,000 the problem of investing that sum is indeed a complicated one. One of the best paying and safest forms and one of the most suitable for

such a case is a first mortgage. Interest rates on mortgages are fairly high and the security in most cases is good. The only drawback is the lack of convertibility. Particular cases must be decided by circumstances, however.

An example of the necessity of taking no chances is furnished by the result of investments in the preferred stock of the International Paper Co., the so-called "trust" of the United States. When this company was formed about fourteen years ago by the merging of several independent companies great hopes were entertained as to the company's future. Both preferred and common stock was issued, about forty million altogether. The preferred was bought in many cases by widows. Here was a chance to get a good return with prospects of appreciation in value. Unfortunately, however, operation was not as successful as had been expected. An error in judgment on the part of the management several years ago had a disastrous effect on earnings. Five years ago it was found necessary to cut the preferred dividend from 6 per cent. to

Make To-day a Red Letter Day

What a tremendous force would come to the man who would form the habit every morning of resolving to make that day a red letter day in his life, to start out in the morning with a determination, let come what will, to *score* that day, to make it a record day in his life. Think what an accumulative effect would come into a life having this habit.

2 per cent., (no dividends were paid on the common after the second year of operations). This means that those who bought the preferred years ago are receiving only 2 per cent. on their investment while the value of their holdings has depreciated nearly 50 per cent. Fortunately, there is a good word to be added. The management was changed a few years ago and earnings are now running at a rate far in excess of the preferred dividend requirements. Before long the rate will be restored to the full 6 per cent. basis, and probably the back payments made up.

The case cited is an example of the necessity of making sure of safety. Think how much better off one whose only capital was \$5,000 would have been with that amount safely invested in bonds. The interest would have been sure and the principal would not have shrunk. To any widow with only a limited sum to invest safety of principal is the first requirement. The rate of return in many cases may be a great question, but the main thing is to keep intact the original sum.

A business man on the other hand, who is investing his profits and who keeps in close touch with affairs can afford to take more chances. This is not the case when a surplus is to be invested but when the business man is personally investing money. For him the paper stock mentioned above would not necessarily have been unsuitable. The cut in dividends would doubtless be an inconvenience, but not necessarily a tragedy. To one who is not dependent for support upon either principal or interest of a particular sum, certain risks are justifiable. A business man is used to taking chances in his own business, or what would be chances to one who knew less about it, and is not out of his element when taking a chance with some other business. To him \$5,000 would probably be invested, we are not dealing with straight speculation, in the preferred stock of some company with a future before it, or in some common stock of an established concern whose

earning power was constantly increasing.

When investing funds that belong to his business, however, the careful business man will take every care to see that a safe investment is found. Next to safety, the important factor in such an investment is convertibility. The probability is that such an investment being put aside for a rainy day would be called upon only in times of stress. For that reason the investment should be in some security with a staple market price and one likely to be but slightly affected by conditions which would depress the business for which the investment is made. For example, a lumber merchant would be wiser to invest his surplus in a public utility stock or bond rather than in the securities of some larger lumber company.

For what might be called the average investor conditions in each case should determine the form of investment chosen. A great deal depends on the amount of time and attention an investor can give his holdings. If he buys and then locks his purchases up in a strong box to be untouched for years except at coupon-clipping time (if they be coupon bonds) then he must be more particular about the stability of price. Bond prices fluctuate just as do stock quotations, although to a much smaller extent. A few points of appreciation can be gained by buying at the proper time. In fact one of the most important points to be decided by those who purchase bonds in large quantities is when to buy. To the small investor it may mean only a few dollars, but by insurance companies and other large purchasers of gilt-edged securities the bond market is watched just as carefully as is the stock market by the professional manipulator.

There are often special features that make a bond issue attractive and which often add to the value of the investment. For instance, a clause may make the bonds convertible into preferred stock at a certain figure or after a certain date. All these provisions have a bearing on the value of a bond.

About real estate investment the same might be said as to the time and attention an investor can spare. Buying and selling real estate in Canada has been to a great extent speculation for years past; but such operations may be on a sound investment basis. It is not necessarily speculation to forecast the future. The only trouble is that the average investor too often finds the future discounted in the price he pays. One thing in connection with real estate buying that should be remembered is that in times of depression real estate is hard to convert into cash without considerable sacrifice. This is specially true of unimproved property. Mortgages are a different proposition but they have in many cases their drawbacks as well as advantages.

To return to the \$5,000 which we set out to discuss. If that amount represents one's whole available capital and especially when one's earning power is limited, the money should be invested so as to make safety. If it is ever a question of choosing between safety and return there should be no hesitation on the part of one to whom the loss of principal would be an overwhelming blow. To an investor who is setting aside an amount for a rainy day, especially if the money is a sort of anchor to windward for a business, convertibility as well as safety must be a prime consideration. The investment of a surplus should receive as much care as the accumulation of it made necessary. To an investor to whom the amount is only a part of total assets, there is allowable more leeway.

To be strictly an investment and not a speculation little risk can be taken. However, there are many ways of investing money open to such an investor that would be most unwise for trust funds. By a man who has collected such a sum and whose earning power is greater than his needs certain chances may be taken. On the whole, though, if a young man is going to take any chances with his money it is wiser for him to do so in some enterprise in which he himself has some control than to buy securities of companies run by others about which there is any doubt.

In conclusion it may be said that Canada offers to all classes of investors as good opportunities as can be found anywhere. Canadian bonds in general yield attractive returns. There are all classes from the safest kind of gilt-edged bonds to those to which considerable risk is attached. Stocks, too, are attractive when purchased for investment. The markets may move up and down but to the investor who buys stocks to hold there are many attractive securities on Canadian markets. Much money has been made in real estate in Canada of late and while there are undoubtedly many good propositions now on the market there is a general feeling that careful investigation should be made before property with which the buyer is not personally familiar should be bought. But for that matter the same can be said of all investments. Intelligent inquiry is the investor's great safeguard.



Wanted: Big Job for Hanna

CANADA'S CHAMPION POSITION-REFUSER MAY BE ONTARIO'S
NEXT PREMIER—A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER—BORROWED \$200
TO GET MARRIED—LOST DEPOSIT IN FIRST POLITICAL
CONTEST—WON CABINET HONORS RAPIDLY—FINE
ADMINISTRATIVE RECORD—HAS DECLINED
BIG OFFERS

By W. A. Crnick

Hon. W. J. Hanna, born on the farm, married an "borrowed money" boston so badly in his first political contest that he lost his deposit, became member of Ontario Cabinet three years after he entered the Legislature, overhauled Provincial Secretary's department, created industrial farm, established record as champion position-refuser of Canada—these are the pivotal points in the career of the man who has just declined the post of Chairman of the Dominion Railway Board, and is said to be slated as successor to Sir James Whitney in the provincial Premiership.

TO refuse a highly important national position at a salary that he might have named himself, and to cling tensely to a six thousand dollar provincial office is a manifestation of character that may possibly be hard to explain. Yet this is precisely what the Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary of Ontario, has done. His action has provided scope for much discussion in clubs, on trains, in hotel lobbies, round the tables of the politically inclined, and, in fact, wherever public matters



Hon. W. J. Hanna.

are debated. The daily press has dealt lengthily with it. There have been interviews and editorials, reports and counter-reports, assertions and denials. But in spite of the flattering bait dangled before his nose, the Hon. W. J. sat tight in his office at the Legislative Buildings in Toronto and refused to be coaxed into the wider arena. He turned down the tempting offer of the chairmanship of the Dominion Railway Board just as unconcernedly as he had declined other interesting offers.

A man who could have the determination to act as Mr. Hanna has done, is not of the ordinary type of human being. Indeed, his renunciation at once places him in the rank of the extraordinary. Popular curiosity is aroused about him, and the question is, What manner of man is this who could laughingly and without remorse allow a great and lucrative office to slip through his fingers. For, it is quite with-

in reason to say that Ontario's Provincial Secretary is a more interesting personality to-day because of what he refused, than he would have been had he jumped at the higher position.

Of course, it is tolerably certain that a little quid pro quo has been lurking among the proceedings. Mr. Hanna is not so unhuman, but that he cherishes some ambitions. There must needs come an end to all office and preferment and some day Ontario's veteran Premier



In a thoughtful mood.

will lay aside the toga. When that time comes, who better fitted than the Provincial Secretary to take up the burden of leadership could be found? When the inner history of the Ottawa negotiations comes to light, it will be found that the prospective premiership was one of the weights that was thrown into the balance to induce Mr. Hanna to decide as he did.

Fortunately for the popular estimation of the man, it

was not the only weight, nor was it the decisive one. There was one other reason that must have bulked very largely in the summing up. This will appear, as the story of Mr. Hanna's life is unfolded, for it has become part and parcel of the man—his obsession, his passion and his inspiration. While he has been a politician, and a keen and successful one, and while he has not been without his political ambitions, yet there is something better about his legislative career than mere expediency.



In addition to being serious in his arguments in the Legislature, Mr. Hanna can also be humorous in his speeches on the platform, and in both shows he readily commands attention.

The Provincial Secretary is a product of the farm. He was born in the Township of Adelaide, in the County of Middlesex, on October 3, 1862. It is so improbable that there is a direct connection between the life of the boy in Middlesex and later in Lambton, and that famous prison farm at Guelph, which he recently established. At any rate, he early acquired a knowledge and appreciation of the manly, open-air life of the country that stands him in good stead to-day as an administrator of numerous provincial institutions located in rural districts.

Had Ontario been blessed with an educational system fitted to make farmers out of farmers' sons, it is problematical whether W. J. Hanna would not now be cultivating broad acres up in the western peninsula instead of tending supplies and equipment for insane asylums or solving the prison problem. But education in the days when W. J. was a youth tended towards business and the professions, and young Hanna, bright, witty and companionable, naturally found his inclinations running in the direction of the law. He was encouraged in his desires and made rapid progress towards their fulfillment. He passed through the local schools, and the Ontario Law School, and in 1890 was called to the bar.

MAHRED ON BORROWED MONEY.

It has already been pointed out as one of Mr. Hanna's outstanding characteristics that he loved a fight with circumstances. Setting an objective ahead of him, no matter how far-off or impossible of attainment it might seem, he would plug along doggedly, swerving neither to the right hand nor to the left. Taking up each day's work as it came along, he would bend all his energies on doing it thoroughly. Because he worked with all his might and had perfect confidence in himself, he never hesitated or faltered.

In those early days, he had his nerve with him. In order to get married, he had to borrow two hundred dollars from a friend, and then, on returning from his honeymoon, an additional sum to

buy a table and chairs for his office, and a shingle to hang over the door; but this done he was ready to set to work vigorously. The scene of this opening drama in his professional career was laid at Sarnia and the time of action was only twenty-one years ago.

From 1891 to 1896, W. J. Hanna was immersed in law business. He succeeded by dint of hard work and conscientious attention to details in building up a lucrative practice; a good deal of railway litigation came his way; in fact he developed into quite a railway lawyer. (In this connection those who would question his ability to handle the Chief Railway Commissionership might well refer to his work as counsel for the Grand Trunk and other lines, and take note of the splendid offers that came to him later on from the New York Central lines.) But, however much he was engrossed in his profession, it was not sufficient to keep him clear of politics. The call went out for candidates to contest the various ridings in the election of 1896, and young Hanna agreed to stand for West Lambton. The constituency was overwhelmingly Liberal and chances of success were of the slimmest texture. However, he threw himself into the organization work with his accustomed enthusiasm, canvassed all parts of the country, and advertised extensively. His opponent was J. F. Lister. The result was disastrous. He was snowed under by a majority of 1,158 and lost his deposit. All of which occurred only sixteen years ago.

A story is told of this campaign that illustrates the depth of defeat from which Mr. Hanna had to rise. In a division near Brigidon, which the candidate canvassed personally, an active committee of thirteen voters was organized to look after his interests. Having the patronage of the riding, Hanna appointed the deputy returning officer and poll clerk. Everything looked favorable on the surface; the polling booth officered by friends and a committee at work to round up the electors. Strange to relate, when the returns came in from this division, Hanna hadn't even a single vote. Not one of the thirteen committeemen had voted for him.



Then Mr. Hanna, in his quarters in the Provincial Secretary's Department of the Ontario Parliament Buildings at Toronto.

The defeated candidate was not disheartened. He realized that he couldn't be beaten any worse, so he set himself to the task of climbing out of the hole. He ousted the riding. He introduced himself to the people. He made friends with everybody. In fact, he laid the foundation of that popularity which nearly idolizes him in West Lambton to-day. When the next Dominion election came round, W. J. Hanna again stood for the House of Commons. He did not win, but he made decided progress, for his adverse majority was cut down to 189 votes.

ENTERS THE LEGISLATURE.

It was largely a matter of chance that the hero of this story drifted into provincial politics. The local election of 1902, it will be remembered, was a critical one. Both parties were closely matched in the Legislature, and the fight was a bitter one. The best candi-

dates available were selected, and in West Lambton, Mr. Hanna, who had made such a good fight for the Dominion House, was looked upon as an excellent candidate for the Conservatives. He was not loath to accept the task. He was long-headed enough to perceive that there would be little chance of advancement at Ottawa for years to come, while in Ontario, the prospect of an early change of Government was of the best. The election justified the Conservatives' choice of a candidate, for Mr. Hanna won by a good majority, defeating the redoubtable H. J. Peetypiers. He has since then represented West Lambton continuously, increasing his vote with each election, and now commanding as favorable a majority as that which was registered against him in 1896. His popularity in the riding is very great, for he has made it a point to know his constituents and to culti-

vote their esteem by many friendly attentions.

When the Sarnia lawyer arrived in Toronto for the strenuous session following the election of 1902, he did not content himself with ruminating on his own importance as a member of the House. He was fully aware that the days of the Liberal Government were all but numbered, that his own party would soon be in power, and that cabinet timber was still in the making. When it came time for James Pliny Whitney to draw up his slate of ministers, W. J. Hanna was resolved that he would be included in the select half dozen. True, this was an ambitious dream for a young and inexperienced member, but it was quite in keeping with his habit of mind.

Instead of taking things easy, going-sipping in the lobbies, enjoying the sights and sounds of city life and following the line of least resistance, Mr. Hanna got down to brass tacks. He laid the suggestion before one of his fellow members that the pair should go halves on the cost of a stenographer. The services of a dexterous typist were secured, and then began a dissection of old provincial statutes, a rummaging among venerable documents, a ransacking of records, that kept the new legislators occupied day and night.

It has often been a source of wonder to casual observers of Mr. Hanna's career, how he was able to take hold of one of the heaviest departments of Government with such success, after only a three years' apprenticeship in the House. The secret lies just here; he did not spend his years of ordinary membership after the accepted fashion of young legislators. He foresaw future events and prepared himself accordingly, with the result that when Premier Whitney finally came into power, the logical choice for the office of Provincial Secretary was the member for West Lambton, for the very good reason that the Sarnia lawyer had the special knowledge which no one else possessed.

A GOOD DEPARTMENTAL HEAR.

The department administered by the Provincial Secretary is the most com-

prehensive of all the departments. It not only deals with all the records of Government and serves as the mouth-piece of the administration, but under its care come all the provincial institutions, such as prisons, asylums, hospitals and charitable institutions. It is entrusted with the care of public health, involving sanitation, drainage, the prevention of disease, etc. It looks after the legislation governing automobiles. It controls the license system. It issues charters to incorporated companies. In fact, it is largely a clearing house for the odds and ends of other departments. Into this maelstrom of activity, Mr. Hanna was plunged on his appointment to office in 1905.

The difference between his administration of the office and that of his predecessors may perhaps best be explained in this way. The latter were men of fine business ability, capable and energetic, but to them, the work of guiding the affairs of the various institutions under their charge was largely incidental. It was not the main concern of their everyday life. With Mr. Hanna, however, the social and moral welfare of the people of Ontario has become an obsession. It is as if he had said to himself, "When I die I want to be remembered for what I have done to better conditions in the province, to help the man who is down, to safeguard future generations against the mistakes of the past. Of course, in all this he has not entirely lost sight of political ends, but these are really only of secondary importance. At the bottom, W. J. Hanna is a man of genuine emotions and a big heart."

A new broom sweeps clean and the Secretary had not been in office a week before things began to move. He found that in some of the asylums, patients were being kept at the expense of the Government whose friends might well support them. This defect he remedied at once, saving thousands of dollars and placing the institutions on a business basis. Then he discovered that in certain cases the Government was being charged exorbitant prices for supplies. A visitor to his office tells of being present one day when he came across a heavy charge for varnish. With quick

decision he sent for one of the clerks in the office. "Here," said he, "I want you to go to such and such a company and buy five gallons of varnish. Don't tell them who sent you, but get their bill for the amount." When the clerk returned, he found that the Government was paying fifty per cent. more for the varnish than the public was being charged. A neatly worded letter bringing the matter home to the offending company soon set things to rights.

From this beginning, Mr. Hanna has evolved a cost accounting system of great value and completeness, which embraces one of the most important reforms he has wrought in his department. The spread sheets which are prepared are a marvel of simplicity and comprehensiveness. By means of them the minister can tell at a moment's notice every detail of the cost of maintenance of each institution under his charge. A question involving the cost of any person's keep in one of these institutions can be answered immediately; and by means of a comparison of the costs in the different places, it is possible to reduce the expense account to a uniform level. Formerly where there was uncertainty and irregularity, now there is absolute knowledge and uniformity. The Provincial Secretary takes a keen delight in examining these records from week to week, noting variations and arranging remedies. This accounting system by means of spread sheets has been highly commended in all quarters, and is believed to be the best in existence.

As a direct result of the tabulation of expenses, the Department finds itself in the happy position of completing each year exactly within the estimates. Remembering that the Legislature votes the estimates under five hundred different heads, involving an expenditure of upwards of one million dollars, it is a matter of surprise that the books could be closed with every account paid, without a single item over-expended, without a dollar transferred from one item to another, without a treasury board order to supplement the vote of the House, and without relaxing in any way

the effort to improve the standard of service. The system further enables the Minister to judge just where he can increase the expenditure and how much it would cost to accomplish certain results.

INDUSTRIAL FARM SYSTEM.

Mr. Hanna's great work has been in charities and corrections. His actuating principle is not to judge an unfortunate human being for what he has done, but for what he may become. It is a case of foresight, not hindsight. Consider his great work in connection with the Central Prison farm, of which much has been deservedly written, and the further effort which will be made to improve gas conditions by the establishment of goat farms all over the province. The basis of the whole idea is to give a man a chance. Under the old system, a convicted person was incarcerated in a species of fortress, from which he emerged with ignominy, on completion of his sentence—pale, anemic, physically unfit and thereby ready to get into trouble again at the first opportunity. That was punishing the man for what he had done. Under the farm system the convict is enabled to work in the open air, under helpful conditions, with good food and comfortable shelter. He is shown that he is worth something. He is benefited physically and when his discharge comes he is far less liable to fall into evil ways again.

Under the Industrial Farms Act passed at the last session of the Legislature, counties are enabled to establish farms in connection with their gaols and already two have been started—one at Port Arthur and the other at Toronto. The former, consisting of 600 acres of wooded land, was opened on June 3rd, and within a month 20 acres were cleared and under crop. The idea will be to carry on a demonstration farm, which will thus have a utility apart from its connection with the prison system. The farm at Port William is now being watched by Mr. Hanna with the same attention that he bestowed on the Guelph farm at the time of its inception. Every day he calls for reports covering

its progress, and gives personal advice regarding its conduct. By next year it will prove self-sustaining, and meanwhile the province is being saved the nine thousand dollars a year which was required to bring prisoners down from Port Arthur to Toronto. Similar farms are to be established in other parts of the province.

To a study of the prison system, the Provincial Secretary has given his principal attention, and while he has an open mind towards other reforms and is ready to help along other good movements, yet it is to this subject that he is peculiarly drawn. People all over the world have come to know about his interest in it, and books, magazines and pamphlets are constantly streaming in to his office. These he reads with great avidity; in fact, they furnish his favorite form of literary pabulum. Where other ministers would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a hook and file it away, Mr. Hanna reads it at once and he has been known to sit at his desk late in the evening in order to complete the perusal of a specially valuable treatise. Informing himself in this way at first hand, the Minister is personally the author of most of the progressive work he has instituted.

OTHER LEGISLATIVE MEASURES.

Another of Mr. Hanna's reforms has to do with the indeterminate sentence. In place of convicting chronic offenders time and time again for short terms, these men are sent down for an indeterminate length of time, and the officials try to make something out of them. It is an effort at reformism, not a punishment, and it is gratifying to know that the idea is succeeding. And then there is the parole board, another evidence of the Minister's open mind to accept all forms of improvement in prison administration. Indeed, the prison system of Ontario has made remarkable progress in the last few years, thanks to the efforts of a minister who has made a personal study of the problem. Inquiries from all over the world have come in requesting information about it—a sure indication that it contains progressive elements.

The Industrial Farms Act was but one of three important measures which Mr. Hanna fathered in the last session of the Legislature. The second was an act relating to hospitals and charitable institutions, which has been pronounced by American hospital journals as the most advanced hospital legislation ever introduced in any country. Briefly, this act requires that all private hospitals be licensed and come under the inspection of the Department, thereby putting out of business all institutions carrying on illegitimate work; it provides for training schools for nurses in any hospitals which will conform to requirements, and for the registration of duly qualified nurses, thereby safeguarding the public against insufficiently trained or incompetent graduates.

A third act deals with public health. By means of it public health is placed on an established footing in the province by the establishment of seven district officers, whose whole time will be given to the work; local boards of health and medical health officers are placed on a substantial and permanent basis; provision is made for the care of water supplies; rigid notification of tuberculosis cases is required; and the establishment of public health exhibitions is provided for. This act is at present perhaps the most up-to-date health legislation in force in America.

One might go further and show how Mr. Hanna has encouraged research in to the numbers and condition of the feeble-minded in the province, how he has arranged for the publication of reports on this subject, and has endeavored by circulating information to arouse public interest in one of the most vital problems of the present day. It is safe to say that through the publicity afforded by the reports and the comments of the press, the people have been awakened to a keen sense of the importance of doing something to care for these unfortunate people.

In like manner, it required but a suggestion to interest him in infant mortality, and here again he has given every encouragement to investigation and publicity. One problem is involved in another, and each is but a phase of

the greater welfare work in which he and his departmental subordinates are engaged.

The asylums of the province have come in for special attention. Under his administration great improvements have been made. Take, for instance, the London institution, where a well-managed farm is now in operation supplying all the needs of the residents, where baths have been established and every modern means employed to improve the conditions of the inmates. Or the great institution which is to be built at Whitby on the cottage plan and which is now receiving his special consideration, in order that it may surpass anything before attempted. Today, nurses are being trained specially to care for nervous and insane patients, while the system calls for the establishment of clinical records so that each inmate's condition may be known and considered on its merits. This fine work among the 6,570 insane patients in the Ontario asylums and hospitals for the feeble-minded is deserving of every commendation.

It would be foolish to assume that Mr. Hanna has personally devised and carried out all the reforms mentioned. No one man could have accomplished as much. But this much may be said, that he has had in mind an object and that to the attainment of that object he has directed all his energies. He has not been content to leave administrative work to subordinates but has taken a hand in everything himself. He has been the motive force behind each progressive movement. The entire office machinery has moved smoothly and efficiently under his direction and the only time there was a hitch was when the prospect of his going to the Railway Board was in evidence and rebellion broke out. There was not one of his followers who did not consider it a personal matter that Mr. Hanna should remain at his post and finish the work he had so well begun.

While a provincial official engaged in administering provincial matters, yet men like Mr. Hanna possess a national

importance. Sister provinces learn from one another. They adopt those policies which are found to be beneficial. Already the other provinces of the Dominion have been studying Ontario's progress in matters pertaining to social welfare. The work which the Provincial Secretary is doing in his native province has effected and will effect legislation all over Canada and in this sense, if in no other, he becomes a personality of interest to all the people of the country.

THE PERSONAL SIDE.

Personally, the Provincial Secretary is a jolly-looking individual, with big, laughing eyes behind large-sized glasses, a heavy moustache and a round face. He is of solid, stocky build, with great strength of body. His voice is strong and when he lets it out in debate, he fills every corner of the chamber. While by no means a sloven, he cares little about his sartorial appearance. The Hanna fedora is invariably the worse for wear; indeed it is said that in three days one couldn't tell the new from the old. The Hanna suit shines at the elbows and bags at the knees. But for all that he can spruce up for weddings and funerals and take on a polish for Government House dinners.

Appropos of his carelessness about dress they still tell the story in Sarnia of the election day, when he arrived down at his committee room with a fine bright red necktie. He was quite oblivious to the fact that the Liberal color had become a Tory candidate. But it seems that the first Mrs. Hanna, who was related to Alexander Mackenzie and was a staunch Liberal, had played a practical joke on her husband and had dressed him up for the occasion.

Such jokers as Hugh Clark and Joe Downey have been accustomed to recount for Mr. Hanna's overwhelming defeat in 1896 by referring to the cabinet photograph which he circulated through the constituency. "Who would want to vote for a man with a face like that?" they would jibe. "No wonder you were buried." To this Mr. Hanna

had always a clever retort. "That wasn't the reason at all" he would reply. "You see, those photographs were sent through the mail. The wives and daughters of the voters naturally got them out of the post. They were so infatuated with them that they stuck them up on their dressers at home and spent an hour or so gazing at them. Then when the husbands and fathers came home, supper wasn't ready and they took out their revenge on me."

There is always a readiness about Mr. Hanna to turn a quip to put a light touch to a serious situation, to brighten up humdrum proceedings, even to indulge in boisterous horse-play and practical jokes. Once a deputation of doctors came to him in a decidedly early humor. They filed into his office in a state of high tension. He grasped the situation at once and with his beaming smile walked up to one of the best-known practitioners present, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and thrusting out his hand exclaimed, "Name, please?" The clever way it was done broke the spell and presently the whole party were on friendly terms.

This readiness to put a humorous note into everything, used to stand him in good stead as a lawyer. Some years ago he was defending a man at Sarnia, who had been accused of breaking open a slot machine and extracting the money from it. The case looked very black against the young man. The prosecuting attorney drew the ropes tighter and tighter about him and it appeared like a certain conviction. Mr. Hanna called no witnesses; he did not even put the accused in the box. When it came his turn to address the jury his remarks were very brief and very telling. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I don't know how you feel towards these slot machines, but it seems to me that my client took just about the only possible way to get even with them." The point went right home and the young man was found not guilty.

Among the members of his staff at the Legislature Buildings, Mr. Hanna

is vastly admired. He demands much, but at the same time he appreciates good work. To the man who has demonstrated his ability to handle particular tasks, he gives a free hand but for the incompetent he has little use. His department is undoubtedly the best organized, the most efficient and the most loyal in Queen's Park. In action, he is like a dynamo, giving off power at a high voltage and keeping his subordinates keyed up to the same level of effort.

That Mr. Hanna ranks a little above the average politician may be illustrated by a reference to the last campaign. The election was held in December. In the month of October, he decided that the new asylum would be built near Whitchy in the constituency of South Ontario. During the campaign he visited the riding and spoke to the electors but not one word of political capital did he make out of the asylum. It was not known until after the election and when South Ontario had gone Liberal, that the institution would be built there. One can admire a man who thus places principle above expediency.

Sarnia is still the Minister's home and at Sarnia he spends most of his week ends. He and his law partners continue to practise there and Mr. Hanna takes a personal hand in the business of the firm. What with his official duties in Toronto, his home and his practice, he has little time left for relaxation. He cannot be said to indulge in any game, though he has been known to use a golf club on occasion and also to ride a horse. But he appreciates seeing a base ball match, has many of the expensive sensations of a small boy when he gets away for a holiday.

This, then, is a brief pen picture of the man who—would not be chief Railway Commissioner—the champion position-refuser of Canada. He has already declined more offices than a dozen men might fill. He might have been chief counsel for the Grand Trunk, might have taken high legal office on the New York Central, might have been

a director of the Standard Oil, might have been city counsel of Toronto and might even have held office in the Borden cabinet. But he would have none of them. He remains plain Provincial Secretary of Ontario, with heart and

hand engaged in the noble work of his department and with the premiership as his reward some time in the future—always provided, of course, that the other party doesn't win in the meantime.



Kinship

I am aware,
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the every-day care—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of a marvelous thing:
Voices that murmur and others that ring
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
Forces terrific, with melody shod,
Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternally now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
Here in the midst of the every-day air—
I am aware.

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of the systems that swing
Through the sales of creation on heavenly wing—
I am aware of a marvelous thing.
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
Terrible triumph of pageants that march
To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.
I am aware of the splendor that ties
All the things of the earth with the things of the skies,
Here in my body the heavenly host,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feast.
As I sit silently here in my chair,
I am aware.

—ANOKIA MORGAN, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

Dr. Marden's Inspirational Talks

THE STORY OF THOMAS A. EDISON'S INVENTION OF THE INCANDESCENT LIGHTING SYSTEM AND THE DIFFICULTIES WHICH WERE ENCOUNTERED AND OVERCOME.

By Orison S. Marden

In his inspirational talk with readers of MacLean's Magazine this month, Dr. Orison S. Marden tells the story of Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp. It was only a generation ago; yet it was received as incredible. But although many difficulties were encountered at the outset, Edison, determined that he could surmount impossibilities, persisted in his work and ultimately triumphed. The story of his efforts is presented in the accompanying article.

"HOW did that stuff get in, Mr. Orr?" exploded Managing Editor Connors of the *New York Herald*, December 21, 1879, as he took up that morning's copy of the paper and caught sight of a page describing Thomas A. Edison's successful development of his incandescent lighting system. "Lights strung on wires, like berries on a bush, with no connected flame to set or keep them burning! Don't you know that such an idea is dead against every law of nature? You've made a laughing-stock of us. What will Mr. Bennett say? Who wrote it?"

"Marshall Fox," replied Mr. Orr. "Where is he? Send for him. We must do something to save ourselves from ridicule."

And this occurred only a scant generation ago.

"I was fired with the idea of the incandescent lamp as opposed to the arc lamp," said Mr. Edison—that is, of hundreds or thousands of small lamps instead of a few big ones. "It was easy enough to see that the subdivision never could be accomplished unless each light

was made independent of every other."

For this he must have a vacuum in a glass globe, but in such a vacuum there must be some kind of filament to burn without burning up. Others had tried filament of low resistance, to let the electricity pass freely, and had succeeded finely with them, except that the current passed so easily that it gave but a feeble light. Mr. Edison sought for a material of high resistance, which gave light in plenty for a brief moment, or but a short time at most, but could not stand the pressure. For months he tried variety after variety of filament, only to find them all unsatisfactory in some way. All along he had shunned carbon, knowing how easily a fine hair of it would oxidize. At length, however, he thought he would try the long rejected material.

"Well, we sent out and bought some cotton thread and carbonized it, and made the first filament. We had already managed to get pretty high vacuums and we thought maybe the filament would be stable. We built the lamp and lighted it; it fit up, and in the first

few breathless minutes we measured its resistance quickly and found it was 27.5 ohms—all we wanted. Then we sat down and looked at the lamp; we wanted to see how long it would burn. There was the problem solved—if the filament would last. The day was October 21, 1879. We sat and looked and the lamp continued to burn and the longer it burned the more fascinated we were. None of us could go to bed and here was no sleep for over forty hours; we sat and just watched it with anxiety growing into elation. It lasted about forty-five hours, and then I said, 'If it will burn forty hours now I know I can make it burn a hundred.'

"There we were. We saw the carbon was what we wanted; the next question was what kind of carbon." Again trial followed trial with little apparent gain until he carbonized a small strip of bamboo from a fan some visitors had forgotten and found that to be just what he was seeking. But the next piece of bamboo he used did not give similar results! Where did that particular bamboo come from of which the ribs of the fan were made?"

"Why," said Mr. Edison, "I sent a school teacher from Orange—I have forgotten his name—to Sumatra, and another fellow up the Amazon. He got stuck somewhere up there, but worked his way over through Bolivia and got back. Finally, William H. Moore went to Japan and got the real thing there. We made a contract with an old Jap to supply us with the proper filices, and that man went to work and cultivated and cross-fertilized bamboo until he got it exactly what we wanted. I believe he made a fortune out of it."

"I tell you," Mr. Edison continued, "in those days the boys hustled hard. One man went down to Havana, and the day he got there he was seized with the yellow fever and died in the afternoon. When I read the cable message that told of it in the shop, about a dozen of the boys jumped up and asked for his job! Those boys were a bright lot of chaps, and sometimes it was hard to select the right ones for a particular piece of work. I once got

an order from England to send over fifteen men expert in telephone manipulation, so I rigged up some telephones and did all sorts of things to 'em. I would stick the point of a jackknife through the insulation in spots, and cut a wire, and in various other ways introduce 'bugs' into those instruments; then the boys were set to work to find out what was the matter with 'em. If a fellow could find out ten times inside of ten minutes what the various troubles were he got his passage paid and was started. About one out of three managed to stand this test, and I believe that every one of them who went abroad made money. This was back in 1878 or 1879."

Success was now assured, but not secured. He had found the right filament, and each little incandescent lamp was independent of all the others. But his current must be distributed in the most economical way, or the enterprise would not pay; and the currents must also be generated with absolute steadiness, or the lights would flicker or fail. For distribution there must be some kind of large community station, and for any minutest or largest detail of it there was not a thing on the market that money would buy, or available on order, since no one but Mr. Edison and his men knew how to make it. For steady, rapid generation there must be powerful high-speed engines, and there were no high-speed engines in those days.

"I had the central station in mind all the time," said Mr. Edison, in the *Electric Review*. "I wanted to use 110 volts. Now there is no use for you to ask me why, because I don't know, but somehow that figure stuck in my mind, and I had calculated that if we could get the voltage as high as that, the copper cost would be somewhere within sight. I got an insurance map of New York City. Did you ever see one? There were many big fat volumes, full of plates, with every elevator shaft and boiler and house-top and fire wall in town set down and duly colored in its place. I laid out a district and figured out an idea of the central station to feed

that part of the town from just south of Wall Street up to Canal and over from Broadway to the East River.

"Why, I knew where every hatchway and bulkhead door in that district of New York was, and what every man paid for gas. How did I know? Simplest thing in the world. I hired a man to start in every day about two o'clock and walk around through the district noting the number of gaslights burning in the various premises; then at three o'clock he went around again and made more notes, and at four o'clock and every other hour up to two or three o'clock in the morning. Other men took other sections. Simple, wasn't it?"

Thus he figured out his central station, but the high-speed engines were not managed so easily. "I couldn't see why, if a locomotive could run at that speed, a 150-horse power engine could not be made to run 350 turns per minute. The engine builders, when I asked them about it, held up their hands and said 'Impossible.' I didn't think so. Finally I found C. H. Porter and said to him: 'Mr. Porter, I want a 150-horsepower engine to run 700 revolutions per minute.' He hemmed and hawed a little while and finally agreed to try to build it—if I would pay for it. He got it finished finally and sent it out to Menlo Park, and a fellow by the name of Ennis with it. He was one of the nerviest chaps I ever saw. We set the machine up in the old shop and we had some idea of what might happen, so we tied a chain around the throttle valve and ran it out through a window into the woodshed, where we stood to work it. The shop stood on top of one of those New Jersey shale hills. We opened her up and when she got to about 300 revolutions the whole hill shook under her. We shut her off and rebalanced and tried again, and after a good deal of trouble we finally did run up to 700, but you ought to have seen her run. Why, every time the connecting rod went up she tried to lift that whole hill with her! After we got through with this business we tied her down to 350 revolutions (such was all I wanted) and then

everybody said, 'Why, how beautifully it runs, and how practicable such an engine is.' Now, don't you know, I knew they would say that? Didn't you ever find out that trying to do the impossible makes about half the impossible seem easy?"

"We closed a deal for six engines, and I went to work in Gorek Street to build the dynamo onto them. Of course, we built them by guesswork. I guessed at 110 volts—and didn't guess enough. That's why, if you want to know, the extra pole pieces were put on those old machines. They managed to lift the voltage to what I wanted.

"While all this was going on in the shop we had dug ditches and laid mains all around the district. I used to sleep nights on piles of pipes in the station, and, do you know, I saw every box poured and every connection made on that whole job. There wasn't anybody else who could superintend it."

Finally, with the feeding lines all laid, they started an engine to see how things would work. "My heart was in my mouth at first, but everything worked all right, and we had more than 500 ohms insulation resistance. Then we started another engine and threw them in parallel. Of all the circuses since Adam was born, we had the worst then! One engine would stop and the other would run up to about a thousand revolutions and then they would scaw." Only by straining the whole outfit to the limit could he make the engines work in unison and only for a short time could this be safely done.

"About that time I got hold of Gardner C. Sims, and he undertook to build an engine to run at 350 revolutions and give 175 horsepower. He went back to Providence and set to work and brought the engine back with him to the shop. It worked, but only for a few minutes, when it 'busted.' That man sat around that shop and slept in it for three weeks until he got his engine right and made it work the way we wanted it to. When he achieved this result I gave orders for his engine works to run night and day until we got enough engines, and when all was ready we started the first one—September 4, 1882—a Saturday night.

That was when we first turned the current on to the mains for regular light distribution and it stayed on for eight years with only one insignificant stop. One of those first engines that Sims built ran twenty-four hours a day, 365 days in the year, for over a year before it was ever stopped."

Another regulation scientific process of those "Dark Ages" that had to be completely revolutionized was the prevailing method of building dynamos. "When I started making them," said Mr. Edison, "I was told that, to get the best effects, the resistance of the machine must be equal to that of its load. Did you ever hear of such foolishness? I thought it was strange to lose half of the energy I generated in the machine because what I was after was to get the stuff out and to sell it. I had an old Gramme machine with a terribly high resistance. I figured out that if one turn of that armature would give one volt, the way she stood, by making great big magnets I could get more volts. I went ahead on that line, and

I remember I made one little machine that had a small armature, about as big as your fist, and about two tons of cast iron in its field magnets. It might not look like much to-day, but it worked all right when the outside resistance was thirty times as big as that in the machine. That was what started me on the large field magnets. I remember at a dinner in Europe talking to Werner Siemens and Helmer von Alteneck and telling them that what we needed was a great big magnet to bring the juice out of the armature. They agreed with me, but," and here Mr. Edison chuckled, "do you know, both of them said they had thought of that before?"

On his return he made some very large, long magnets—"made them too large, as Dr. Hopkinson found out for me. He figured out that making the magnets short and cutting down the air-spaces was the thing, and he was right. After all, in those days all of us were guessing—and I happened to be a pretty good guesser."

When the Angelus Rings

A convent garden, like an isle of peace
Roared round by seas of traffic! Wealth of green
That blistered feet might yearn for—though unseen.
Their Eden, walled and guarded—when its trees,
Leafed for the summer, answered soft a breeze
Found nowhere else. And then the golden sheen
Of sunset on the old red pile, between
Thick ivy, shrill with twittering families!
Then, when bird voices hushed, a blander note
The evening prayer bell from its little tower
Spoke, sweet and wistful, to the afterglow;
And you, sweet wife to be, though still remote,
In school days, raised your reverent song this hour—
Was it, O dreamer, twenty years ago?

JENNIE PENDLETON EWING, in *Smith's Magazine*.

Angling for a Place

By R. G. Paigh

APPARENTLY Dalton's air of pre-occupation was not quite pleasing to the girl. She dropped her rod on the rock, sank down beside it, and nursed her knees in her hands. Dalton, seated on the bank of the stream just behind her, was selecting a fly from a hook, and whistled a tuneless air contentedly. "You seem very happy," she said at length, coldly.

He nodded and went on destroying harmony with heroic valor. He knew that by glancing up he could catch one of the fairest pictures man could wish to see. He knew also that she expected him to glance up—that was why he went on fastening the Royal Coachman to his line as he replied:

"I am tolerably happy, considering the fact that last night I was grossly intemperate."

"Intemperate?"

"Drank too hard of the August moon and wild blossom scents. Drank you know, drunk with the hush, the glory, the perfumes, and the girl; grew hilarious and asked her to marry me—to share my ups and downs in life. She refused to do it. I might say it's what I expected."

"Indeed? Then why did you ask her?"

"You see I wasn't sober; and then you must know that the girl had been very, very nice to me for a whole week. She led me on, yes, I'm sure she led me on. Why, she told me a lot of complimentary things about myself. Said my money had not spoiled me, and that I was so easy to get along with, it was just like having nobody around. Said she knew that the inventing and flying of an aeroplane was a great achievement for a mere millionaire to effect, and that she felt awed in my presence; also that

the world looked upon me as clever and daring."

"Foolhardy was the term, was it not?"

"Was it? Maybe you're right. Anyway, she said it very kindly. And then she spoke of my penchant for flying machines, and when she grew solicitous for my welfare and asked me to give up aviation I misconstrued her meaning, I guess. At any rate, I proposed to her and she laughed at me; laughed at me just as you are doing now."

"She must have possessed a strong sense of humor."

"Undoubtedly. She told me I was foolish to think of anything outside my hobby, seeing it was such a nice hobby, and one I could really ride. Oh, she was very sarcastic!"

"Poor boy! Your ups and downs couldn't have appealed to her, surely."

"Not a bit. She went so far as to say that a man who was already married to a flying machine had not the right to propose, and she hinted something to the effect that my morals needed lubricating. Now what was I to do? By Jove, what was I to do?—You see I want her to-day more than ever!"

"You might get a divorce," gravely.

"I'll be a bigamist first," fiercely.

"If you love the girl you should respect her wishes sufficiently to give up asking your life, should she ask it of you."

"I never pay any attention to requests—I obey orders. If she were my wife now she could order me to stop taking risks."

"Your wife?"

"Certainly—I wouldn't care to take orders from another man's."

"But you didn't ask her to be your wife, did you? You asked her to share

your ups and downs, wasn't that it?"

"Your sympathies seem to be altogether with the girl."

"And why not? Surely you are hard enough without wanting to fly artificially."

"Not even to soar to her heights?"

"Not even to soar anywhere, when soaring means courting disaster. Will you do something grand and splendid for the girl—if I ask you to?"

"Yes, on condition that you in turn will persuade the girl to do something grand and splendid for me."

"No, I won't do that; but I'll tell you what I will do. I'll fish against you to see which of us does the other the favor."

"Meaning that if I catch the first fish—"

"But you won't catch the first fish."

"Then if you catch the first fish—"

"You give up your hobby—for the girl's sake."

"And if I catch the first fish you give up the girl for my sake—very well. Any time limit?"

"None. Finish fight."

"All right, I'm ready; say when—"

The reel sang as the flies fluttered across the stream. His touched the water almost as quickly as her own, and as it floated above an eddying circle of spume a speckled beauty leaped for it and carried it away.

When, after a strenuous fifteen minutes' fight, he landed the trout and glanced at the girl, it was to meet a pair of laughter-filled eyes. On a rock at her feet lay a fish—a much smaller one than his own, but a fish nevertheless.

"I guess I win," she said softly.

"I congratulate you," he answered. "Yes, you win; I'm ready to pay."

She laughed then, and sliding from the rock put her hands on his shoulders.

"If the girl had not cared, you know," she whispered, "she wouldn't have asked you to give up flying, Harry—But, I'm sure she would be willing to share your ups and downs now, dear, if you cared to ask her again."

Then he took her in his arms.



There is no period of life at which we ought to say that there are no more glad surprises for us in the future. Life is hard enough, but not so hard as some would make it, and its rewards come to those who have worked for them more often than many would have us believe.

—W. Robertson Nicoll.

The Woods Indian

"IT WAS THE WOODS INDIAN WHO LED THE WHITE RACE THROUGH THE NORTHLAND WILDERNESS AND HELPED THAT RACE TO GET AND HOLD ITS FOOTING THERE."

By S. E. Sangster

Occasionally in the march of progress, with its attendant development and prosperity, it is well to pause and look backward in order that the memories of the pioneers, who laid the foundations of the country's greatness, may be revered. Yes, in this connection, we may even pay tribute to the Indians, for in Canada, as is set forth in this article, it was the Woods Indian who led the white race through the Northland wilderness trails and helped that race to get and hold its footing there.

IT is perhaps but natural that the most primitive and most unchanged Indian of this continent is that one who has had least contact with the white man. This manner of Indian, if we bar those tribes scattered in the Yukon and Alaska is he who lives in the unfarmable country along or above our Height of Land, in that last Wilderness of untamed forest and river stretching west from New Brunswick northward from the divide through Quebec and Ontario and westward, bounded



"Flanny Seala, one of the best poachers in the North Country."

at the other side by the Arctic Circle. The primitive Nascaupoes of Labrador dwell herein and the picturesque Montagnais of Quebec, the scattered Amalictes of New Brunswick, some remnants of Micmacs and the Algonquin, the Wood Crees and Ojibbeways of Northern Ontario, with the northwestern tribes of Dog Ribs, Yellow Knives and Slaves of what is known of Treaty 8, in the Great Slave Lake district. Practically all of these are woods dwellers, most of them

westerners. Among these we may find at its best the aboriginal knowledge of the ways of the woods and of the network of silver streams which make their highways.

SNOWSHOE OR CANOE.

Horses and wheels are out of the question in the habitat of the north woods native. He must travel afoot in winter on his snowshoes, in summer, by canoe along the only available trail—the wilderness rivers. These streams have always been their natural highway, because a river always runs down hill and always leads to some place; that place of later years perhaps affording pork and flour, or else the flowing bowl.

Since environment produces type, we could predict offhand that the man of this sort of country would not be so tall as the riding men of the prairie. Using himself and not a horse for a pack animal, he would have neck and shoulders and back muscles developed for carrying and arm and trunk muscles for paddling. Indeed, we find him the most primitive Indian of the North American Continent. He is not spectacular in beads and feathers as the prairie or mountain type, but he has his sashes and his embroideries, too, and he is useful and efficient. If he had not been this he would have perished hundreds of years ago.

Dependent more or less on the white race, where he touches it, he retains still his old tribal ways, his old inscrutable habit of thought in religion, which no



"It was the Wood Indian that led the white race through the northland wilderness and helped them gain their footing there."

white man can understand. In places he keeps to the old tribal customs, as he may, and in his more primitive relations he adheres rigidly to the old traditions of his people.

IN THE EARLY DAYS.

It was the Woods Indian that led the white race through the northland trails, and helped that race to get and hold its footing there. As the lower tribes, such as the Iroquois, were allies of Great Britain in war, so these people north of the Great Lakes were the allies of that country in industry. Without the sturdy voyageurs of the North,

half Indian at least, the fur trade could never have been. If you have read the story of Sir George Simpson, of Thompson, of MacKenzie, of Hearne, or of Alexander Henry, the Younger, or any of the early or late explorers of Hudson's Bay, or the old Northwest Companies, always you will find that the real man behind the pack and the paddle was this native son of the wilderness. Perhaps he was not full blood, indeed, for the most part the typical *voyageur* was not. From the time of Greyson de L'hut on down, wild white blood has merged with wild red blood. The first fur traders on both sides of the territorial line got on very well, for there was much marriage according to the laws of the aboriginal world, and the tendency was for the two races to dwell in harmony. It was firewater, cows and plows that broke up the game.

For two centuries or more the great Hudson's Bay Company, the most enterprising and most romantic of any cor-



"He uses . . . the canoe of birch bark, built with great skill, beaded with great skill and repaired with equal facility."

position in the history of the world, handed these natives without great friction. The white men who went north and west those days were hardy enough themselves. Many of the *engages* of the H.B. Co. and Nor'west Co. were young Scotchmen, used at home to a rude, rough life. Take a six-foot Scotchman with whiskers a yard long and a hand like a full-sized ham, and he is not bad aborigine himself. The natives respected this kind of man because he could carry a pack and could paddle a bit when he learned how. From these and intermarriage with Wood Cree or Ojibbeway squaws many of the breed fur-brigade members sprang. It was the whitemen who superintended the fur trade of these two great companies; the men who did the work were half-breeds or Indians. It was the steady pluck and hardness of such men as these, either pure or gruffs on the aboriginal stock, who took the Montreal cargoes through to Edmonton each year by midsummer,

passing en route the eastbound brigades with their cargoes of fur for the eastern markets. It is men like these who man almost the last of the fur brigades, that which yet comes down from Abitibi, paddling for weeks at a stretch, if need be, but always gay as children when at the end of the journey they make the water fly from their paddles, rolled along the gunwale of the great *Canot du Nord*, as these old "war-canoes" properly were called in the old days. It was they who got the "York" boat in the old days up Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan river and other streams which led to the Far North or the Far West. And those brigades went through, not semi-occasionally, but regularly and on schedule. They led the way and did the work for the civilisation which eventually will swallow them up, so soon as what they have is worth the having, from our point of view.

Nor were these long trails on both sides of the Canadian Height of Land or north to the ice or west to the midcontinental Height of Land all easy paddling with dry meccasins or clean leggings. Much of the going was made up of plain mud and water and slimy spruce roots. Every pound of furs that ever got to London was carried man-buck scores of times. Every mouthful of grub eaten by the priest or *engage* of any of the far northern fur posts was carried in the same way across many scores of hard portages and poled through many rough places. I have known a Chippewa to carry a barrel of pork two miles, with frequent rests, of course, and I once saw one smilingly let a 160 pound man he could carry him five miles over a logging trail and not once set him down. Some of these men would pack 200 pounds, and it is claimed sometimes 300, but they were usually powerful men and worked under keen rivalry — the only rivalry which could bring any honor in their country—that of physical prowess. Each strove to excel, as we, of to-day, strive on Wall Street in New York or State Street in Chicago, or any of our devious thoroughfares of so-called civilisation.

METHODS ON THE TRAIL.

If you have ever tried to follow a woods Indian on the portage, you will remember that he goes at a half-trot, a most fatiguing effort to keep up with. In the regular day's work of the fur brigade, the time of rest is measured by a "pipe"—the time necessary for a brief smoke. Despite many references to the "inevitable cigarette," the fact remains that the pipe has ever been the typical smoking implement of the Indian. Its use has ever been, and is, alike common and ceremonious. The most beautiful bead work of the northern Indian was lavished on the fire bags of their full dress regalia, the receptacle in which they kept pipe, tobacco and flint in the olden days.

The north Indian to-day uses the white man's canoe—the bass-wood cruiser, mainly because it is less fragile and much steadier, especially in white water. But in the past, even as late as ten years ago, their craft were almost universally constructed of birch-bark. They built them with great skill, banded them with great skill and repaired them when need arose, with equal facility, using the bark of the birch, the resin of the spruce and the fibre of certain roots as their material. They used perforce the means at hand offered them for getting on in the world. Thus they strung their snow-shoes with the hide of the caribou, stretching it tight as they could between two trees before they filled their shoe bows. Their houses they built of bark as a rule, sometimes now of logs, following the advent of the steel axe. Always they can show the white man how to be comfortable and how to get on in the world—their particular part of the world.

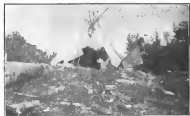
There is, indeed, a great deal of poetry and romance in the old north woods life, a fine feeling of adventure and freedom and lack from bondage or restriction, and, for that matter, something keenly interesting and real in the continual touch of the Indian thought with things supernatural—such as shown in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." In this last



"Every pound at far . . . every mouthful of food is carried man-buck scores of times."

respect indeed the Indian has really changed but little, and their old superstitions are to-day as keenly effective of their actions as a hundred years gone by. We may say we have two divisions of these Indians, the pagan and the Christianized, or, more true, the partly Christianized. Experience would indicate that the old-time, real Indian, with all his aboriginal traditions of the square deal, is more dependable than any civilized Indian, or civilized white man either.

It was from the so-called Christian half-breeds, French for the most part, with occasional Scotch blood intermingled, that the old fur brigades got their crews. They were a care-free lot, and a shirving once a year was enough for them. They gave a little of their money regularly to the church when they reached a Settlement, and the rest they spent like lords, knowing there was more to be made by the easy process of following the trail, for not more than twenty-four hours daily under paddle



"Beside their wastrel fires there is sometimes not even a dead!"

or pack would be required of them. As they approached Montreal, going east, they became more and more Christian, more and more civilized. Going westward with the return supplies, little by little they cast off restraint, until by the time they got west of the Great Lakes and had touch of the free winds of the prairie land and had caught the uplift of the sight of the white Rockies, they had merged wholly into the life of the savage, religion and all. Suzanne Buharnne for a Sweetheart in Ontario, a wife in every tribe west of Ontario, a pipe at every resting place on the long portage, a meal four or five times a day, a drink whenever it could be had, a stomach hard as iron and a heart light as a feather, a religion that would save

you going or coming, on Saskatchewan or St. Lawrence, fatalism or Christian faith as one liked for either hand—what more has life given you or me than that? I swear had we the heart and the stomach, and were the old days possible any more to-day, we might do worse than try to qualify for those other trails, rather than those of

high finance in our civilisation.

Such were the transporters of the goods of the wilderness, one way or the other. But the goods of this wilderness must first be obtained before they might go eastward to the markets. Out in the villages, in the lodges of bark or tepees of skin and logs of pine, have dwelt for some centuries those who have labored for your wife and mine, so that they might wear furs—wear them wrongfully and unrighteously; for no man's woman should wear fur or feather which he himself has not taken by his own prowess. Oftentimes they have starved, these people of the Great Silence, because the rabbits have taken some disease and died, or because the moose and caribou have migrated or the deer are not to be located in their yards or the fish supply has run short. Their little children have died, their women perished, and have been laid away as chance permitted with no mourning, because their fatalism provided no time for mourning. Around their wastrel fires cheer sometimes is not over-abun-



"Always as gay as children . . . the water flying from their paddles, sailed along the great Great du Nord."

dant; many-a-time their provender mainly consists of roast dog and boiled dog—but dog is good when dog is all—and these northern folk do not complain.

To aid them in getting what the white man wants, the white men of the old fur company have drilled them for a couple of hundred years, long before steel traps were known. The Hudson's Bay Company

taught their red trappers how to make deadfalls—the fall-log of a lynx trap as high from the ground as the height of a man's knee; the little marten fall-log the width of a palm above the bed log; the trigger as long as a man's hand and extended fingers—all easy things to remember. To-day, these Indians have the white man's cutlery, but in times gone by their only steel was the old H.B. knife with its blade a foot or more in length—used to build the traps, fashion splints for the birchbark canoe, to skin the kill—in short, the most useful single tool yet invented for woods use. The next prized item of their outfit was the family kettle, and beyond these often they had little except a weird musket and a scanty dole of ammunition. Of clothing they had less and of food they ate when they could get. Yet all the time in the rear of the lodge back from the fire the little store of skins on their stretchers increased steadily, until at last they took the year's "hunt" as the traders called their catch, out to the post, perhaps a hundred miles



"He is a good deal of a fellow this Wood Indian . . . He is a Sacson . . . What are you and I?"

or more distant. There each Indian paid his "debt" honestly and to the actual cent and started in again for another year. It was the life of the paddle and portage, of tump line and steel trap, of deadfall and of travel—with skunk or muskrat for food when heaverail and deer failed him. After all, when the catch is good, he is lucky if he breaks even at the end of the year—the same as we are.

Of course, to these men the wilderness is as an open book, and they travel it with absolute confidence with or without trail. The average sportsman traveling through such a country learns to lean on his Indian guide for his support, just as the trader has always lean-



"He . . . a life of paddle and portage, of tump line and steel trap."

ed on him in our wilderness commerce. Without the Indian or breed guide as a mainstay in the wilderness, most of the annual dinners of our sportsmen's clubs would not occur, and the clubs themselves would go out of commission from sheer necessity. Comfort in the woods and any sort of certainty of results largely depends on the ancient instinct of the age-long product of this upper wilderness. If, for instance, your Indian says it is safe to take a piece of white water in a canoe, it usually is safe, because he has the sixth sense of the wild creature, safer than most reasoning.

There are few lost motions in the day's life of the north woods Indian. Why? You call him lazy, but really he is evidencing sound philosophy. In his task the economy of effort has been a practical necessity. This short, squat native of this Last Wilderness is not elegant, perhaps, but one does not find it in one's soul quite to despise him. He is a good deal of a fellow this Montag-

nois, this Chippewa, this Woods Cree, even lazy and immoral as this latter may be. He may like muskrat, but so has many a white man; he may like dog, but let us repeat boiled dog is not too bad when one is hungry. He may be silent of habit, so would you be if you had to make part of your living by not talking. But, take it all in all, he is a good deal of a fellow just the same, this Woods Indian. We admire the man who can do more than we can; who will run white water where we get "cold feet" at the mere thought; who can read the tape-ticker of the wilderness better than ourselves. We admire the man who has prevailed in the physical world where fate has put him. We admire the man who has prevailed anywhere in his environment and is, therefore, a success. The North Woods Indian is a success. What are you and I? Well for you if you are man enough to shake hands with him and have him call you brother.



Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD

Do the "Big Interests" Control Magazines?

Is it True that the Moneyed Powers are Attempting to Dominate
American Magazines, and to a Large Extent are Succeeding?

The charge has often been made that the moneyed powers are attempting to dominate the American magazines and are to a large extent succeeding. Is it true? Mr. George French, an advertising writer of Boston, who raises the question in *The Twentieth Century Magazine*, answers in the affirmative and gives definite specifications in support of his answer. He believes that the failure of Success and Hampton's may be directly traced to the influence of "the big interests," and that McClure's Magazine and Pearson's have both felt the disconcerting head of capital.

Taking up, first of all, the case of Success, Mr. French attributes the beginning of the downfall of the magazine to the fact that it featured an article on "The End of Canoeism" in its issue of January, 1910. Perhaps, he concedes, it is true that in 1910 Success was already doomed to failure. But perhaps it was not. "Certain other publishers," he declares, "shortly before had been trying to buy it for \$400,000, or near that sum, and even after the Canoeism raid began, from another source, came an offer of about two-thirds the amount for it." Mr. French pays tribute to the abilities of Dr. Orison Sweet Marden as editor, and of Edward Everett Higgins as business manager, of Success. He goes on to say:

"Dr. Marden's helpful writings made Success very popular, and its circulation and advertising patronage became so large that the promise for the future was brilliant. Then Mr. Higgins became infected with the political morbid and the muck-raking germ. In looking about, he per-

ceived that the people had become weary of Cannon; therefore Success must accelerate Cannon's going. But Cannon said 'Duma Success,' and Success was damned. Advertising business began to drop off. Big concerns refused to renew contracts. It became difficult to get money from banks that had been eager to discount Success paper. The papermakers demanded cash for paper. The iron maiden of the big interests drew her sharp spikes nearer and nearer to the cowering body of Success. Sales fell off. No man said, 'You think you can do this dirt to the Old Guard—we'll show you!' No man protested to the editor. No bank refused funds because Success had become a muckraker. No. Nothing was complained of—but advertisers quit the paper; papermakers demanded money; banks found it inconvenient to discount notes. From that time on Success went along down the toboggan with alarming speed.

"Was this all on account of Uncle Joe Cannon? No, not that; but Success had revealed itself as another muckraking periodical prepared to stir up the compost about whatever man, party, or enterprise it conceived to be flourishing unrightly. Accordingly that silent force we call the Big Interests, without one of these interests doing a single thing that could be cited as an overt act, or uttering a sentence that could be quoted as a threat or a command or a request, proceeded to snuff out a concern that shortly before might have been sold for nearly \$400,000. Success had built up a great publishing business. . . . All this disappeared as if by magic, be-

cause the ambitious publisher, wishing to bask in the same limelight he saw playing about his contemporaries, made an injudicious choice."

Mr. French passes on to consider the situation of McClure's Magazine. He recalls Miss Tarbell's articles on John D. Rockefeller, printed six years ago. "They fell flat," he asserts, "both as literature and as biography, and the McClure concern was punished. It was dropped from the high estate of the most prosperous and important popular magazine to a condition so uncertain as to furnish the publishing world with a query the answer to which everybody knows who is interested enough to hazard a guess." After this somewhat cryptic statement, Mr. French continues:

"The Rockefeller articles were made into a book, and the book has disappeared from the market. Indeed it was never really on the market. Just as it was ready for sale the McClure book business fell into the hands of Doubleday, Page & Company, and Miss Tarbell's book has not since been seen or heard of."

McClure's, we are told by Mr. French, is, in effect, one of the assets of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, and one of this concern's employees was in charge of the magazine's bookkeeping for some time before it was transferred to the organization now publishing it, the West Virginia Paper Company. "Is not good?" to be one of the many big business enterprises in which Standard Oil is largely interested.

The plight of Hampton's Magazine is next analyzed. Nothing in recent magazine history, Mr. French holds, is more representatively illuminating than the brief career of Hampton's and of Benjamin B. Hampton as an editor and publisher. Of Mr. Hampton we are told that "he is emphatically a high-strung, impulsive, unreasoning, unthinking plunger—intolerant of guidance, almost contemptuous of advice, self-reliant to the breaking point, brilliant, versatile, sensitive." At seventeen he had won a State-wide reputation as editor of the best country newspaper in the Middle West region where he was bred. He came to New York as an advertising man, but his ambition was to be an editor. He bought The Broadway Magazine and changed its name to Hampton's. Then he went heartily into the vocation of "muck-raking," and in the course of time published two articles, one by Cleveland Moffett mistakenly linking the Corn Products Company with the Standard Oil Company;

a second criticizing the Hartford Railway Company. Mr. French tells us:

"Not only did Hampton have to apologize for the Standard Oil break, but the publication of those two articles earned for him the active enmity of the two controlling money interests—the Standard Oil and the Morgan groups. Consequently he soon found that he could not get a dollar from any New York bank upon any kind of security or terms. His efforts to kindle private capital were no more successful. His own \$600,000 and the \$700,000 he got from the sale of stock melted away. He appealed to his friends, who helped him over several minor crises; but in the end he collapsed, and his friends took him up country to a farm, while his brother, Jesse D. Hampton, and his other associates, devoted themselves to the problem of selling the magazine. W. R. Hearst was applied to, but declined to sell. A firm of magazine brokers tried to sell the property, but without success until one of the West came the man who owned the Columbia-Sterling magazine, bringing assurances of unlimited money. After much negotiation, they took over Hampton's with the result that the whole fabric of pretense and uneconomic conditions eventually collapsed. The postal authorities helped in the wrecking, several of the parties being criminally prosecuted for using the mails to defraud."

Pearson's Magazine, we are told in Mr. French's article, has also been hit hard, "with a very big club, and many times." The offense of Pearson's has been to publish articles favoring a ship subsidy and attacking the beef trust and other trusts. In the first instance, the *Hamburg-American* Line withdrew advertising; in the second, the *Armour's* refused to continue their advertising patronage. A book also stopped its advertising, stating frankly that it objected to the magazine's "attacks on business." And yet, Mr. French says, the articles complained of were "well written, the writer's allegations apparently were fortified by indisputable facts and circumstances, and the lessons were driven home by the employment of logic and vigorous English."

Mr. French declares that he wishes to be fair to all parties. He recognizes that trusts and business concerns have a right to withdraw their advertising from any magazine that lessens the value (to them) of such advertising by adopting an editorial policy hostile to them. But have they a right to crush the truth; to stifle free speech; to "restrain trade" by restraining

the commerce of ideas? The article concludes:

"There is a big question here, of course; a question bigger than the showing of the balance sheets. Is muckraking for revenue only better than unscrupulous? Much of the expository stuff printed by the militant magazines has been futile and useless. It does no good to rail and scold, to accuse and denounce, unless there is some constructive plan in view to correct the evils exposed. Publicity is a great reformatory force; most of the muckraking campaigns, however, have not been based upon initial and edifying publicity, but upon reiteration. A weed fitly spoken is always a power; but the inept and inopportune word damages the cause it advocates. The trusts could ask no more effective championship than the so-called attacks that have been made upon them by some of the vociferous magazines. Not being subtle reasoners, trust magnates have failed to see this. Neither do they recognize the fact that it is as unwise as it is unjust to gage even a common and futile scold; that to do so casts a suspicion upon those sensitive to criticism which is worth a volume of proof."

A vivid corroborator of the essential truth of Mr. French's analysis is afforded by the policy adopted by Arthur W. Little, editor of Pearson's Magazine. In April and succeeding issues Pearson's appears in a new form; omits illustrations; uses cheap paper; and concentrates on the quality of its articles. Mr. Little tells us that for a

long time he has been watching the other magazines to see how they were going to meet the existing situation. "I have been listening to trade gossip," he says, "to get a line on the things that are even yet to be done." He continues:

"This April number is what Pearson's is going to do. I had been thinking about it for a long time, but I made up my mind all of a sudden one day when I got a telegram from one of our advertising solicitors, saying that a very prominent advertiser, of whose patronage I had felt quite proud, had suggested that we ought to stop publishing such stuff as that which Benson was writing under the title, 'The Usurpation of Power by the Courts.' You see, several thousand citations have taken the trouble to write and praise us for publishing that 'stuff' and it made me see red to be told practically that I had to stop it. So I did what the good housewife does when her husband loses his fat job and has to get along on a smaller income. I discharged the cook and butler, so to speak. I put away the dressy clothes and cut out unproductive expenditures. You can see for yourself what a lot of money we are saving on mechanical cost. Everything in the way of luxury is cut out. But everything in the way of wholesomeness is kept. In fact, we've increased the appropriation for editorial features about a thousand dollars a month; and from now on it is to be editorial enterprise, not advertising solicitation, that is to receive further increases."

Finland's Women Deputies and their Work

What has been Accomplished in the first Country in Europe to give Women the same Rights as Men

An authoritative article on the work of the women-deputies of Finland appears in the *Contemporary Review* for July, written by V. Falsen-Korsten. After reading it even the most ardent opponents of women suffrage will scarcely deny that in Finland at least women have been a great factor in advancing the cause of good government. These women have secured for themselves a place in the world's history as pioneers; it is well, therefore, that something of their work should be generally known.

"Finland," we are told, "was the first country in Europe to give women the same rights as men. Only Norway has as yet followed her example, and with the same success. In 1906 Finnish women were admitted to the Seim (Parliament), and they regarded their new rights so seriously that at the first election, in 1907, sixty of them went to the poll. Nor did their activity weaken in the following years, in spite of the repeated dissolutions of the Seim on account of political difficulties caused by the Russian Government. Because of

these interruptions, occurring four times in five years, they could not carry out their programme quite as fully as they wanted to, but still they succeeded in settling some of its points.

"Up to the beginning of last year the women brought in twenty-nine different legislative bills, of which the Seim passed the following:—

- (1) The establishment of laws for child protection against ill-treatment;
- (2) The complete freeing of the wife from the legal guardianship of her husband;
- (3) The raising of the marriage age from fifteen to eighteen years;
- (4) The organization of colonies for youthful criminals;
- (5) The right of women to assist in the department of public medicine;
- (6) The abolition of police observation over prostitutes.

"In addition to this, all the women deputies brought in a petition for the protection of women in the street from assault, thus indicating the necessity for adding a new clause to the criminal law dealing with this matter.

"Among other women's bills awaiting decision were the following:—

- Concerning the Interests of Both Sexes:
- A Bill to separate the Highest Court of Law from the Seim, making it an independent institution;
- A Bill to give Jews equal rights with Christians;
- A Universal Adult Suffrage Bill;
- A Bill to regulate the relations between workers, servants, and employers;
- A Bill to increase the punishment for ill-treatment of animals;
- A Bill granting free meals to school children;
- A Bill for improving the position of illegitimate children, and for the establishment of homes for them.

Concerning the Interests of Women:

- Maternity insurance;
- The establishment of Government midwives;
- For giving a wife the right to dispose of her children (formerly the husband had this right exclusively);
- For the improvement of domestic economy schools;
- For the appointment of women as factory inspectors;
- For enabling women to serve in public institutions on equal terms with men.

"In all questions dealing with social

and hygienic matters the women have taken a great interest. They unanimously supported the Bill prohibiting the importation, sale, and consumption of alcohol.

"The deputies have been members of all committees of the Seim, and have taken part in even the principal one, the Grand Committee, which is elected by the whole House proportionately, and gives its decisions on the most important questions of legislation and taxation, these questions being worked out previously in special committees. On this Grand Committee four women assisted:—Dagmar Neovius, a teacher, and editor of a journal; Hedvig Solberg, headmistress of a Teacher's Training College; Mimi Turinen, the daughter of an artisan; and Ora Kiskinen, a dress-maker.

"All these women, of varying social position, education, and development, have proved in Parliament that they were in their right place; they have fulfilled their new duties conscientiously and with ability, and there is no doubt that they have been of great use to the committees they worked on.

"The most prominent woman deputy is, according to general opinion, the Social Democrat, Miss Silanpää, editor of a journal. Her history is a very interesting one. After education in an elementary school, she became a worker in a factory, and later a cook in Helsingfors. She spent every spare minute in reading and self-education, and by hard work has become one of the most intellectual and popular women in Finland. She went through all her elections without difficulty, each time receiving a great number of votes. Miss Silanpää is a splendid orator and organizer. She has done a great deal in organizing domestic servants. Together with Ch. Persson, she edits a journal, entitled *The Woman Worker*.

"The number of women deputies in the Seim fluctuates between nineteen and twenty-five. Last year there were twenty-one—twelve Socialists, four of the Swedish party, one Young-Finn, and four Old-Finns. The electors have, with a few exceptions, returned to every new Seim the women deputies they have once elected, which may be considered the best criticism of their work.

"The question of family life, the most sacred, because the most responsible work of humanity, has been discussed seriously in Parliament by these deputies for the first time from a woman's point of view; by their aid it will in time win the place of importance it deserves.

"To the Finnish women every profession is open. For instance, they serve in the Marine Service, and have been much appreciated in that employment. When, in 1906, women first entered Parliament they were met with much doubt and suspicion. Many a man and woman prophesied the end of Finland. Now, after five years, everybody must be convinced that women have entered Parliament with the earnest wish

to improve their country, and, what is still more, that they have known how to do it, and have achieved, comparatively, a splendid result. Of course, these strong, enthusiastic, excellent women could have done much more for the development of their promising country, had it not been for the troubles caused by the actions of the Russian Government, which have so hindered progress."

A Business of Nickles and Dimes

Racy Sketch of Woolworth, the Five and Ten Cent Store Man, who is Erecting the Tallest Building in the World.

In the July issue of "Business" a brief sketch is given of the career of F. W. Woolworth, "the man behind the five and ten cent store." On the corner of Park Place and Broadway, New York, is slowly rising from its base, a mass of stone and steel which is destined to be the tallest building in the world. Already it tops every other structure in the lower part of Manhattan. When it is completed, it will tower fifty-five stories, or one-seventh of a mile, above the sidewalks. If laid on its side, it would cover three city blocks. It is to be 206 feet higher than the Cathedral of Cologne. It will rise fifty feet above the greatest of the Pyramids. Its total cost will exceed \$13,500,000.

"And this mammoth structure," continues the article, "is a tribute to a business that was built on nickels and dimes. It will contain, among thousands of other firms to be housed in its depth, the main office of F. W. Woolworth and his Five and Ten Cent stores. It has been erected solely out of the profits that have poured into the treasury of its builder from his five hundred stores, scattered all over the globe.

"The commonly accepted theory of romance fades into the horizon of dreams when compared with the romance of this man and his idea. Except for the fact that it goes back to the proverbial farm-house, there is no other parallel in the history of business.

"F. W. Woolworth was born and brought up on his father's farm in Watertown, New York. He lived there until he was twenty-one years old, attending the district school in winter and attending to the

usual work of the farm in both summer and winter. During this period, he had two terms in a business college in Watertown, apparently with good results, for he says, "The education I got in the business college did more good than any classical college training I might have had. I was never satisfied with the farm," he adds, "It was my early ambition to get into the dry goods business."

"But in order to do so, he had to begin as an errand boy with the dry goods firm of Amshury & Moore in Watertown. He was then twenty-one years old. It was part of his daily routine to open the store at 7 A.M., and he did not leave it until 10 P.M. There was no work too menial for him to do and at the end of the year, he was making \$4.00 a week. He received a fifty-cent raise during the next six months, and two years later found him drawing the large salary of \$6.00 a week, out of which he paid for board, washing and clothes and saved a little. At twenty-six, he was married and had paid aside just \$50. This was the seed for the fortune which he has founded, for it was at this time that he established his first store.

"Mr. Woolworth does not take upon himself the credit for originating the Five and Ten Cent Store idea. He records the honor to H. W. Moore, of Watertown. Mr. Moore launched the scheme in 1878 by establishing a small five-cent counter of shop-wares articles in his dry goods store, the details of which was "Any article on this counter—Five Cents." The counter was enlarged and soon after the store was devoted to this line of goods exclusively. Other concerns followed this

lead and the Moore firm began selling his goods wholesale to other merchants.

"Now was Woolworth's opportunity. He told Mr. Moore of his desire to open a five and ten cent store in another city and asked him if he would sell him the goods on credit, as he had only \$56. Moore agreed to do so, provided he would get Father Woolworth's name on a note for \$300. The endorsement was secured and \$322 worth of goods was purchased. A store was found on a side street in Utica, which suited young Woolworth, at a rental of \$30 per month. The business was a success at the start but later dwindled.

"Woolworth decided that his location was against him. He acted quickly by selling part of the stock for \$170 and the balance was shipped to Lancaster, Pa., where a new store was opened, and here things went with a whoop. The first day's sales amounted to \$127.04, or one-third of the entire stock. That same year a second store was opened at Harrisburg, Pa. and at the end of another year, Woolworth

found, after inventory, that he was worth \$1,500 net, with all his notes and debts paid. Then very rapidly one store after another was established.

"The problem of organization and accounting for hundreds of stores spread over the earth's surface at first thought seemed appalling. Mr. Woolworth has cut the Gordian knot by adopting the simplest methods. His theory is that a set of books should be so clearly kept that anyone, at any minute, can plainly see the facts of debit and credit. At the end of every business day, the big company knows where it stands to a penny. It does not owe a dollar in the world, and this great chain of retail stores transmits an annual business of about \$50,000,000.

"Quick returns, or turning the stock often, is the secret of the success of this mammoth enterprise. That and the personality of its founder, whose finger is on every detail of the business every hour of the day."

The American Business Man

Arnold Bennett Comments with Shrewdness on Difference Between the American and European Business Man.

In Harper's Magazine for July Arnold Bennett pays tribute to the vendors of our great industries and comments with great shrewdness on the differences between the American and the European business man:

"The rough, broad difference between the American and the European business man is that the latter is anxious to leave his work, while the former is anxious to get to it. The attitude of the American business man toward his business is pre-eminently the attitude of an artist. You may say that he loves money. So do we all—artists particularly. No stock-broker's private journal could be more full of dollars than Balzac's intimate correspondence is full of francs. But whereas the ordinary artist loves money chiefly because it represents luxury, the American business man loves it chiefly because it is the sole proof of success in his endeavor. He loves his business. It is not his toil, but his hobby, passion, vice, monomania—any vituperative epithet you like to bestow on it!

He does not look forward to living in the evening; he lives most intensely when he is in the midst of his organization. His instincts are best appeased by the hourly excitements of a good, scrimmaging, commercial day. He needs these excitements as some natures need alcohol. He cannot do without them.

"On no other hypothesis can the unrivaled ingenuity and splendor and ruthlessness of American business undertakings be satisfactorily explained. They surpass the European, simply because they are never out of the thoughts of their directors, because they are adored with a fine frenzy. And for the same reason they are decried forth in magnificence. Would a man enrich his office with rare woods and stuffs and marbles if it were not a temple? Would he bestow greens on the environment if while he was in it the one idea at the back of his head was the anticipation of leaving it? Watch American business men together, and if you are a European

you will clearly perceive that they are devoted. They are open with one another, as intimates are. Jealousy and secretiveness are much rarer among them than in Europe. They show off their respective organizations with pride and with candor. They admire one another enormously. Hear one of them say enthusiastically of another: 'It was a great idea he had—connecting his New York and his Philadelphia places by wireless—a great idea!' They

call one another by their Christian names, fondly. They are capable of wonderful friendships in business. They are connected by one religion—and it is not golf. For them the journey 'home' is often not the evening journey, but the morning journey. Call this a hard saying if you choose: it is true. Could a man be happy long away from a hobby so entrancing, a toy so intricate and marvelous, a setting so splendid?"

Garden Cities on a Business Basis

It has been Demonstrated in England that Clean, Wholesome, Comfortable Cottages are Possible for Everyone at Low Rates.

A series of articles by high authorities on the planning and building of the ideal town is featured in the July issue of Scribner's Magazine. The situation touching congested centres in England and the measures which have been taken to afford relief in the form of suburban gardens are set forth. England has learned that the city is sapping the vitality of her people and has taken action some time ago. The author, Frederick C. Howe, proceeds:

"Related transit facilities made the city what it is. The bus, horse-car, electric trolley, and suburban train failed to keep pace with urban growth. Men had to live near their work. The city grew in the only direction open to it, toward the heavens. It assumed a perpendicular instead of a horizontal form. Inadequate transit intensified high land values. Bad means of transit and high land values made the slum. The city would have been a very different thing had transportation permitted it. It would have spread over a wide area.

"Transit has begun to catch up with the city. It has opened up the country. In consequence the city is again being transformed; in this country by the suburban communities which encircle it; in Belgium by the sale of cheap workmen's tickets on state-owned railroad lines which enable the workman to travel twenty-four miles for two cents and to live on the farms and in the far outlying villages.

"In England improved transit has given birth to the garden suburb. It has made possible the garden city. This is England's latest, possibly her greatest, contribution

to the city problem, to the housing of the workman, the clerk, and the moderately well-to-do classes of the great cities. The discovery came some time ago. For the city is sapping the vitality of Great Britain. In that country four people out of five live under urban conditions. And statesmen and reformers have stood against it the day in the physical and moral fibre of the nation, due to the disease-breeding condition of the tenements and slums. London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Sheffield, all the large cities of Great Britain, have vainly struggled with the housing problem. They have built municipal dwellings, have tried to control private tenements, had the influx of people swamped their most ambitious efforts.

"The garden communities of Letchworth, Hampstead, Bournemouth, and Port Sunlight have demonstrated that clean, wholesome, comfortable cottages are possible for everybody and at the very low rent of from five dollars a month upward. They have demonstrated too that life is lessened, the death and infant mortality rate is reduced, and labor is more efficient in these open-air communities than in the cities, and that working people gladly follow their employers to these more attractive surroundings.

"In the building of garden villages three things are recognized as fundamental: one, the purchase of a large area of low-priced agricultural land in advance of any development; two, the permanent control of the whole area, as well as of streets, open spaces, and building regulations by the corporation or the city; and three, the re-

servation by the community, through the private corporation promoting the enterprise, of the increasing land values which the building of the community creates. The garden city is in effect its own ground landlord. Indirectly it is a house-builder and house-owner. It operates through a private corporation which owns the land, pledged by its charter to limit its dividends to five per cent. on the capital actually invested, and to use the speculative increase of land values for the community.

"These are the physical foundations of the garden city. To these are added, where necessary, the adjustment of transit to nearby cities so that rapid communication will be possible, as well as the ownership or a close working arrangement with the water, gas, and electricity supply. These

form the plumbing of the city. They are essential to the life, comfort, and convenience of the people and the promotion of industry.

"The main difference between the ordinary city and the garden city is this: the former is left to the unrestrained license of speculators, builders, owners, to a constant conflict of public and private interests; the latter treats the community as a unit, with rights superior to those of any of its individual members. One is a city of unrelated, and for the most part uncontrolled, private property rights; the other is a community intelligently planned and harmoniously adjusted, with the emphasis always on the rights to the community rather than on the rights of the individual property owner."

What Does the Tariff Really Do ?

The Need of an Expert Tariff Commission in United States is Emphasized by Existing Conditions and Prevailing Prices.

"The need of a Tariff Board or Commission" is the title of an article by Albert G. Robinson in the *American Review of Reviews* in which he discusses in an interesting way these two problems: What does a tariff really do? and "How are prices affected?" He says: "The imperative need is not an elaborate and costly investigation of widely differing and frequently changing costs of production, but an intelligent, impartial, and fearless analysis of the tariff itself, its special influence on industries and its actual effect on commodity prices. The producers of these commodities believe that they are financially benefited by the tariff on corn, eggs, butter, hard and beam, and the consumers believe that because of the tariff they must pay advanced prices. Much would be done if, through some responsible official channel, the people of the country could be told the truth about these and scores of other commodities now included in the various schedules, and could be fully assured that it is the truth. From nowhere in the wide world could there possibly come enough of any of the above-mentioned articles to supply this country for a single month, or enough to affect prices by the smallest fraction of a cent.

"By one group, the producers of these commodities have been politically humped into a conviction of price benefit, and, by another group, consumers have been politically flummoxed into a conviction of higher prices due to tariff rates. The notion is widespread and deeply rooted in many minds that somewhere outside our boundaries there exist unlimited quantities of every known substance needed or desired by the American people, and that the tariff schedules are the only barrier against an influx of these commodities at prices materially below the cost of producing similar goods and articles here.

"For a half century we have taken the tariff question so seriously that we have been deaf and blind to its multitude of absurdities and to the rank bunglery that permeates it. The absurdities and the bunglery have no serious economic results. Nothing goes into the farmer's pocket, and nothing goes out of the consumer's pocket, by reason of the tariff on corn. Nothing whatever would be changed if the present tariff rate of 15 cents a bushel were increased to \$15 or dropped to one-fiftieth of a cent. The need of a board or a commission to study, intelligently and free from any political bias, the

tariff itself in its relation to protective industry and commodity prices lies in the many known and more suspected absurdities of this kind.

"The consideration most needed is an impossibility for the Congress. The adjustment of rates by a commission is impossible. The action needs the revenue now derived through the customs. There are industries that need and may reasonably be afforded protection.

There are industries that require only a part of the protection now given them, and there are others that need no protection. The political interests of legislators and parties clearly make impossible any adjustment of tariff rates along exclusively financial and economic lines. Members of Congress have not the time for a work that demands months or years of close and special application. Schedules may be revised and rates may be increased or decreased and the result be only a different and not a better tariff, a mere rearrangement of the groups of the assisted and the disadvantaged.

"Behind any right adjustment of rates there must stand an intelligent public opinion. That can no more be created by the publication of interminable pages of statistics that are difficult of comprehension even by specialists than it can be by a limited circulation of reports of committee hearings and political speeches on the floor of the House and Senate. The demand for revision of the tariff, a demand widespread and persistent, springs almost entirely from the belief that because of excessive

rates imposed the public is compelled to pay excessive prices for many of the wants and requirements of daily life. This is probably the fact in no more than a comparatively limited number of articles, but the belief will exist as long as our methods of tariff making give cause for its existence. It will exist until the public have been shown clearly, fairly and authoritatively the precise effect of tariff rates on the prices of food and clothing, light, heat, and all else necessary for life and for reasonable physical comfort. It will exist as long as the public, or any important part of it can be led to believe that protected interests, by the protection afforded them, gorge themselves with profits at the expense of their victims, the consumers. This is a widespread notion, but it rests on political assertions and not on authoritatively sustained facts.

"In brief, the tariff will be a bone of political contention, a cause of disturbance and depression in trade and production, until, through the agency of some responsible and politically independent board or commission, the facts of the various industries affected and supposed to be affected have been studied and intelligently reported to the American people. Until there is a wider and clearer public knowledge of the influence and the effects of schedules and of individual rates, the tariff will continue to be the jumble of economic absurdities and political compromises that it has been hitherto and is to-day."

The Man for the White House

Frank A. Munsey on the Needs of the Presidential Situation—An Executive and Administrative Genius is Required.

Frank A. Munsey, writing in *Munsey's Magazine* for July, discusses the needs of the Presidential situation. The American system of government, he declares, "needs a nation grown so big as to call for a man for the White House of the greatest measure of executive and administrative qualities. No man can make a dent in that situation unless he be specially endowed with these abilities from God Almighty:

"Executive and administrative genius are just as distinct gifts as poetic and art

and song. The orator and the poet and the legislator of renown are born orators, poet and logicians. They can't be made on this earth. No university has ever yet made one, and no university ever will make one.

"In Germany, when a city wants a mayor, it searches the country over for a mayor with the qualifications for executive work, supplemented by training and experience. Local pride and politics cut

no figure in choosing a mayor in wisely governed Germany.

"We should do well in this country, when we want a President or Governor or mayor, to follow the German custom and go after the man fitted for the job.

"The business of the country is now in much closer relation to the government than ever before. Indeed, it is so much under the control of the government that the latter, in a way, has the dominating voice in the board of directors of our railroad, and all our great corporations.

"We cannot go back to the old system of individual ownership, with its unstable prices, unwise competition, and greater cost and greater waste. We must do business that the cost will be at the lowest possible figure, and then, as a government, we must see that the people benefit by this lowest cost. This is the governmental control we must have; a wise, just, helpful control—helpful alike to our industries and to our people.

"Business to-day is unsettled, halting, and timid. It doesn't know what it can do or what it can't do.

"We have the natural resources, we have the people of brains and energy and courage, and we have the money with which to resume the leading place among the nations as an industrial and commercial country. All we need to bring this about is a wise policy on the part of the government—a policy that will not seek to strangle business, but to help business and to help business to help the money-earner and the consumer, to help all the people, of whatever calling and of whatever position.

"To bring order out of the present chaotic governmental methods will require a very strong man as the leader and general manager of the country's business. I don't believe we can reasonably hope for anything from Washington of all a satisfactory nature unless we have such a man—a man who can command results, a man who knows what we want and will see that we get it."

And having thus outlined the needs of the situation Mr. Munsey proceeds to present the man of the moment in the following strain:

"Is there in the whole country another man who measures up to this requirement as Theodore Roosevelt? If there be, I do not know who it is.

"When we had a little bit of a republic,

with small industries and narrow vision, our scheme of government made it possible to get on after a fashion with an inefficient man in the White House. But with so big a nation as we have now, and with all the local interests of the country clamoring for part of the "cavag," it is well-nigh impossible to get through Congress the unselfish, patriotic legislation that we need, except we have in the White House a man who commands results. And such an executive is likewise essential to the efficient handling of the official departments, which need first-rate leadership quite as much as does his business.

"Wall Street has bitterly criticized Mr. Roosevelt for his mistakes—Wall Street, which itself, mind you, holds the record for mistakes. In discussing Mr. Roosevelt's mistakes, it discreetly says nothing about his successes. There is a lot of hypocrisy, a lot of dishonesty, in all this.

"As for myself, let me say I am glad that Mr. Roosevelt is human enough, big enough, to make mistakes. If he were not, he wouldn't be good for anything. The man who makes no mistakes never accomplishes anything really worth while. To get an accurate measurement of a man—to know his real worth—we must compare his good work with his bad, his success with his failures. If the average shows strongly in his favor, he is the man for the job; if the average is against him, he isn't the man for the job.

"Roosevelt's mistakes as President were trivial as compared with his brilliant and far-reaching achievements. Roosevelt's mistakes as President were relatively few, or, I should say, then the mistakes of any one of our great captains of industry—fewer than those of Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Jim Hill, or any other man whose financial undertakings open the world. They all make mistakes, both in utterance and acts. If they were to try to square themselves to a policy of no mistakes, their usefulness as great leaders in the business world would be at an end.

"Far better the mistakes of progress than the inertia of the sure thing.

"That Mr. Roosevelt, if elected, will restore confidence to the business world, I am certain. That he will point the way to reawakened commerce and become the leader of revived prosperity, I am equally certain."

What New York Spends at the Theatre

The Most Theatre-Hungry City in the World Spends Fifty Million a Year on Theatrical Amusements.

If Paris spent a little less than \$12,000,000 on its amusements last year, as we showed two weeks ago from our consumer reports, that seems small beside New York's \$50,000,000. This figure is the estimate placed by the New York Tribune, explaining that it includes "the money not only of the homes of the drama, but of the opera, concert, vaudeville, and moving pictures." New York is called "the most theatre-hungry city in the world"; but one reason given for this avidity is that little else is provided for the pleasure-seeker. New York has not the safe-life of Paris, nor the cheap driving-fares of European cities, nor yet the "little trips on small boats that go up and down the river."

"That seems to be the real explanation for the race to the glittering lights of Theater Alley—there is nowhere else to go." The large amount which is alleged to be spent in amusement lacks the authoritative statement of the Paris report, for there the 10 per cent. of gross receipts collected by the state for the benefit of the poor gives the figures the validity of a Government report. The Tribune writer tries to match this authentically by giving verification for most of his statements. It is perhaps startling to learn that New York has ninety theaters of all classes, and about seven hundred cinematograph show-places. "If such places of amusement as the parks and shows on Coney Island, and similar resorts at the other beaches, etc., were counted in here, as they are in Paris, there would be no such limit as \$50,000,000. But they are omitted because they are practically inseparable." What we read is this:

"In considering the interest of the playhouses in New York the Hippodrome tops the list with its \$1,500,000 intake during the forty weeks of its 1911-12 season. This is said to be the record even for that highly popular institution.

"The small type of first-class producing theaters, the admirably designed and, for the most part, ably decorated little playhouses for which New York has become famous, have averaged an income of between \$8,000 and \$10,000 a week. The little Comedy Theater, with its popular play, 'Bunty Pulls the Strings,' has averaged

about \$11,000 a week, although it is one of the smallest theaters in the city.

"The Century Theater with the 'Garden of Allah,' has tipped the half-million mark. The wide-spread interest in Mr. Hiebner's book, and in the fervid spirit of romance which permeates it, drew curious theater-goers from over the whole country to revel in the greater realism of the stage.

"Another big playhouse which has been a money-maker is the Winter Garden, which during the past forty weeks has gone considerably over the half-million point. The chastity of the program at this theater of varieties, with the general spirit of impromptu and the constant innovations introduced, has made it a place to drop in upon now and then. This season is a highly profitable one for the box-office, for it is quite as good as an increase in the population.

"Other notable figures in the dramatic field are those which represent the Wilbur and Fields jubilee receipts for their twelve weeks or so of activity at the Broadway. The seat sales for that gala run alone amounted to \$300,000.

Now, the theater is devoted as you think of the forced association, is usually classed as an "amusement." The opera last year, in its one house, brought in from public between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000. Upon which figures The Tribune makes a few interesting comments:

"What answer do these figures make to the assertion that people attend the opera only because it is 'the thing'? It certainly is not 'the thing' to sit in the family circle or the balcony, or to stand downstairs behind the parquetry. Yet a large proportion of the revenue of the Opera House comes from the occupants of the sky seats and from the dense packs of standees. Another point for the music-lover is that, whereas no one claims that it is fashionable to go to concerts, there was \$8,000,000 spent on that form of pleasure during its comparatively short season.

"Lighter forms of musical entertainment are undeniably popular, and every sort of good musical play, ranging from light opera to the musical variety, finds continued and enormous favor. This spring

'Robin Hood,' the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, 'Rose Maid,' as well as the latest type of musical comedy such as 'The Winsome Widow,' at Stieglitz's Moulin Rouge, and 'Over the River,' have kept full house, and those that are still open are defying the summer-time heat to lessen their attendance by a single ticket."

One verification of the intakes must be found in the salaries paid to actors, and the dividends received by playwrights. For example:

"Harry Lander made such a tremendous financial success for his managers last season that he has announced in England that during his tour next season he will receive \$5,000 a week salary.

"Maudie Adams is said to have a guaranteed salary of \$1,000 a week for forty weeks in the year, and besides this a share in the profits of whatever play she is appearing in. This share in 'What Every Woman Knows,' brought her \$201,450 a year ago.

"As for the playwrights, several of them are becoming millionaires through the success of their recent plays. George Broadhurst's 'Bought and Paid For' has made a net profit of over \$100,000 so far, and that

is only a tithe of what it will make before it goes into stock, and even then will continue to earn large sums for its successful author. Harry B. Smith has become a millionaire through writing librettos for musical plays, while the playwrights of the underworld, Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner and George M. Cohan, the brilliant young play-wright of 'Broadway,' have realized that the man of the hour has plenty of money to spend on what he likes.

"The amount of money that rolls in through the ticket-windows of vaudeville houses is hard to estimate. But the fact that higher salaries are paid in the varieties than on the legitimate stage, high as that is, shows how the wind blows, as does the fact that Percy G. Williams considered his six vaudeville theaters in New York worth \$5,000,000, and that he was actually paid this sum by R. F. Keith for the possession of them.

"That 'all the world's a stage' was never so true as it is of New York in the present day. The community may be divided into many classes, but the easiest way is to divide it into just two, players and audience."

ied the condition. Mr. Belasco, for instance, says there are many more competent actors in England than in America. The reason for this is that "in England there is an upper middle class of gentlemen—I mean gentlemen in the technical sense—which does not exist in America. The young men belonging to the families of this class find themselves without employment. They are not fitted for a hard battle with life, but their early education does fit them for the stage. They have the grace of the drawing-room; they are well educated, as a rule, particularly in modern languages; and they travel sufficiently to know much of Europe.

"We can draw from no such class as that. But, on the other hand, our men know more than do the English of the sterner side of life and they should make better character actors. Give to them as thorough a training and so much of an education as the English boys have, and the Americans should, and I believe will, do the better work on the stage. That is the thing I hope to demonstrate."

A further point of interest is added with regard to the particular line of training

which is necessary for actors—and actresses, too. It appears the colleges are not proving of much aid in this connection, in fact college women do not succeed at all. Although women are better natural actors than men the college-bred woman is usually a hopeless failure on the stage. "The college woman is not sufficiently temperamental," says Mr. Belasco. "She is too conventionally self-conscious, and is possessed of an obsession of exact knowledge. Higher education has tended to repress her emotions. A woman must learn to weep to be a great actress. She must be made to feel, to express fear, hatred, love, and all the various emotions. You cannot reach these things through the brain. You cannot teach a woman to get a soul.

"Nevertheless," adds Mr. Belasco, "the highest and best combination will come when the woman is found who has possessed herself of an education and who has not in consequence thereof lost her temperament and smothered her emotions. When that woman is found the world will know a great actress. Perhaps I may be of assistance in her discovery."

Belasco's New School for Actors

An Interesting Experiment which is being made in effort to Raise Level of American Stage Art.

Mr. David Belasco is putting through an interesting experiment which ought to result in a higher level of art for the American stage. He describes his plan in the July World's Work.

"I believe the actor should be educated for his profession just as carefully and just as thoroughly as the young lawyer student is prepared for the legal profession. With that idea in mind I have decided to try to start some ambitious young persons along the right road. I shall establish a class with the very best of teachers—two classes in fact, one for men and another for women—paying all expenses, and giving my own time and thought. I expect that the cost to me for the first two years will be from \$40,000 to \$45,000.

"If I find a youth of promise who must support himself while he is studying, help

will be given to him. If I find another of equal promise who is under obligation to add his mite to the Saturday envelope from which the family draws its support, unemployment will be made for him. I do not intend to lose a promising pupil because of his poverty.

"If I find in the class a son of wealth, all that will be promised him will be that his money shall not work him an injury. He will have to permit me to defray the cost of his education, and he will have to work just as hard and submit himself to the same discipline as the boy at his side who may not have a penny. One requirement I shall make; each student must pledge himself not to enter a theatrical club for three years."

That there is a field in America for such training is evident to those who have stud-

A Six-year Presidential Term

An Impartial View of American Political Situation—Longer Tenure Without Second Term is Advocated on Grounds of Efficiency.

Writing in The National Review A. Maurice Low sets forth the need of some change in the American Presidential system, suggesting a six-year term as follows:

"The contest that has been carried on with such bitterness between the President and ex-President Roosevelt for the Republican nomination for the Presidency has given great impetus to the movement to amend the Constitution so as to increase the term of the President from four to six years, and make him ineligible for re-election. Bills to carry this change into effect are pending in both Houses of Congress, but final action is not likely to be taken at this session, and perhaps not for a good many sessions, for the American people are conservative and the emergency must be very great before they will consent to alter the

framework of their Government. Yet it will no doubt come in time, and when it does come we shall be spared the undignified performance which has been witnessed during the last three months. It is not an edifying spectacle, and it does not tend to elicit respect for the chief magistracy, to hear the President denouncing his predecessor as a falsifier, or to read that the former President has branded his successor as weak and foolish and unworthy to be entrusted with the power of his high office. Americans are shocked and humiliated. They feel they have been disappointed in the eyes of the world, and they do not wonder that Europe should hold a very low opinion of American politics. Truth compels one to say that the lowest opinion held is amply justified, as I shall show. It is in the line of preventing a recurrence of this scandal that the Constitutional amendment

is urged. So long as a President is eligible for re-election he will almost inevitably seek a second term, and now that Mr. Roosevelt has shown that it is not treason to the Republic to aspire to a third term, there is nothing to prevent a President remaining in the White House as long as he can manipulate conventions and primaries, and to do that he must take part in the work of campaigning and beset the Presidency with the most of politics.

"If the President is limited to a single term of six years the temptation to play politics with a view to his re-election is removed. A President has rarely such moral strength that in his first term he does not think of his second, and—if the example set by Mr. Roosevelt is a precedent—in his second he would think of his third, and so on indefinitely; and to gain his second term he must either make a record by a great show of activity, which means only too often the passage of a great deal of very undesirable legislation, or else the burling of desirable legislation because of the fear of antagonizing certain interests. Every President naturally wants a second term, because to be denied it is a blow to pride. It is well known that Mr. Taft has found

the Presidency dead sea fruit, and would have been glad to retire at the end of his term if he could have done so without loss of prestige, but as soon as it was attempted to deny him what was his by the right of tradition, he was forced very much against his will to fight, with the result that we have seen. A President who knows that he has six years to serve and no longer will be, during those six years, absolutely independent. He will be his own master. He will have nothing to fear from foes and very little to hope for from friends. As it is natural for the normal man to want to be well thought of by his contemporaries as well as posterity, a President would try to make a reputation based on solid achievement; he would give more time to things that really count rather than to wasting his time over appointments and other petty matters, which he is now compelled to do because he is thinking always of his re-election. The proposal to change the Constitution and limit the term of the President is supported almost without exception by the Press and meets with very little opposition from public men, but the inertia of conservatism must be overcome, and that of course takes time."

The British Labor Outlook

"New Reformation, Social, Moral and Religious," Needed to Give Workers Seven Hour Day and Living Minimum Wage.

Labor is no match for capital, in the opinion of Frederick Harrison, the British Positivist who has been active in labor's cause for fifty years. Labor is thoroughly routed in England; its friends are in the Ministry, it showed its power in the great coal and dock strikes, and now there is talk of a nation-wide general strike to bring capital to its knees and show that labor is the master. Mr. Harrison discourages all such talk, because he is sure labor would lose by it. What is needed, he believes, is a new reformation, "social, moral, and religious," that will give the worker his due—a seven-hour work-day and a living minimum wage. It was Mr. Harrison who aided the strike in the building trades which won the Saturday half-holiday and an increase in wages. He has served on the Trade Union Commission (1867-1869) and has

been a diligent agitator for labor legislation since 1871. He thinks that all the present rebellion and unrest spring from the fact that the hours of labor are too long and the pay too short. As we see here, he is not over optimistic:

"I have studied these labor troubles too long and too closely to dream of any legislation, or conference, or agreement whatever doing more than patching up a truce for the moment. And I hold the necessary reorganization of society to be far too deep, and wide, and complex to be brought about by any means, or in any one revolution of industrial life. One who for these fifty years has watched this growing unrest, and has been in close touch with the best labor leaders and the most enlightened chiefs of industry, could not give way to optimism to-day. I see long and arduous

struggles before both workmen and managers in our marvellous industrial world. And I know what menacing obstacles face both, whether political, economic, or social. I have always held and taught that industry can not be in a settled and healthy state until seven hours is made the normal standard of a day's labor and a fixed 'living wage' for a regular stated term is recognized as being nearly the irreducible part of remuneration, the rest being proportioned to the profits resulting from the work done."

Mr. Harrison declares that he is no anarchist; while he considers that there are circumstances in which a general strike is inevitable, he does not see how it can fail to increase the misery of the poor laborer without always securing the advantages he hopes for. The claims put forth by the unions he declares to be "dogmatic, morally and socially right. But the methods of attaining these results are vague, contradictory, and anarchical." He proceeds:

"We hear big phrases about national strikes, international leagues, about 'the doom of modern society,' and 'slinking civilization to its foundations.' But, supposing all these ends accomplished—what then? How can civilization be ruined without ruining those by whom . . . civilization is built up day by day? What is going to be put in the place of modern society? Will not the doom of society be also the doom of labor? If not, tell us how it is proposed to organize industry. On this vital point all the leaders, politicians, and prophets are at variance. Some say by reform bills, by new electoral machinery, by votes for women, by a legal minimum. Others demand a universal stoppage of all work, by blockading the ports, starving great cities, paralyzing the means of locomotion, by monster demonstrations, and so throwing masters and capitalists into a panic. The advocates of these mutually destructive schemes denounce the proposals of each other more violently than they denounce either governments or employers. It is a day of Pentecost with them. They all talk different tongues, each unknown and odious to the rest."

The fact is, as noted above, he believes labor is really no match for capital, which must win every time, while strikes simply increase the misery of the poor. Thus we read:

"Capital is not only an enormously powerful but a singularly adroit creation of

modern civilization. It is not so easily frightened and not so readily outwitted. The recent general strikes only proved how helpless and suicidal they must be—while the laborers are not united with a firm belief in a new form of practical industry. Organized capital only smacks at more anarchical outbursts. And the general strike—any great strike—without vast reserved funds, without unity, discipline, trusted leadership, and a definite future, is anarchy."

Mr. Harrison, who is president of the English Positivists, a high and dry philosopher of metaphysical and economic genius, thinks that the cure for the labor unrest, rebellion and riot cannot be found in legislation or the conflict of the classes. The country, he believes, needs a moral reform, such as that wave of humanity which swept over the Roman world, and put a stop to gladiatorial shows, when one man leapt between the fighting slaves of the arena and sacrificed his life that the brutal conditions might be abolished forever. This condition might be abolished for ever, this country needs some analogies for the disease of society. But a genuine remedy must come from within the body politic itself, as we read in the following striking words with which Mr. Harrison concludes his essay:

"By all means try various temporary palliatives. Profit-sharing may be good as far as it goes and can be worked. Conciliation has done something, and may do more. The arbitration of public industries may be useful. New blood in Parliament is constantly needed. There are now before it bills and schemes which ought to be tried. But let not workmen think that, given the present tone on both sides of this unrest, any legislative, political, or economic devices will touch the root of the matter."

"Nothing will touch it but a new and better spirit in all who work and who organize work—a new social, moral, and religious reformation. That is too big a thing to enter on here. For the present let employers reflect that the unrest is close to stay, and will not be ended by petty devices. And let workmen reflect that, even if they could 'shake civilization'—which is quite unlikely—they and theirs would suffer and suffer most, unless they see what the new civilization is to be—and then join as one man, determined to secure it."

The Advertiser and his Tools

Primarily a Craftsman He must make use of Stipulated Tools in Conducting Successful Advertising Campaigns.

"The advertising man, whatever he may become, is primarily a craftsman. The basic need of a capable, successful advertising man is an exact and thorough acquaintance with the tools of his profession—what they are; how to use them. A carpenter must first become a skilled workman before he can become an artisan, much less an artist. Techniques must come before creative expression."

"What are the 'tools' of the advertising profession?" asks Carroll Westall in *Advertising and Selling*. In answer he enumerates the following:

- 1—Analysis, or the power which resolves things of greater or less complexity into their elements;
- 2—Imagination, which takes these elements and weaves them into new and different combinations;
- 3—Language, or the power to communicate the products of analysis and imagination to the minds of others;
- 4—Graphic Arts, or the powers of design, typography, and pictorial illustration in combination with paper, to present language in attractive, striking, and permanent form; and
- 5—Media, or the avenues by which the specific products of analysis plus imagination, expressed in appropriate language, and suitably designed, composed, and illustrated, may find the audiences to which they appeal.

"Having once gained a sure grasp on the tools or fundamentals of his profession, the developing advertising man must next study the application of these elementary principles to the larger problems of appeal and response. And here he is confronted by the fact that no problem of any dimension is isolated, but 'corrosette' with other problems, individually and en masse, so closely and consecutively, as virtually to compel a study of the individual problem in the light of similar and larger problems."

"The advertising bases represent rough and often unrelated data in process of collection and tentative arrangement. But in the application of these advertising bases to the larger problems which surround them we are fortunate in being able to summon to our aid a group of sciences which by virtue of their relatively longer existence

than advertising present an impressive array of well organized principles and knowledge. What are these sciences?

- I—Psychology, or the science of mental phenomena—their classification and application;
- II—Economics, or the science of political economy, industrial organization and methods;
- III—Sociology, or the science of the constitution and evolution of human society; and
- IV—Ethics, or the science of human morality and duty.

"How do these sciences connect with advertising problems? Take the first of these, psychology, the study of the human mind. The capable advertising man must study psychology for the power of self-analysis which it gives him, for with self-knowledge comes development along intelligent, effective lines. And he must study psychology equally to gauge unerringly the minds of those to whom he must appeal. And these two extremes, the one subjective, the other objective, he will find almost the alpha and omega of all advertising. All advertising is psychology to greater or less degree. The study of this great science is merely that we may do consciously and surely what we formerly did blindly and more or less ineffectively."

"Economics is an older science and surely needs no defence. Advertising which is not in keeping with sound economic principles may violate no other of our many principles yet fail utterly because not built on the solid rock.

Advertising is not static, but dynamic. It is a tremendous factor in the life of the modern world. It has power to change, is changing, the habits, beliefs, and mode of living of all civilized peoples. Since it can, and in part must do this to justify itself from the economic standpoint, it becomes necessary to study human society, to see how it is composed, and from the history of what it has been in the past, to gain some idea of what it is in process of becoming. Sociology, through its analysis of social development, points the way to the intelligent application of advertising as a great social tool.

"Of course, at bottom, advertising is merely the dissemination of information. Developed to efficiency, it is the scientific, attractive, and forcible presentation of the essential facts about a commodity. Raised to highest power, it is the expression of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"The successful advertising man in any real sense of the word may not be religious, perhaps, but he must at least be ethical. And every system of ethics is based on truth, being as one of the most essential of all virtues. Furthermore, advertising to be successful must be believable, and advertising to be believable, must be free, reasonably impartial, and dominated by the ideal of uncompromising truth.

"Here in these advertising bases working out and through the advertising sciences we have surely made possible a large and ever-widening horizon for the advertising man who will acknowledge no boundaries for the tidal power of his spirit. He will find unfolding to him the ideal of the true cosmopolite—the alertness, lively curiosity, and love of form of the Greek; the

Roman sense of order and proportion; the search for definiteness and constancy of the Italian; German thoroughness and innovating power; French clarity and penetration; the balance, stately common sense, and self-control of the Anglo-Saxon; and towering above all else the majestic ethics of the Hebrew and his unconquerable passion for the right.

"He will find developing in him the love of truth of the scientist, the sense of professional responsibility of the architect and physician, and the creative instinct of the true artist. He must needs become a wide and catholic reader, a lover of music, the fine arts, the drama, literature, and outwardly a social being, in touch with and playing his part in the ethical, social, and political movements of the day.

"These things will enrich his life, and through this enrichment will inevitably increase his power and ability as an advertising man. For, after all, the man is greater than the profession. And to be a successful advertising man, one must first and always be a successful man."

Humanity in Business

"The Future lies with the Business Man"—Great Forces which Underlie the Business World To-day and Make for Prosperity.

The Organizer for July declares the most notable and encouraging feature of the present direction of thought is the preeminence which is being given to the human element in business. As an example, we would point to the methods now adopted by retailers, whose ways are more apparent than those of any other section of business men.

"The retailer used to say to himself, 'Here are my goods. I will sell them for as much as I can get; the greater the profit the better for me.' The retailer now says, 'How can I best please my customers?'

"At least, the most enlightened of them do."

"The most successful retailers to-day are those who devote the greatest amount of thought to finding ways in which they can please the people with whom they deal. The trader who is succeeding in finding the most ways in which he can please his customers is the man who is doing the biggest business and making the most money."

"Another outstanding example is that

of the employees who best comprehend the points of view of the people who work for them, and who train them best and encourage them most by good pay and good conditions to do their utmost.

"In fact, 'service to the community' is getting quite a hackneyed phrase, but it is going to get a deal more hackneyed in the future, and the man who is not doing much good for himself will do well to stop and consider whether he is doing much good for anybody else. The two things generally go together, and may supply him with a useful suggestion.

"Of course, there always was a large percentage of decent business men who preferred to give a square deal all round, and there always was, and probably always will be, a number who do not really know what honesty is. But what matters is the fact that business men are now applying honesty more than before to their affairs, and the public is getting used to looking for it.

Soon the public will expect it instead of being surprised.

"Decent men are getting the 'service' idea into their heads, and in working out this idea they are going to solve many problems which other people have been playing with in the past.

"Take the case of the manufacturer, who not only builds a factory and an industry, but creates a community. There are not many such, but the number is increasing. These men, by taking more and more interest in their employees and dealing with

their difficulties, are getting down to the root of things. They are helping to solve some of our greatest problems. Not only are they doing their duty as producers and distributors, but they are dealing with such subjects as housing, unemployment, and even eugenics. As business attracts and develops men of greater calibre and power they will want to take a hand in matters outside the region of their own affairs, and will be better equipped to deal with national problems than any who have gone before them.

Problems Arising From Panama Canal

Government Ownership of Railways and the Canal Maintained Free of Tolls Advocated by Political Writer.

In a somewhat ingenious article in Pearson's Magazine, O. C. Barber, writing on "Our Panama Canal Opportunity" advocates the government ownership of railroads and the Panama canal maintained free of tolls as a master stroke of policy on the part of the United States.

"Government ownership of the railroads and the Panama canal maintained free of tolls to the shipping of the world," writes Mr. Barber, "would combine to bring the United States an era of prosperity and a position of world leadership which could never be successfully assailed."

This sounds rather reckless, but the writer figures out his proposition in detail. In brief his contention is the government could pay the annual actual cost of canal operation and maintenance with the railroad net earnings for two days, provided the government assumed charge. This would make the canal self-supporting even though free of tolls, which, it is held, it must be, in order to prove a success. Moreover, the people would benefit from this combined proposition in lower railroad and steamship rates. In Mr. Barber's opinion the combination is essential. He continues:

"Neither alone would do this. Separated they could scarcely be more independent of each other. Government ownership would bring undesired-of prosperity, but it would have no effect upon international commerce. A free canal would make the

United States virtually the commercial centre of gravity of the world, but whatever of benefit would accrue to the railroads would be wholly lost to the country in general.

"But take the two together and the combination is inevitable. Its world leadership plainer than the handwriting Nebuchadnezzar saw and marveled at!

"There is grave danger whether, if the proposed toll of \$1.25 a ton is imposed, the canal will ever be made to pay interest upon its original cost and the expenses of maintenance and operation. In this respect it may prove a colossal disappointment. There is even greater danger that as an economic investment it may become a \$400,000,000 fiasco!

"Contending that it will have cost \$400,000,000 when completed (the bonds being 3 per cent.), at least \$300,000,000 annually to operate and \$1,000,000 for the incidentals of maintenance, and you have an obligation of \$16,000,000 to meet each twelve months. This means that to make the canal even self-supporting it must register at least 13,000,000 tons annually.

"The most enthusiastic advocates of independent coastwise steamship lines estimate the probable transcontinental freight movement will not exceed 4,500,000 tons when the canal is opened. The New Panama Canal Company, the French syndicate from which the canal rights were acquired by the government, estimated that a tonnage of not less than 6,000,000 annually

would be available or 'in sight' on the opening day. It is safe to assume the Frenchmen did not underestimate, for they figured upon the unwarranted assumption that all the New Zealand business with Europe would be handled via Panama.

"So if you concede the canal all the French company claimed in tonnage, and all the independent steamship line promoters are claiming, leaving not a ton of New Zealand shipping to go via Suez and not a ton of transcontinental freight for the railroads, you are still 2,500,000 tons short of the amount necessary to make the canal merely self-supporting.

"But don't despair!

"Suppose the government were to take over the railroads that last year showed a net earnings of \$30,362,457 (Interstate Commerce Commission figures, twenty-third annual report).

"Uncle Sam could wipe out the entire Panama indebtedness with less than six months' earnings from these railroads!

"He could pay the annual actual expenses of canal operation and maintenance with the railroad net earnings of less than two days!

"And if independent steamships carried all of the estimated 4,500,000 tons of transcontinental freight at one-third the present railroad rates it would mean millions of dollars saved the public annually in the cost of living."

Next Mr. Barber considers the possible effect on the ocean shipping between Europe and the Orient, a phase of the question which is of particular interest to Canadians. As an illustration his reference to the shipping of coal may suffice:

"The trade routes for this shipping have been established for many years. They have been determined upon with a view to saving distance and taking advantage of the many coaling ports and important trading points along the way. Moreover, when trade is once established over a particular route it adheres thereto with great tenacity. An entirely revolutionary condition must develop to divert it.

"With a toll of \$1.25 a ton for the Panama canal, such a condition can never be brought about. No freight can be picked up between Europe and America. In the Pacific there is too little land and far too much water to produce any considerable volume of shipping. And coal is scarce and expensive. Whatever freight might be added to the original trips between Europe and the Orient must come from American ports.

"Despite all this, once the Panama canal is relieved of tolls, the necessary revolutionary condition is provided.

"Coal is, and will continue to be, an all-important item in ocean traffic. Coal, as much as a free canal, will make for the solving of this next-world problem. But free tolls will force cheap coal where it is most needed to benefit American interests.

"To-day Welsh coal, with which vessels in Liverpool fill their bunkers at \$230 a ton, brings \$16 a ton at Punta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan, and the same price in the several principal South American Pacific coast ports. A free canal will cut this price in two as far south at least as Valparaiso. It will supply the Pacific coaling stations, certain of establishment with a readjustment of trade routes, with coal at a trifle more than this price at most. Especially will this be so when the Alaskan coal deposits are developed. Ultimately Alaskan coal will give all competitors a little royal for control of the markets of the Orient.

"Let us say, for the purpose of illustrating the possibilities of a free canal, that two vessels of 6,000 net tons sail from Liverpool for Hong Kong, one via Suez, the other via Panama. Incidentally a comparison more unfavorable to Panama could not be chosen. At Liverpool both vessels would load to the full capacity of their bunkers, say 1,000 tons, with Welsh coal, at \$250 a ton. The distance via Suez is approximately 20,000 miles for the round trip. This would require 2,500 tons of coal if the vessel made eight miles to the ton. I am taking the late Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans as the authority in this estimate. European ports could cost her \$4 a ton; beyond Suez \$6; making the average price \$5 for the 1,500 tons she would have to buy en route. So the coal bill would aggregate \$10,000. Add to this the \$2 a net ton for Suez canal tolls, \$30,000 for both ways, and the expense of tolls and fuel are \$14,000 for round trip.

"The vessel going via Panama, touching at New York and other Atlantic coast points, San Francisco, Yokohama and Shanghai, both ways, would cover approximately 32,000 miles and would consume 4,000 tons of coal. Of this 3,000 tons would be brought en route at prices ranging from \$6 to \$10, say an average of \$8. This would make the total fuel outlay \$24,000.

"So, on this longest of all routes to the Orient via Panama, the vessel choosing it has a clear advantage of \$7,500 a trip over her competitor going via Suez. And this

takes no account of the higher freight rates she would enjoy upon all consignments picked up in American ports for this long carriage across the Pacific.

"Going via Suez from Liverpool to Yokohama a vessel would cover 24,000 miles for the round trip, touching at Singapore, Hongkong and Shanghai. This trip would require 3,900 tons of coal, which, figured as above, would bring the fuel bill to \$12,500. The Suez tolls, adding \$24,000, would make the total expense outlay \$36,500 for the trip.

"Via Panama the total distance would be about 28,000 miles and the total fuel cost for 3,500 tons, figured upon the Panama basis, would be \$22,500.

The Panama route would have an advantage of \$14,000 a trip.

"Liverpool to Sydney, Australia, via Suez and Singapore, is 25,000 for the round trip. The 3,125 tons of coal needed would cost \$13,125. Suez tolls would add \$24,000. Aggregate expense, \$37,125.

"Via Panama the distance would be 26,400 miles, fuel necessary, 3,250 tons, total expense, \$22,500.

"This would mean a saving of nearly \$15,000 a trip via Panama.

"The round trip via Suez, Liverpool to

New Zealand via Singapore, Sydney and Melbourne, is approximately 30,000 miles. Fuel necessary 3,750 tons; cost \$19,500. Add to this the Suez tolls, \$24,000, and the expense, as above for the Panama route, is made absolutely prohibitive.

"For the Panama route, approximately 24,000 miles, can be covered with a fuel outlay of \$18,500.

"A saving on each trip of \$24,500. And the larger the vessel the more advantage to the Panama route. Through Suez every added net ton means 82 more of expense charge.

"Yet even this tremendous showing of advantage may not serve immediately to influence the nations of Europe to reshuffle their trade routes through the Panama Canal. The Suez Canal Company, a private concern, has been paying 20 per cent. dividends for years. Rather than lose the business, it would probably cut the present rates one-half. Were this done, and a rate of even one dollar a ton imposed at Panama, European shipping would still continue to go via Suez. But even with Suez making such a reduction, Panama, free of tolls, would be on better than an equal footing for all business save that to Chinese ports."

The Mastery of the Pacific

Responsibilities of the British Empire in Connection with the Yellow Peril—How the Situation Must be Met.

The Nineteenth Century is an article on "Some Strategic Problems of the Empire," written by Major Stewart L. Murray, makes these significant observations on the mastery of the Pacific and the yellow peril problem:

"The mastery of the Pacific is a most difficult and ungracious subject to touch, but nevertheless it is a question which we cannot shirk. Japan is our ally, our welcome and honored ally, and long may that alliance last. But our gallant allies would themselves be the first to admit that every sane nation, every sane statesman, every sane elector must recognize the sphenoidal and kaleidoscopic nature of political groupings or alliances as a truth undeniably proved by universal history. In the light of history all alliances have been but tem-

porary, durable only so long as the temporary interests of the two contracting parties remained the same. So long and not longer. The longer our alliance with Japan shall last the better pleased we shall be. But how long will it last? And what then? Who can tell? In ourselves only we can trust.

"In the Pacific we have responsibilities to the Empire, to Canada, to Australia, to New Zealand which we are bound to look in the face. If there is one thing nearer than anything else to the hearts of our brethren in Australia it is the resolute determination that, come what may, Australia shall remain a White Australia. This determination we cannot ignore, nor refuse to back up by the force, potential or actual, of our navy, without breaking up the Em-

pire. Our brethren see the future commercial and military expansion of the Mongolian race, with unabated North Australia offering a tempting field thereunto. They see a Yellow Peril which they are arming and training themselves to meet if it should unfortunately ever become necessary. Hardly less vividly does the same peril loom before the eyes of our brethren in New Zealand and Pacific Canada. The writhe qualities and power of Japan, so recently and heroically proved to a wondering world, because of vast significance to them.

"The United States of America are also vitally interested, as has been so ably shown in that remarkable book the *Valor of Ignorance*, by Homer Lea. In that interesting study of the question as it stands to-day the British Empire is regarded as a negligible quantity, because Australasia is not yet powerful enough and because the British fleet is tied to Home waters. The question is regarded as one entirely between the United States and Japan. A truly humiliating position for us. A negligible quantity in a question so nearly affecting the Anglo-Saxon race the British Empire cannot consent to remain.

"The only way in which we can in this matter discharge our duty to the Empire is by restoring to our navy its strategic freedom to act in force in distant seas. We require to this end an Imperial Navy prepared for the double task of sending a fleet to Australian waters if required equal to that of Japan, and of retaining at the same

time in Home waters a fleet equal to that of Germany in case of intervention. Behind this Imperial Navy we require a national army capable of defeating any invasion, for otherwise (according to the Naval Note by the First Sea Lord in Compulsory Service) we shall have to keep tied to Home waters a fleet double that of Germany. If we do not build up to such a two-power, or two keels to one, standard, we shall prove ourselves false to the Empire and to the Anglo-Saxon race.

"A national army capable of dealing victoriously with the Russo-Indian problem will be capable of all that is required for the mastery of the Pacific problem by restoring to our navy its strategic freedom to act in the Pacific.

"In addition it is to be earnestly desired on both sides that the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, the British Empire and the United States, shall as soon as possible be united, not only by a treaty of arbitration, but a distinct naval understanding, followed by a distinct alliance, for the preservation of the status quo in the Pacific, to our mutual advantage and security.

"As regards the necessary Imperial Navy built up to the two-keels-to-one standard, so necessary for Western Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, can the Dominions guarantee their proper proportion on a basis of population, one-fourth, or even one-fifth? For the burden will become shortly almost too great for the Mother country to bear alone."

Westernization of the Holy Land

Ideas of the New World are being introduced in Palestine Very Rapidly—Some of the Recent Changes.

"Very rapidly, and with so little publicity that the rest of the world scarcely recognizes it, the westernization of Palestine has been going on ever since the triumph of the Young Turkish party over Abdul Hamid, the late Sultan, some three years ago. In political, educational, and particularly in economic reforms there has been a great deal of progress. Important railroad and transportation concessions have been granted, while Jerusalem, Joricho, and Palestine's newest city, Beersheba have been given a much needed water sup-

ply." So writes H. J. Steptone in *Pagan Mechanics*.

Until quite recently the Holy City has been entirely dependent for its water upon the rainfall. Now it is brought in the city from Solomon's old pools, to the south of Bethlehem, by means of specially laid pipes. Thus the ancient cisterns, built to supply Jerusalem with water in Solomon's time, have been repaired and made to supply the Jerusalem of to-day with pure water. Then, what is believed to be the well used by Abraham at Beersheba now supplies that

tows with water by means of a modern motor pump, while Jericho obtains fresh water from Elitha's Fountain by means of specially installed pumps and pipes.

"Both Damascus and Beirut have also recently had their water supplies greatly improved, and now boast of their electric tramway services. Damascus was the first city in Asia to have electric trams and electric light. This is remarkable when we remember that it is the oldest city in the world, having been a place of great importance in the days of Abraham. In the near future, however, Jerusalem will undoubtedly possess electric trams, and representatives of an important American syndicate are now in the Holy City submitting plans for equipping it with an efficient tramway service as well as with electric light.

"Indeed, in every department of commercial enterprise and activity, modern methods are being rapidly brought into vogue. On the rich plains of Samos and also on the tablelands between Jaffa and Jerusalem, steam-driven threshing machines and modern harvesters may be seen, taking the place of the primitive threshing floors. Then, all over the country, particularly in the orange groves, the primitive way of raising water for irrigation and other purposes is being superseded by pumps driven by kerosene motors.

"Then, in Jerusalem itself much has been done in widening some of the narrower thoroughfares, particularly in the business quarters of the town. The city is now better drained and its streets better kept. Two modern water-works were recently imported and are now being used and the municipality has been supplied with a modern steam fire-extinguishing pump. It was but recently also that the Turkish authorities granted a concession to several American and English Companies for the construction and exclusive operation of telephone both in the Turkish capital and also in Jerusalem, while an English company is about to connect the Jerusalem police with bicycles. The very latest appliances may be detected in the building operations that are now going on and reinforced concrete is being used in some of the more important edifices.

"On that historic sheet of water, the Dead Sea, there is now a motorboat, the only self-propelled craft at present on Palestine waters. For permission to run this craft its owner pays the government a monthly rental of \$50. The authorities

in Constantinople are now considering applications for permission to place similar craft upon the Sea of Galilee and the River Jordan.

"Perhaps it is in transportation facilities that the development is most marked. One has only to add that when the Turkish parliament met in the spring, there were submitted to it plans for the construction of no fewer than 1,500 miles of railroad with mineral and oil rights in the Anatolia dominions of the Sultan, to show the rapid development now going on in this part of the world. The lines of the Hejaz Railroad are to be carried with all speed across the 285 miles of desert between Medina and Mecca. Starting from Damascus, this line runs almost due south through wild and sterile country for more than 300 miles to Medina, the burial place of Mohammed. It is principally used for carrying Mohammedan pilgrims. At many of its more important stations one can now send telegrams in any European language to all parts of the world. Until quite recently they had to be written in either the Turkish or the Arabic languages.

"This, of course, is by no means the only railroad in Palestine. The first to be opened was that which connects the seaport of Jaffa with Jerusalem. Then followed one from Beirut, on the coast, to Damascus, and more recently, the line from Haifa, also on the coast, round the northern end of the Sea of Galilee to Damascus. Of the lines yet to be built in Asiatic Turkey, one will extend from Samoson, on the Black Sea, in a southeasterly direction to a point near the Persian border. Another will start from some port on the Mediterranean, not yet determined, and stretch in a northeasterly direction to Lake Van, crossing the other line. When the famous Bagdad Railroad has progressed another 200 miles, with the Hejaz enterprise completed, Mecca will be in direct railroad communication with Constantinople, and also with the great centers of Europe. When the other lines now projected are completed, Persia will be connected with the Mediterranean Sea, and Nizareth, the ancient capital of Samaria, will be a halfway station between a reformed kingdom of the Shah and a Palestine which has been quickened to modern life by steel rails, telegraphs, telephones and western business methods."

Employers and Employees

The Gospel of the Square Deal as Exemplified in Co-Partnership Arrangement, which Results in Mutual Benefits.

Of increasingly interesting value to the business world to-day is any feasible means of bettering the relationship between capital and labor. In the July issue of *The Organizer*, W. J. Chittick has an excellent article on the fair treatment of employees by employers, in the course of which these suggestions appear:

"Now that employers are beginning to realize that it pays to treat their workers honestly, just as it pays to treat their customers honestly, they are beginning to wonder how to do it. Fortunately, they have not far to seek.

"They have the example of a few wise men who thought this matter out years ago, and have evolved various schemes by which they and their employees are working for the success of the business which provides for them, instead of using up mental force in scheming to get the better of each other.

"Now, there is one scheme above all others which stands out as the best if only it can be worked, and that is full co-partnership. Co-partnership is as far beyond profit-sharing as the latter is beyond no scheme at all, and to-day we are hearing a great deal about co-partnership. It is being advocated by politicians and by business men.

"But the meaning of co-partnership is not at all clear in the minds of a number of people, and there are many different forms and many different degrees to co-partnership. It is as well to emphasize that co-partnership does not mean that payment for work done is made partly in cash and partly in shares, or in kind. Payment should be entirely in cash, and the workers, or at least a large portion of them, being actual partners in the concern, should receive a dividend as shareholders in addition to full wages as workmen.

"In the fullest sense of the word co-partnership also means that one partner should have just as clear a title to his invested capital as another partner, although the practicability of this does not always commend itself to the employer.

"It is exceedingly difficult in the case of a private firm or a private company to make such an arrangement as has been indicated. A workman having become a partner may leave and go to a rival firm, in

which event it would clearly be desirable to regain possession of his shares on behalf of the other employees.

"In the case, however, of public companies, the value of whose shares is generally quoted, the adoption of full co-partnership is much simplified, because the capital is split up conveniently into units, and there are always a number of shareholders who are ready to sell at a price which the market itself fixes, and which is presumably a fair price.

"The plan adopted by one or two large public companies is that a certain share of the profits, after paying dividends at an agreed rate, shall be distributed amongst the employees. This is the worker's share of the profit, and in order that they may become partners it is necessary that they should apply the whole or a certain part of this bonus to the purchase of shares.

"It has sometimes been objected that employers make it obligatory that at least a portion of this profit should be applicable only to the purchase of shares, but it will be seen that unless this is done the scheme is not co-partnership, but profit-sharing. In order to make co-partnership you must provide for a proprietary interest, and the whole principle of co-partnership is to make the interests of the worker identical with those of other stock holders.

"If a man wishes to take his bonus and not apply for shares he is not looked upon as the most desirable type of employee; but in practice it is found to work out that the great majority of the employees want to buy the shares. I was informed by a large employer, who has an arrangement that only half of the bonus need be applied towards the purchase of shares, that 50 per cent. was actually used by the men to increase their holdings.

"The acquisition of the shares is, of course, a simple matter when they are quoted on the market. They are bought at their value by an official on behalf of the employees, and are then held by the latter, who, in future, receive the dividends payable thereon in addition to the share of the profits which still goes to them each year as employees.

"It will readily be seen that if the company is prospering, as profit-sharing com-

panies generally do, the worker is adding every year to his capital, and gradually acquires a very respectable holding. The plan has been found to have a very good moral effect on the workers, and the man who previously never dreamed of ever having property worth more than a few pounds gradually begins to see the value of thrift; and, in addition to the shares which he acquires more or less automatically, it frequently induces him to put aside a share of his wages, which is also used to increase his stock holding.

"I have heard that Sir George Livesey, before he started co-partnership, would drive to South Wales in connection with a local strike. He saw a man still working on a small locomotive in the docks and said, 'And why are you not on strike?'" The man replied, "I am a shareholder in the concern. Pretty foolish I should look to be striking against myself." This undoubtedly sums up the attitude of the

workers where co-partnership has been in operation.

"Provided a fair day's wage is paid in the first place—and that is always contemplated by co-partnership—it makes the interests of everyone concerned identical. It means that the men are going to think for the business, and are going to be in favor of anything which makes for the prosperity of the business. From this point it is easy to get the co-operation of the men in effecting savings and in working honestly. It makes a man anxious that his mate should work as hard as he does rather than that he should not work harder than his mate. Under some schemes employees have to take to appoint representatives from amongst themselves to the board of directors, and this leads not only to co-operation, but to good counsel, since it is a means by which employers and their workers are led to understand each other's difficulties."

Social Justice and Socialism

Chief Measures of Relief Offered by Socialist Party as Preparation for Workers to Seize Powers of Government

The editor of The North American Review shows by the figures the growth of the Socialist party in the United States, and, as of more significance, how the responses, elicited by skillful but specious appeal, have been favorable to Socialist doctrines. He says:

"It clearly behoves us to examine and study the latest declaration of doctrines made by the Socialist party in the hope of winning a more general support from the American people.

Assuming as a major premise that "the overwhelming majority of the people of America are being forced under a yoke of bondage by soulless industrial despotism," the Socialist party proposes to remedy the condition thus depicted by affirmative acts designed to accomplish the following results:

"Abolition of the Senate and the veto power of the President.

"Adoption of Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, nationally as well as locally."

In other words, vest all power of legislation in the mass of the people, retaining only a semblance of representative govern-

ment in the House of Representatives, whose members would be subject to recall. Under this system, as now practiced in Oregon, a majority of the votes cast throughout the country would enact any proposed law.

"Abolition of the power usurped by the Supreme Court of the United States to pass upon the constitutionality of the legislation enacted by Congress."

This would enable the majority of voters to pass upon the constitutionality of the laws which they themselves had enacted. The effect would be identical with that of the proposed plan to permit the people to recall decisions, but the operation would be less cumbersome.

"Abolition of the Federal district courts and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The election of all judges for short terms."

Thus virtually establish popular government on the bench as well as in legislative halls.

"Abolish the profit system in government work and substitute direct hire of

labor or awarding of contracts to co-operative groups of workers.

"Establish minimum wage scales.

"Establish old-age pensions and enforce upon the State and all employers a system of insurance against industrial diseases, accidents, and deaths without cost to the workers.

"The immediate government relief of the unemployed by the extension of all useful public works to be engaged directly by the government under a work-day of not more than eight hours, and not less than the prevailing union wages. The government also to establish employment bureaus; to lend money to States and municipalities without interest for the purpose of carrying on public works, and to take such other measures within its power as will lessen the wide-spread misery of the workers caused by the misrule of the capitalist class."

A comprehensive programme involving enormous expenditures of money whose sources are not indicated.

"Collective ownership and democratic management of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and all other social means of transportation and of all large-scale industries."

Government ownership is understood-

able, but "collective ownership," even as defined by James, has yet to be made clear to American minds. "Democratic management" of great organizations is widely misunderstood.

"Collective ownership of land wherever practicable, and in cases where such ownership is impracticable, the appropriation by taxation of the annual rental value of all land held for speculation."

Obviously the question of "practicability" is here so transcendent as to render speculation as to method futile.

"Collective ownership and democratic management of the banking and currency system."

Again arises the Socialist's distinction between government and collective ownership. As stated, the proposition might easily be deprived of the word "system," which seems to be curiously lacking in re-relationship with either democratic or collective direction of fiscal business.

Such are the chief "measures of relief" which are offered by the Socialist party, not as an end, but frankly as only "a preparation of the workers to seize the whole powers of government in order that they may thereby lay hold of the whole system of socialized industry and thus come to their rightful inheritance."

Costliest Telephone Line Ever Built

Temporary Line Erected by Japanese Army Experts Carries Off the Record for Expenditure—Resourcefulness and Courage

The costliest mile of telephone line ever erected is the temporary line which the Japanese army experts constructed from the foot to the top of 303-Meter Hill, just outside of Port Arthur, during the siege in the Russo-Japanese war. It might also be asserted that few lines represented the expenditure of so much energy, resourcefulness and courage, to say nothing of human life, or were used for so short a space of time with such tremendous results. The story is told in Popular Mechanics for July:

Early in the siege of Port Arthur the Japanese, finding field guns wholly inadequate to reach the town and harbor, set up half a dozen or more great 16-in. guns, "Osaka babies" they called them. These

were placed as near as possible to the main defenses of the town which were located along a semicircular chain of hills, surrounding the harbor. The guns were some four or five miles distant from their main objective, the town and fleet. Between them and their targets interposed this chain of hills, tall and almost impenetrable. Hence, using the guns was purely guess-work, something like throwing a stone at a man on the other side of a house. The gunners could not get the slightest idea as to where their shells struck.

Far over to the Japanese right, near the end of the Russian hill fort, was the leftmost point in the district, 303-Meter Hill. From its summit one could look squarely down into the town and harbor of Port

Arthur. It was strongly protected by fortifications and also flanked by other Russian forts.

To gain possession of the summit of that hill General Nogai addressed all his skill and force. In sloping sides were lined with ironclads protecting thousands of Russian riflemen, while from either side the neighboring forts could pour shot and shell into any attacking force. For a few days the Japanese assaults were simply slaughters. At length Nogai obtained a foothold at the base, and slowly, day by day and by night as well, he worked his way up while 30,000 Russians and hundreds of guns poured their fire into him. Finally he gained the summit, built a small beach-proof and left there—two men and a telephone!

That was all, but it was all he needed. Thousands of Japanese soldiers protected these two from Russian attacks, which continued ceaselessly, for those two men with the telephone could do more harm than all the rest of the Japanese army. Their telephone line ran down the hill and, thence, to the great "Onaka lancia." At a signal

from the man at the phone, great shells were flung over the hills toward Port Arthur. The men on the hill watched their landing through field glasses; then they telephoned that gun No. 1 had struck too far right or left of some battleship or arsenal. Tins corrected, the next shots dropped closer; the telephone man again corrected the gunner. And so, through that single wire, the man at the phone directed the fire of the great guns until the Russian fleet, batteries, and arsenals, powerless against such an enemy, were abandoned.

The fate of Port Arthur was decided by the man at the phone. But it had cost dearly. What the Russian loss was is not exactly known, but the Japanese lost 20,000 killed and wounded, expended hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition, besides the time and energy of a great army for a period of more than a fortnight, in running that last mile of wire to the top of the hill. It is therefore safe to say that the cost of no other mile of wire ever even approached such a tremendous sum. But, from the Japanese point of view, it was worth it.

Will Save Ships From Icebergs

Repetition of Such a Disaster as that of the Titanic Rendered Impossible by Invention of Canadian University Professor

A story of particular interest to Canadians appears in the August number of the *Technical World Magazine*, in which C. L. Shiloh writes of the success of Prof. Barnes, of McGill University, the inventor of the iceberg detector for use of ships at sea. Says the article:

"A repetition of such an accident as that which caused the destruction of the Titanic is now declared to be impossible, provided a recently invented instrument be installed, and its indicator faithfully observed on all ocean lines. Professor Howard T. Barnes, D. Sc., F. R. C. S., director of the physical laboratories at McGill University, Montreal, is the inventor of this instrument, which is attracting much attention among scientific men both on this continent and in Great Britain. He calls his invention the micro-thermometer. It is, in reality, a super-sensitive thermometer which, it is claimed, will infallibly detect an iceberg at a distance of two miles on the

windward side, and seven miles on the leeward side. Professor Barnes has conducted numerous experiments with the instrument on the Canadian government vessels in the river and gulf of the St. Lawrence, and these have in every way borne out his claims. In May of this year, when on his way to England, to lecture on his invention, by invitation, before the Royal Institute, he conducted experiments on the Canadian Northern liner, *Royal George*, sailing from Halifax to Liverpool. This was soon after the Titanic disaster, when ice was still plentiful along the steamship tracks on the Atlantic, and again the instrument fully established the assertions of its inventor, never once failing to record the presence of ice.

The instrument is really an adaptation of the electrical resistance thermometer. It is permanently attached to the prow of the vessel, and is connected by electrical wires to a dial in the chart room, where every

slight variation in the temperature of the water may now be recorded. Professor Barnes says that at present navigators rely almost entirely on the lookout to detect the presence of ice, and the danger of this practice has been emphasized by the Titanic disaster.

"A show is also made," he said, "of taking the temperature of the water, but the method of doing this is so crude that little reliance is placed upon it by navigators. Captain Lecky, in his 'Wrinkles on Navigation,' shows this conclusively. The method now in use is to pull a bucket of water up over the side of the vessel, and to dip a mercury or alcohol thermometer in it to get a record of the temperature. It is just an ordinary house thermometer that is used. It is a hap-hazard and unscientific method of taking observations of sea temperature—first, because records are only taken at more or less long intervals; second, because it is impossible by this means to detect small variations, while variations of half a degree, or even a whole degree, are apt to go unnoticed.

"Now the micro-thermometer is so sensitive that it will record a variation of one-thousandth of a degree, and so striking is its record that whereas on an ordinary thermometer a single degree is usually represented by only one-eighth of an inch, the micro-thermometer represents a single degree by an interval of two feet.

"Moreover, the micro-thermometer is designed, not to be dipped into buckets of water at frequent intervals, but to be permanently attached to the ship under the water line, and, by means of wires leading from it to the chart room, to make a continuous record in the chart room of the water temperature. With this thermometer being towed along with the ship, and with a continuously-recording instrument attached to it in the chart room, the presence of an iceberg, unknown to the crew, is well known by the persistence of a gradient of temperature.

"Here is how I would equip a ship. An iceberg, of course, is continuously giving off a current of water all around it. This cold water, being fresh water, is lighter than the salt water, and spreads out over the surface of the sea for two miles on the windward side, and seven miles on the leeward side. Now if a micro-thermometer were fitted at the bow, about two feet below the water line, and another micro-thermometer at the stern, as deep as the draught of the ship would allow, the bow thermometer would catch the cold sur-

face current, while the stern thermometer would remain at the normal sea temperature. In this way whenever the differential record read so that the bow thermometer was colder than the stern instrument, this would be taken as an indication of disturbance due to the presence of ice—an unmistakable indication, because it could be due to no other cause. If the recording instrument showed this temperature to persist and become greater, the ship would be approaching the ice; if it decreased the ship would be leaving the ice behind."

The invention of this thermometer is the outcome of many years of research work, and it rose from the need of a better instrument to assist him in his study of calorimetry. It was he who developed the continuous flow method of calorimetry—a great advance both for simplicity and accuracy on the older methods. Subsequent to this development, his researches on the specific heat of water became a classic, and, after occupying the attention of the Royal Society of London, England, in special session, were made the basis of a report on the subject to the conference of physicists at the Paris Exhibition.

Professor Barnes has for two years been looked upon as one of the world's greatest authorities upon ice, and for his researches in ice formation he has received widespread recognition. His book on "Ice Formation and Brazil" was the first authoritative work on the subject. It attracted such attention among scientific men that he was invited to read a paper upon his researches before the British Association, at its annual meeting held in Leicester, England, in September, 1907. The paper he presented on that occasion, entitled "The Ice Problem in Engineering Work in Canada," demonstrated the feasibility of coping with a situation which up till then had been regarded as involving inevitable interruptions to the continuous operation of water power plants in Canada during the severe winters to which that country is liable.

He had great difficulty in making people believe that he had achieved the seemingly impossible task of making water powers continuous despite long periods of zero weather. His method, the injection of heat under water upon its entrance into power plants, seemed ridiculous, but he lost Mr. John Murphy, of Ottawa, had the courage to try the methods he recommended. The result is that now, at practically no expense, the floating needle ice called "frazil," which causes all the trouble, is occu-

ternated, and power houses in Ottawa using these methods are running full load when all others not so equipped are completely blocked and have not a wheel turning.

Professor Barnes is now turning his attention to dealing with the ice difficulty in the St. Lawrence route from Montreal to the sea. This route is now closed up for four or five months every year, and for much of that time is to a large extent frozen over. Professor Barnes has conducted many ice-breakers in the ship channel. These experiments throw an altogether new light on ice-formation, and Professor

Barnes now declares that not only on the season of navigation be considerably lengthened, but that a moderate expenditure of money will keep the channel open and the route secure throughout the winter.

"I believe this so firmly," he says, "that I have no hesitation in predicting that Montreal, one thousand miles as it is from open sea, will be a yearly port just as soon as the commercial interests demand it."

Professor Barnes' scientific work proves to be of a nature applicable to some of the problems of everyday life.

Fear of Food is Latest Disease

And it is Often a Difficult One for the Physicians to Overcome—
Imaginary Character of the Fear

Avoidance of food, or of some particular kind of food, is, it appears, a recognized disease, and has been named "sitophobia." Prof. George M. Niles, of the Atlanta School of Medicine, who discusses it in *The Medical Record* (New York), tells us that it is in the same class of "phobias" or diseased fears as "agoraphobia," the fear of open spaces, or "claustrophobia," the fear of being shut in—both of which have been discussed in these columns. Generally this food-fear is confined to certain classes of viands, often to a single article of food, in which case the person entertaining it may be in other respects a sane and even intelligent citizen. Writes Dr. Niles:

"Probably every physician who reads this study will call to mind a patient who fancies that some ordinarily harmless article contains for her or him a dreadful potentiality for evil. The patient will explain that since a child this article has been tabooed, and that to eat it would invite direful consequences. Close inquiry may elicit the admission that the aforesaid article has never been eaten, but perhaps it disagreed with some other member of the family, and the inference has been drawn that it would necessarily act as a poison to this particular individual.

"I have in mind a neurotic traveling salesman, who is morbidly afraid of butter or any dish prepared from it. The sight of butter on the table before him fills

his mind with fearful forebodings, while much of his pocket money is spent in tips to waiters and cooks that nothing may be served him containing this evil agent. An eminent neurologist of New Orleans, some months ago, related to me the experience of a citizen of Louisiana, who developed a phobia for garlic, aavoring-agent of high repute in some sections of that State. As nearly all of the savory French and Spanish dishes there contain a 'touch' of this somewhat pungent condiment, the patient, who lived in a hotel, found his protein diet extremely restricted. One day, however, in desperation, and at the earnest solicitation of his physician, he partook of a dish containing a little garlic, but he required his medical attendant to stay by his side for six hours to save him from the disastrous consequences anticipated by his abnormal imagination. Finding that he was not injured, nor even distressed, his phobia fortunately disappeared, and he has since relished the toothsome flavor imparted by this bulb of ancient use, the same that confronted the laborers as they built the pyramids for Cheops, and for which the Children of Israel yearned their dreary journey in quest of the Promised Land."

It does not follow from the imaginary character of most of these fears, however, that they may always be safely disregarded, for:

"The mental impress of food as it is

eaten may regulate the supply and character of the necessary juices for its digestion; . . . a placid and cheerful frame of mind may aid the organs concerned in the bodily upkeep, or . . . a distaste or antipathy may, as it were, 'dry up the fountains' for certain articles, converting them to all intents and purposes into foreign bodies. Thus it is apparent that a violent dislike or fear amounting to a phobia for any particular foods will . . . exert a real and tangible inhibitory effect on the special agencies required for their digestion, and that to force a fearful patient to eat them might result in serious damage."

What is the source of such dislikes? They may often be ascribed, Dr. Niles tells us, to temperamental peculiarities, to education, or to environment, and to trace them to their starting-point is often interesting. He gives several instances that have come under his personal observation. One man has never been able to eat June apples because on his father's farm a tree of this variety grew next to a stable. Another has never been able to eat a catfish since seeing a large school of them in a dirty stream. We read on:

"Another etiological factor in producing a sitophobia is a disagreeable or painful personal experience with some food or food product, as the following shows: A lady of mature years informed me that, when a little girl, she was inordinately fond of apple dumplings, thinking she could never get enough. On one occasion, however, the cook made a special baking of the coveted delicacy, so as to permit this youthful epicurean to have her fill. The result was a severe attack of indigestion, leaving in its wake a phobia for apple dumpling that time has not cured."

"One of the most fruitful causes of the various sitophobia lies in the 'half-baked' writing of self-appointed health teachers, who with lurid philippics hurled at some of our most wholesome articles of food, couched as they are in attractive language, and bolstered up by specious arguments, create injurious dietetic fads. I have in mind one religious sect who constantly inveigh against meat, so that some of its members possess a real sitophobia for this most economical provision. Then, find the cults and isms, the schools of 'new thought,' the

vegetarians and fraternalists, and others, who with a cheerful ignorance, flavored with more zeal than discretion, are constantly sowing the seeds of fear for the very classes of food most necessary for the well-being of the bodily economy."

"The way to treat these 'sitophobia,' or 'food-fears,' is generally by suggestion or at any rate by acting on the mind more than on the body. Instruction in cooking will stop many of them, for they frequently arise, as seen above, from a single case of indigestion. If the dislike is powerful enough to constitute an idiosyncrasy, it should be respected as long as it exists. A systematic onslaught upon it can be made only by gaining the patient's confidence, getting him to eat, unwittingly, the article he fears and then pointing out that it has done him no harm. The physician should be quite sure of his ground, however, before risking this procedure, for breaking the news might result in both indignation and retroactive disgust, defeating the desired end. Says Dr. Niles:

"Some sitophobia, limited to nonimportant articles, are best ignored. If the patient is well enough nourished, if other foods in the same class are taken in sufficient quantities to furnish ample calories, and if no special inconvenience is given other members of the family, strenuous efforts to abate such harmless phobias are not justified."

"Change of environment, of food, of habits, and of occupation, all exert a helpful influence on fearful and anorexic appetites. Muscular exercise to the point of fatigue is perhaps the best of all remedial measures in overcoming a sitophobia. Manual labor in the open air, if pushed to the physiological limit, seldom fails to produce a keen hunger. . . . Thus, if we can induce our ill-nourished and timorous patients to enter into a complete change of habits and diet, so that, as far as practicable, muscular effort may take the place of sorrowful meditation; that live, outward interests may banish morbid introspection; that real, bodily fatigue may replace neurotic self-analysis, then may we confidently anticipate a healthy desire for those articles of food demanded by a normal body."

Usefulness and the Universities

One of the Big Problems of Modern Education is Discussed from a British Standpoint—Trained Men as a National Asset

Writing in T. P. O'Connor's *Weekly Leslie Barendsen* discusses usefulness and the universities: "To the average man who aspires to a life of public utility," he says, "whether in the church law, or any administrative department of the State, a university training is generally conceded to be a sine qua non. In the same way it seems to have been from time immemorial a generally accepted theory that, having acquired university training, such a man becomes immediately equipped with all the facilities and knowledge necessary to achieve success in the particular sphere of public service to which he aspires. He occupies, so it were, an exalted niche in the intellectual fabric of the nation's brain, and it is therefore assumed that he cannot fall, when his hour comes, to attain a position of high level of excellence in the nation's service. When you come to trace the long genealogy of university men which has practically made our history, this line of argument appears to be in need of little defence. Even when you revert to these periods in university annals during which the diffusion of knowledge was of less apparent consequence than was the social side of college life, the output of successful public servants was so numerous that it might have been expected. It was sufficient, at any rate, to retain for the university the reputation of being the royal and only road to a public career. That, while having proved a most comforting theory, is, however, now in danger of refutation. Even universities cannot successfully sustain on a reputation for all time. And time is moving with such rapidity in these years of grace, it moves so rapidly and with such disregard for accepted theories that the question has been plainly asked whether the assertion that university training prepares a man or woman to fulfil properly the civic and national duties—which should be its natural sequel—in a way no other training can, is a truism or hypocrisies. If it be the latter, there must be a good reason. Given the reason, a remedy ought to be speedily found, unless our university products are to cease to be worthy of recognition as a national asset.

Such a reason has in fact been put forward by those in a position qualified to

speak; eminent statesmen, scientists, and pillars of commerce, men among whose names are, for instance, those of Lord Strathcona and Lord Brassey. These authorities argue that what university training achieves in loftiness it loses in breadth; that it is too conservative to be valuable in shaping the minds and characters of its products, too insular to prove of practical use at the time when that practical use will be most demanded. The argument is an attractive one; it touches the most vulnerable spot in university education—its loftiness. For university education is nothing if not lofty. The university student of ability is a Mount Everest among intellectuals; and, as with Mount Everest, his higher slopes are in the clouds. Consequently, when he stoops from his rarefied atmosphere to fumble among the brutal facts and figures of prosaic life, it is quite consistent with human nature if his sense of vision be somewhat ill-proportioned. For it is much easier to be learned than to know a great deal. The diabetic Dr. Johnson once said: "Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it." That, I think, most ungenerously describes my view of university education, and what it most lacks in relation to everyday life. The university is the storehouse in which information may be found; it is not the medium by which may be obtained that first quality in knowledge, the knowledge which is self-acquired, whilst it may rise to great heights and probe into unmeasured depths, its breadth most naturally be limited to within the covers of books. With so many an intellectual equipment, even the hallmark of a university degree can scarcely be accepted as a guarantee that the graduate is fitted as no other man could be to properly control his allotted portion of the great machinery of State.

This principle has given rise to a movement, the ultimate practical results of which are, at any rate, not apparent, but which has, at the moment, set out to remedy a palpable defect. I am alluding to the Association for the International Interchange of Students during the first year of their labors, an association which was

formed a couple of years ago under the presidency of Lord Strathcona, and which has proceeded in an unobtrusive way to prove the advantages of travel as an educational factor by sending selected students on tour in our colonies and foreign countries. The progress made has so far proved gratifying, and from the Association's report I gather the word "student" is interpreted as widely as possible, and professors and lecturers, as well as other graduates and undergraduates, have availed themselves of the great advantages offered by the Association. Moreover, the Committee recognized that it is not only for those who need actual financial assistance to enable them to travel that the Association must provide. Innumerable difficulties face those provided with the necessary funds, and desiring to travel for educational purposes. Much time is often wasted examining the non-typical and superficial, while the most valuable plans or types are passed by. To come into contact with leaders in the spheres of activity in which his interests lie is by no means easy for the student in most cases. To keep his expenses within a really small compass is another problem. The Association have set themselves the task of removing these difficulties, and the experience of the past would seem to indicate that their efforts have been remarkably successful.

Here, in a few words, we have the regenerating programme of this Association placed before us for approval and active assistance, or for indifference and rejection. It can scarcely be the latter. However firm our belief in the efficiency of the average

university product, it must be admitted that the broadening influence of travel cannot fail to bring fresh blood into university life and breed a keen and responsible type of public man. It was written by Sterne in his "Sentimental Journey" that "an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen." That is true. The insular Britisher does not usually travel until circumstances oblige him. When he does travel, his eyes are constantly seeking, and his brain active. He sees, not from his insular standpoint, not his own people, but other nations and other ways. He sees as others see. He realizes his recent insularity, and hastens to cast it from him. The mass of great men among Britons were traveled men, but it was only after travel that their greatness really came to them. How immense then must be the value of travel to the undergraduate who stands not even upon the threshold of greatness itself, but only at the door of the school of public utility? I think the Association I have referred to should help to mould great men for the nation's work. It ought, at least, to translate the reputation of the university as the only recruiting ground for the public service from a solemn farce into a living reality. It should, as Sir Gilbert Parker said last week, speaking at the Association's meeting at Caxton Hall, prove a death-blow to provincialism and parochialism, to both of which vices universities are notably addicted. There is no room for the prig or the provincial in our social and commercial circles. There should be still less at our Seats of Learning.

Housewives Need Drudge No Longer

"Down With Drudgery" is the Slogan of the Scientific Housekeeper of the Day—How Science Has Come to Her Aid

There are better times coming for the housewives. All they need do to realize is read what Bailey Millard has to say on the subject of downing drudgery in the *Technical World Magazine*:

"Down with drudgery! That is the slogan of the scientific housekeeper of the day. To be sure science has for years aided the housewife, but it has not decreased her care, labor or expense. What she has lacked has been that economic conserva-

tion of energy and money which lately have been attained in the factory and the mill. The hiring of more and more servants has not added to her ease, but rather to her discomfort. The problem, however, is not how to eliminate the housewife, for the housewife is eliminating herself. She has turned to the factory as a far more dignified and lucrative place of occupation, and the servants that remain in the home are there on a high pay, far higher than the average

family can afford. So that the real problem is how to get along comfortably without hired help.

"There is a briny woman in Colonia, New Jersey, who is doing this. What is more, along with the work required to maintain in spotless condition a house of sixteen rooms, and big ones at that, and the providing of meals for the family, she actually finds spare time in which to teach other women how they may keep home without servants. This woman is Mary Pattison, formerly President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of New Jersey. What Frederick W. Taylor, the father of industrial efficiency, has done for the factory, Mrs. Pattison is doing for the home.

"Mrs. Pattison lives in a large country house set upon rising ground. She has few neighbors in the new hamlet of Colonia and plenty of elbow-room, which such energetic women always need. Her broad-leaved, cedar-shingled house is flooded with sunshine from many unblinded windows. On the west is a two-story annex which is entirely devoted to the exhibition and demonstration of hundreds of wonderful labor-saving devices, and to this domestic experiment station, as it is called, three thousand women have come during the past year to learn how to keep house scientifically and without servants. This station is said to be operated under the auspices of the New Jersey Federation of Women, but Mrs. Pattison conducts the show, does most of the work and pays all the bills.

"Verily the Pattison annex is a wonder-shop. It opens the eyes of the housewife.

"Why, it must be more fun to run a house the way you do it," said one of Mrs. Pattison's visitors, "than it is to go to the theater."

"And so it is, considering the bad plays one often sees on the stage. But there is nothing theatrical about Mrs. Pattison, or her scheme of housekeeping. She has reduced the preparation and serving of food to their lowest terms. The coffee is ground, the eggs are beaten and the ice cream frozen with a mere twist of the wrist—that is, simply by pressing the button that starts the electric motor. The electric heating and cooking are done in the same economical way, expense being reduced by the use of friction rollers. In this way the stoking of the stove, which occupies a quarter of the time of the cook, is dispensed with and the kitchen is comfortably cool instead of being hot and stuffy. Beside, Mrs. Pattison has discovered that coal is a great

extravagance. The model kitchen is a pretty, dry affair of small floor space and few footsteps. If the housekeeper wants a spoon, a toaster, a toaster or a quart measure she doesn't take a dozen steps to the closest drawer and back again. She simply reaches up to a convenient rack, hung with many useful implements and utensils and takes it down with a simple motion of the hand. If she wants a piece of meat, some eggs or butter from the refrigerator she pulls her foot upon a button and, lo, the ice-chest, springing swiftly from the cellar, is before her. The door flies open, she takes out what she desires, removes her foot from the button and down drops the refrigerator into the cellar where it belongs; for there it is cooler and the ice consumption is far less than it is on an upper floor.

"Thinking at the Pattison home is simplicity itself.

"You sit at a bare circular table, above the centre of which is a round revolving waiter. Upon this waiter all the food has been placed in receptacles that insure the desired heat or cold. If you want the bread or the potatoes you simply turn the waiter, take down the dish, help yourself from it and replace it.

"A pretty and really serviceable kind of paper plate is used at all save formal meals instead of china or porcelain, together with paper napkins, and, if desired, paper cups and wooden fork and spoon. When the meal is over the washing consists of dropping the dishes into the incinerator. This is simply an upright, airtight steel case, chiefly used for the chemical reduction of garbage.

"Now we shall go into the next, sweet-smelling Pattison laundry and there we shall see an amazing array of washers, boilers and wringers worked by electric motors. 'All good,' says Mrs. Pattison, 'but none any better than this simple hand device which, considering that you work it without artificial aid, is a wonder.'

"She holds up an implement that looks like a plumber's plunger—a small funnel-shaped affair fastened to the end of a three-foot stick. On examination the device is found to be a series of funnels within a funnel, all of which work on the suction principle when the instrument is thrust down upon the wet clothes in the tub. The way this plunger cleanses clothes is marvelous. It is also very cheap and requires but a moderate expenditure of elbow-grease.

A Working Program for the British Suffragists

British women are said to have solution of problem of participation in politics well within their grasp.

There seems to be a bill in Women Suffrage affairs on the other side of the Atlantic. Possibly the rejection, on its second reading in the House of Commons, of the so-called Conciliation Bill has taught the lesson that militant tactics are a failure. This at any rate should be the logical result. In the opinion of those qualified to judge, this latest turn in events should "make earnest and thoughtful suffragists reconsider the whole position of their cause."

This view is expressed in the Contemporary Review by Mr. E. Cradock-Williams, M. P., who says further:

"If they (the suffragists) are wise, they will see that . . . any attempt to attain Woman Suffrage by a conciliation of almost opposite schools of thought must be in all probability a fruitless endeavor. The outstanding difficulty is that, argue as the suffragists may, there is a large number of convinced demerits who hold an unshakable belief that it is as important sternly to uphold the principle of democracy as it is to abolish the sex bar to the franchise, and who believe that to introduce a property qualification for women almost at the moment when it is supposed to be away with it for men would be an illogical and foolish proceeding. It is hardly too much to say that if Woman Suffrage is to be attained, this section of thought must inevitably lend its co-operation. It follows that the real conciliatory measure of the future must be so framed as to bear on its face the impress of democracy, and go hand in hand with the Government Reform bill.

The suffragists will doubtless say that the country is not ready for adult suffrage, and that they cannot wait until it is ready. But, if woman is to obtain the vote in the near future, she must obtain it by a policy which has neither an undemocratic savor nor the defect of swamping the electorate with a mass of women. Is this interdicted by the principle of the Conciliation bill and adult suffrage a possibility? If it is, surely suffragists would be wise to adopt it instead of wasting their energies on futile compromises."

The Contemporary writer sets forth a number of standards to which, if it is to succeed, the new bill must conform:

"It must not set up a property qualifica-

tion. It must be obviously democratic at first sight, and it must not need argument to prove it so. It must not admit to the franchise a larger number of women voters than there are, or will then be, men voters; and, if possible, it must restrict the numbers so as not to frighten the more timid woman suffragists."

Presuming that the Government Reform bill, promised for this year by the Prime Minister, is to introduce manhood suffrage at a certain age, "all that it is necessary to do in order to graft on to this a harmonious, simple, and moderate form of Woman Suffrage, is to provide for womanhood suffrage at a suitably higher age."

"It is quite evident that by a process of raising the age-limit for the women's vote, the number admitted to the franchise could be fixed down to any extent; but since to restrict the vote to ancient dames of over eighty would be not only open to criticism, but possibly also to ridicule, it is clear that any substantial and adequate measure would require the admission of a considerable number of women. It is no good blinking the fact that no democratic solution of the franchise question can avoid a large number of new women voters; but it is obvious that the adoption of an age-limit as the basic qualification opens the way to a scale of modifications, all of them of an essentially democratic nature, and that at least the great argument against complete adult suffrage, that it would enfranchise more women than men, is at once overcome. In other respects, the policy of adult suffrage with a higher age-limit far women than for men fulfills all the requirements laid down for a true conciliation measure. Nor need advocates of complete adult suffrage look advance at the proposal. Adult suffrage in its entirety is the only ultimate and logical solution of the franchise question; and if the limit were not taken next year to reduce the sex-limit for women, does that for men, if, as is certain, the new department proved a success."

This is the policy which appears to offer the greatest hope to woman suffragists in England. Indeed, this writer asserts that the solution of the problem of participation in political life is now well within their grasp.

Thirty Thousand a Year from Twelve Acres

Every cent is made from the soil itself; nothing is manufactured except with the assistance of the soil and nature.

"Thirty thousand dollars extracted from twelve acres of ground every year, of which at least twelve thousand dollars the farmer puts in the bank as profits after paying all expenses!"

This is the record of a farmer near Cleveland, Ohio, who was formerly a city man, but who went back to the soil and made good. His name is Martin L. Ruetsnik, and the story is told in *Technical World Magazine* by Stanley L. McNeill:

"From the city with its blare of noises and its dusty streets," we are told "this man sought out a little farm, settled down and is now making as much money as the head of many a successful business corporation. After a weary struggle of several years the ground gave forth its bounty and to-day he is clearing over a thousand dollars a month, owns and operates two automobiles and several earnings—has a cozy home and a happy family.

"In one year—1907—the farm returned twenty thousand dollars in profits, the gross receipts being about double that sum. For this year Ruetsnik hopes to realize a total of about fifteen thousand dollars in profits, after all expenses are paid.

"Thus this enterprising farmer is making one thousand dollars an acre per year from his land. It is true that he has become a specialist, yet it is also true that every cent is made from the soil itself. Nothing is manufactured except with the assistance of soil and nature.

"Ruetsnik's little farm contains eighteen acres in all, but only twelve acres are under cultivation. Eighteen men are employed on these twelve acres, to realize a bush of which is made to produce revenue in the way of vegetables.

"Martin Ruetsnik is a brilliant example of a man who has learned to use his brains. Beginning on a piece of land without any special advantages as to fertility or adaptability and without any experience as a farmer this man, by dint of hard work, intelligently directed, has converted the little farm into a veritable gold mine, yielding so it does twice the value of the land per year, after all expenses are paid.

"So far as the average farmer does about 'hook larrin' and the farmers who attempt to sow and reap their crops from

advice found between cloth covers, this farmer makes them sit up, for Ruetsnik is a 'hook-made' farmer. In addition, he has been a very close student of government and experiment station reports. He has also cultivated a penchant for experimenting. Although cautious to a degree, he is constantly at work seeking to improve the quality of his vegetables and to discover new means for getting them to the people when the prices are highest.

"Back in 1883, H. J. Ruetsnik, President of Calvin College, Cleveland, grew impressively weary of city life. He decided to go back to the soil and rest his brain and exercise his body. He had a sixteen-year-old son, Martin L. Ruetsnik, whom he decided to take with him.

"The Ruetsniks started in to do some scientific gardening. They read up the newest methods of fertilizing their land, discussed the best ways of planting, cultivating and harvesting their crops.

"When the college professor and his son balanced their books at the beginning of the first year, they discovered that they had lost about five hundred dollars. The same thing happened the second year. The third year the balance was somewhat smaller. So it was the fourth year. The fifth year they broke even and thereafter the profits began to appear.

"The younger Ruetsnik began studying the use of greenhouses in raising farm crops. Doing a general gardening business from the very first the young man discovered that more money could be made from certain crops, and as money was what he was after, he promptly began to specialize in these crops—celery, tomatoes, asparagus, lettuce, pea plant, beets and several other vegetables. The main crops, however, were celery, tomatoes and lettuce.

"It was about 1888 that young Ruetsnik built his first greenhouse. It was ten by fifty feet in size and has since been torn down. He started growing lettuce and tomatoes for the early spring and later fall markets, when it could be obtained from other sources.

"The greenhouse didn't pay it way the first year nor the second year either. A little thing like that, however, didn't discourage Ruetsnik, who about this time

purchased his father's interest in the farm and began running it alone. He kept right along and the third year the greenhouse broke about even on receipts and expenditures. Thereafter it began to pay him money. Ruetsnik built three or four greenhouses each year for five or six years until he had a total of about twenty-five houses in 1900, since which time he had made no new extensions, being kept busy looking after their contents and always sustaining them in first-class order. He had 120,000 square feet or nearly three of the twelve acres of land under glass.

"In a number of these houses crops of lettuce are raised all winter. Beginning about the end of July the little plants, some 250,000 of them this year, were set out. The crop was in shape for the market about the end of August and from that time until the first of the next June lettuce is being sent to market almost every day. The garish at the root at Thanksgiving or Christmas in many a home comes from Ruetsnik's hot-houses. He plants and raises three crops of lettuce in his hot houses each year. In the fall, he sells a case of forty heads for as low as 35 cents or as high as \$2.00, according to the season, the supply and the demand. Lettuce which he sells to the Cleveland wholesaler for five cents a head the grocer sells to the consumer for about fifteen cents, so that there is considerable profit for others from Ruetsnik's business.

"Tomatoes are another of Ruetsnik's profitable crops. He sows his seed in the hot houses about February first. While the snow is swirling above the glass roof the tender plants shoot up, the temperature being kept from sixty to eighty degrees as required. The little plants are carefully tended and trained in one tall vine, being hung with twine to a series of wires above. Some vines grow six and eight feet high, with tomatoes hanging ripe

and red every three or four inches. A year ago Ruetsnik sold 120,000 baskets of ten pounds each from fourteen greenhouses at \$1 a basket, or a total of \$12,000. The crop which is sowed early in February is marketed from June fifteenth to August fifteenth—long before home-grown tomatoes are available in the Cleveland territory and when they sell at from eight to twenty cents a pound.

"Cucumbers are another profitable crop raised by this gardener. He begins his crop early in the spring and harvests it late in May and early in June. His crop the past year consisted of 500 bushels which he sold at \$2.00 a bushel, realizing \$1,000.

"Four of the nine acres outdoors are set to celery, some 250,000 plants being grown. These plants are put out in June and July and are harvested in September, October and November, when they sell for about \$2.00 per 100 plants. Such a crop is worth to Ruetsnik about \$4,000.

"Pie plant is raised on sections of the twelve acres which are on a hillside and which cannot well be cultivated for other purposes. Over \$200.00 a year per acre is realized on the pie plant. Each plant of rhubarb lasts about five years and is then replaced. Each year about fifty tons of manure, costing \$1.00 a ton, are scattered over the area devoted to pie plant.

"Several acres are devoted to asparagus, beets, carrots and other vegetables, which are set out just as early as possible as they can be marketed a few weeks ahead of the regular crop. A patch of about an acre of sweet corn was grown this year and sold at 25 cents a dozen ears. Three weeks later a neighbor living almost next door sold his sweet corn on the Cleveland market for two cents a dozen! Such is the difference in men. Ruetsnik uses his brains and the other fellows don't.



Told in the Smoke Room

NO STORY.

"Boy," said the city editor to the young reporter, "what about the story of the Vene de Vene wedding that I sent you for yesterday?"

"Oh," replied the one, "I went up to the church and we all waited, but I didn't get a story. The bridegroom didn't show up."

HIS COMPANY.

A society woman wrote to an army officer:

"Mrs. South regrets the pleasure of Captain Bunker's company at a reception on July 22nd."

Next day she received this note of acceptance:

"With the exception of three men who have the measles, and one who is in the guard-house, Captain Bunker's company accepts Mrs. South's kind invitation for the 22d."

AN INGENUOUS METHOD.

There were twin boys in the Murphy family, six months of age. Neighbors often wondered how Mrs. Murphy kept them apart. One day Mrs. O'Flaherty said to her, "Folks pair of boys you've got, Mrs. Murphy; but how do you keep 'em apart?"

"Well, dear, that's my story," Mrs. O'Flaherty replied Mrs. Murphy. "I put one finger in Bunker's mouth, and if he bawls, she bawls."

AN ORGAN RECITAL.

At the meeting of the Ladies Aid Society it took some time to get down to business. Mrs. Higgins told of her recent operations for appendicitis, and Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Higgins had reminiscences of similar experiences. At last a lady rose to go. "I thought," she exclaimed to her husband in the hall, "that it was to be a business meeting, but I find it is an organ recital!"

THE IMPOLITENESS OF CURIOSITY.

The goose had been cured, and everybody had said it. It was either a negro millionaire, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"There is few a goose as I ever see," Brundish Williams," he said to his host. "What did you all look a flap over?"

"Well, your relation," replied the owner of the goose, exhibiting good dignity and reticence, "being a goose, a splendid good service, I never knew you what you got to. I hope you will show me to be some consideration."

THE LINGUAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Horace Planchet, chain of Oxford Road, said one delivered a lecture in Dublin, Ireland, on the best way to improve conditions among the poor. At that time Mr. Horace was not

exactly a finished speaker. His tongue could not do justice to the riches of his mind.

The day following his address he received from a lady a note containing this sentiment—

"What you need in one thing: (1) a wife, and (2) lessons in diction."

To this Planchet sent this reply:

"I have received your letter saying that I need two things: (1) a wife, and (2) lessons in diction. Those are only one."

ANOTHER KIND OF STANCE.

Nathan B. Black, who is a politician, and who, therefore, never tells anything but the truth, relates this story about himself:

On one of my trips to New York I had to visit a bank that is not very well known. I got asked in my name of location, and finally I asked a conductor to direct me to the building, telling him that I would give him half a dollar for his services. He agreed, and led me to the bank, which was only four doors away.

"That," I remarked, as I gave him the money, "was half a dollar worth earned."

"I knew it," he said, "but, boss, you must remember that bank directors are paid high in New York."

THE SKEWER IS DEAD.

A man who gets a job someplace under the civil service has a week.

He fired and a man came in put in his place. But it was not him this in the good days of old Senator Hunkeler, of Arkansas, tells the story of a man he met on the street in Washington years ago when civil service in the Government had just been established.

"What," said the man, "I've been working my way to death for the last three months trying to get a civil service appointment, but you can beat your life. I'm going to take it."

"Well, I suppose you failed through lack of influence," sympathized the senator.

"No," said the man. "I've gotten the appointment."

THE CANNY MR. CHOATE.

Joseph Choate, a big figure in law and diplomacy, was once mentioned in a law case in New York with a young Hebrew attorney, who, when the case had been won, felt uncertain as to what fee he should charge for his services. He decided to ask the advice of the senior counsel, Mr. Choate.

"What's all right, my boy," said Choate kindly: "I'll attend to it. I am about to send in my bill, and I will just double the amount and send you a check for your honor."

In a few days the young Hebrew received a check, which was not listed on his bill. He was surprised he had thought would be due him. He immediately wrote to Mr. Choate and expressed his delight and gratitude, and, in a postscript, he added this:

"Almost how precious me to be a Christian."



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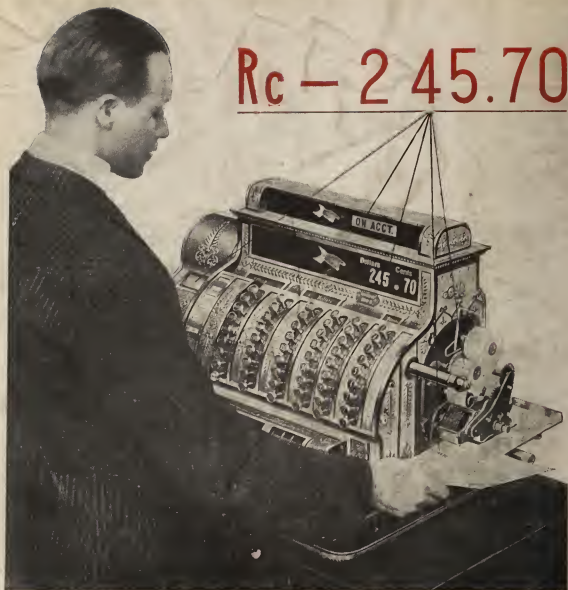
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